



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

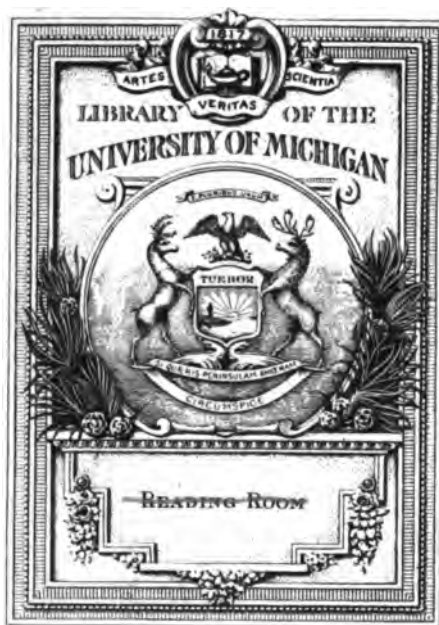
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

3 9015 00229 929 8
B
University of Michigan - BUHR



THE SPEAKER

A Quarterly Magazine

VOL. V.

**INCLUDING NUMBERS
SEVENTEEN, EIGHTEEN, NINETEEN
AND TWENTY**

**EDITED BY
PAUL M. PEARSON**



**PUBLISHED BY
HINDS, NOBLE & ELDREDGE
31, 33 AND 35 WEST FIFTEENTH STREET
NEW YORK CITY**

Copyright, 1909-1910
By Pearson Brothers.

The Speaker

Volume V, No. 1.

Whole No. 17.

Expression in Reading

BY ROBERT LLOYD.*

'Tis not enough the voice be sound and clear,
'Tis modulation that must charm the ear.
When desperate heroines grieve with tedious moan,
And whine their sorrows in a see-saw tone,
The same soft sounds of unimpassioned woes
Can only make the yawning hearers doze.

That voice all modes of passion can express
Which marks the proper word with proper stress;
But none emphatic can the reader call
Who lays an equal emphasis on *all*.

Some o'er the tongue the labored measures roll
Slow and deliberate as the parting toll;
Point every stop, mark every pause so strong,
Their words like stage-processions stalk along.
All affectation but creates disgust,
And even in speaking we may seem *too* just.

In vain for them the pleasing measure flows
Whose recitation runs it all to prose,
Repeating what the poet sets not down,
The verb disjoining from its friendly noun,
While pause, and break, and repetition join
To make a discord in each tuneful line.

Some placid natures fill the allotted scene
With lifeless drone, insipid and serene;
While others thunder every couplet o'er,
And almost crack your ears with rant and roar.
More nature oft and finer strokes are shown

* Robert Lloyd was an English poet of the middle eighteenth century.

The Speaker

In the low whisper than tempestuous tone:
 And Hamlet's hollow voice and fixed amaze
 More powerful terror to the mind conveys
 Than he who, swollen with big, impetuous rage,
 Bullies the bulky phantom off the stage.

He who in earnest studies o'er his part
 Will find true nature cling about his heart.
 The modes of grief are not included all
 In the white handkerchief and mournful drawl
 A single look more marks the internal woe
 Than all the windings of the lengthened *O!*
 Up to the face the quick sensation flies,
 And darts its meaning from the speaking eyes.
 Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,
 And all the passions, all the soul is there.



Courage

BY FLORENCE EARL COATES.

[In The Outlook.]

'Tis the front toward life that matters most—
 The tone, the point of view,
 The constancy that in defeat
 Remains untouched and true;

For death in patroit fight may be
 Less gallant than a smile,
 And high endeavor to the gods
 Seems in itself worth while!

Cremona*

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

[The French Army, including a part of the Irish Brigade, under Marshal Villeroy, held the fortified town of Cremona during the winter of 1702. Prince Eugène, with the Imperial Army, surprised it one morning, and, owing to the treachery of a priest, occupied the whole city before the alarm was given. Villeroy was captured, together with many of the French garrison. The Irish, however, consisting of the regiments of Dillon and of Burke, held a fort commanding the river gate, and defended themselves all day, in spite of Prince Eugène's efforts to win them over to his cause. Eventually Eugène, being unable to take the post, was compelled to withdraw from the city.]

The Grenadiers of Austria are proper men and tall;
The Grenadiers of Austria have scaled the city wall;
They have marched from far away
Ere the dawning of the day,
And the morning saw them masters of Cremona.

There's not a man to whisper, there's not a horse to neigh,
Of the footmen of Lorraine and the riders of Duprès;
They have crept up every street,
In the market-place they meet,
They are holding every vantage in Cremona.

The Marshal Villeroy he has started from his bed;
The Marshal Villeroy has no wig upon his head;
"I have lost my men!" quoth he,
"And my men they have lost me,
And I sorely fear we both have lost Cremona."

Prince Eugène of Austria is in the market-place;
Prince Eugène of Austria has smiles upon his face;
Says he, "Our work is done,
For the Citadel is won,
And the black and yellow flag flies o'er Cremona."

Major Dan O'Mahony is in the barrack square,
And just six hundred Irish lads are waiting for him
there;
Says he, "Come in your shirt,

* From "Songs of Action." Copyright 1898 by Doubleday & McClure Co., New York.

The Speaker

And you won't take any hurt,
For the morning air is pleasant in Cremona."

Major Dan O'Mahony is at the barrack gate,
And just six hundred Irish lads will neither stay nor
wait;

There's Dillon and there's Burke,
And there'll be some bloody work
Ere the Kaiserlics shall boast they hold Cremona.

Major Dan O'Mahony has reached the river fort,
And just six hundred Irish lads are joining in the sport;
"Come, take a hand!" says he,
"And if you will stand by me,
Then it's glory to the man who takes Cremona!"

Prince Eugène of Austria has frowns upon his face,
And loud he calls his Galloper of Irish blood and race:
"MacDonnell, ride, I pray,
To your countrymen, and say
That only they are left in all Cremona!"

MacDonnell he has reigned his mare beside the river
dike,
And he has tied the parley flag upon a sergeant's pike;
Six companies were there
From Limerick and Clare,
The last of all the guardians of Cremona.

"Now, Major Dan O'Mahony, give up the river gate,
Or, Major Dan O'Mahony, you'll find it is too late;
For when I gallop back
'Tis the signal for attack,
And no quarter for the Irish in Cremona!"

And Major Dan he laughed: "Faith, if what you say be
true,
And if they will not come until they hear again from you,
Then there will be no attack,
For you're never going back,
And we'll keep you snug and safely in Cremona."

All the weary day the German stormers came,
All the weary day they were faced by fire and flame;

They have filled the ditch with dead,
And the river's running red,
But they cannot win the gateway of Cremona.

All the weary day, again, again, again,
The horsemen of Duprés and the footmen of Lorraine,
Taafe and Herberstein,
And the riders of the Rhine;
It's a mighty price they're paying for Cremona.

Time and time they came with the deep-mouthed German
roar,
Time and time they broke like the wave upon the shore,
For better men were there
From Limerick and Clare,
And who will take the gateway of Cremona?

Prince Eugène has watched, and he gnaws his nether lip;
Prince Eugène has cursed as he saw his chances slip:
"Call off! Call off!" he cried,
"It is nearing eventide,
And I fear our work is finished in Cremona."

Says Wauchop of McAulliffe, "Their fire is growing
slack."
Says Major Dan O'Mahony, "It is their last attack;
But who will stop the game while there's light to play
the same,
And to walk a short way with them from Cremona?"

And so they snarl behind them, and beg them turn and
come,
They have taken Neuberg's standard, they have taken
Diak's drum;
And along the winding Po,
Beard on shoulder, stern and slow
The Kaiserlics are riding to Cremona.

Just two hundred Irish lads are shouting on the wall;
Four hundred more are lying who can hear no slogan
call;
But what's the odds of that,
For it's all the same to Pat
If he pays his debt in Dublin or Cremona.

The Speaker

Says General de Vaudray, "You've done a soldier's
work!
And every tongue in France shall talk of Dillon and of
Burke!
Ask what you will this day,
And be it what it may,
It is granted to the heroes of Cremona."

"Why, then," says Dan O'Mahony, "one favor we en-
treat,
We were called a little early, and our toilet's not com-
plete.
We've no quarrel with the shirt,
But the breeches wouldn't hurt,
For the evening air is chilly in Cremona."



The Hero of the Hill*

BY EDMUND VANCE COOK.

Do you ever stop to watch a horse pull a big load up a
hill?
There's something fine about the way he sends his rugged
will
Down through those quivering shoulders, till it seems as
if he clutched
And hurled the hill behind his heels until the top is
touched.
It gives a man new courage when he comes to *his* steep
grade
To think of that example which the plucky beast has
made.

But if the load prove stronger; if the horse, with hoofs
outspread,
With reddened nostrils, foaming flanks, and bowing,
straining head,

* From "Rimes to be Read." Copyright 1905, Dodge Pub-
lishing Co. Reprinted by permission of the author.

Surrenders to the inert mass, while the driver's only
 helps
 Are strident oaths and savage sound of the hot whip's
 snaps and yelps,
 Why then the chief result is that it makes a fellow feel
 He'd like to take that driver's head to block the slipping
 wheel!

But I remember one time when the driver had a heart,
 And worked with mind and muscle to release the stub-
 born cart
 From the clay-rut, when some soldiers who were loafing
 in the sun
 Let fall their lazy jaws to laugh and let their cheap wit
 run.
 One cried, "Say, take that bag of bones and feed him to
 the crows!"
 And "Oh, he'd scare the crows away," the mocking
 answer rose.
 "It'll take a small torpedo, if you ever move that beast."
 "Better get one of the size of that which wrecked the
 'Maine,' at least."

So ran the jeering comments, till at last a bugler said,
 "Say, driver, if I blow the charge, d'ye think he'd drop
 down dead?"
 It was then the driver answered, "Well, he might; but
 let me say
 That this old horse has heard the charge when it meant
 'Charge!' to obey.
 Not on the dress-parade grounds along with chaps like
 you,
 But on the fields of Cuba where the Spanish bullets flew;
 And though he's drifted back to me and don't look very
 trim,
 I tell you he's a vet who has the right stuff yet in him."
 "Oh, nonsense!" laughed a sergeant, and "nonsense!"
 sneered the rest,
 And the bugler raised his bugle, crying, "This'll be the
 test."

Then out upon the air there fell a dozen liquid tones,
 Like prophecies of glory mingling with the ghosts of
 groans,

The Speaker

The sound the soldier hears—and cheers—although its
 mellow breath
 May send him where the cannon belch their black and
 bitter death,
 The sound which cries, "Destroy, destroy! and let the
 list be large!"
 The ringing of the bugle when it blows the battle
 charge.
 And how the old horse heard it! Up flung his heavy
 head,
 Wide grew his nostrils, straight his ears, and quick
 the fervor spread
 Through every nerve and muscle, as he forward plunged
 and pressed
 Straight up the steep, despite his load, and stood upon
 the crest!
 And were the soldiers laughing now? Not so. The
 scoffing jeers
 Gave way to shame a moment, and then burst forth in
 cheers.
 And the sergeant cried, "Attention, boys! fall in! dress
 ranks! salute!
 Salute the gallant veteran—our comrade, though a brute.
 God send him oats and apples and the shelter of a stall,
 And grant we be as sturdy when we hear the battle call!"



Life

BY MRS. A. L. BARBAULD.

Life! I know not what thou art,
 But know that thou and I must part;
 And when, or how, or where we met
 I own to me's a secret yet.
 Life! We've been so long together,
 Through pleasant and through cloudy weather,
 'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
 Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear;
 Then steal away, give little warning, choose thine own
 time;
 Say not "good-night," but in some brighter clime
 Bid me "good-morning."

The Solid Lady Vote*

BY HASHIMURA TOGO.
(Wallace Irwin.)

To Editor who oftenly treat great problems in a very unladylike manner—



DEAR MR. SIR:

Ladies was discovered in Year Zero by Hon. Adam, famous landscape gardener. When he first seen her he thought she was a plain Vegetable; but when she gave him a brite smile he thought she must be a very delicious species of rare Plant. She have been doing so, thank you, ever since. From the Year of Adam to the Year of Taft female Ladies has not amounted to such awful much. They has been principally useful for perpetuating the Human Race, turning Man into a decent animal and making Life worth living after office hours.

Should we feel amaze, then, because Ladies is beginning to appreciate the deeps of their downtroddery? Ladykind are at last awaking-up from beauty sleep of 100,000 years. A horble War between them two sexes is getting ready to approach. The sweet screech of Freedom is heard in every corner of the Globe. Already there has been several arrests. Boldened by their success Ladies is beginning to say unchivalrous things about Gentleman. Busting from her perfumed cage of centuries, Ladyhood, like a angry tiger, is spreading her beautiful wings toward Albany, where Gov. Hughes sets calm but nervous attempting to think of something else.

Mr. Editor, all-comical papers of England & America is poking considerable humor at Lady Suffergetters. I ask to know: Why should they make such laugh at a Lady attempting to get some rights? The Answer is: Because that Lady are usually quite comical when she are attempting to do so.

And yet, are it a reproach to Suffergetters because they are funny? Answer is—No!! (Multiply this by 1000!) Marters is oftenly very queer & quaint when they are

* Copyright, 1909, P. F. Collier & Son.

working for Humanity. It are mirthful to see them. When Christian Marters was being nipped by lions. perhapsly Roman Senators buy tickets & have pleasant afternoon of laughter. Occasions like these are enjoyed by all. Roman Senators admired it because it was a circus; lions relished it because it was a lunch; Marters enjoyed it because they was Marters.

This is equally true about Suffergetters.

Yesterday I read a news-editorial from paper which say, "If Women vote America must go to the pups." I enjoy great sadness to think of this. I was sure something would happen to America a soon as Hon. Roosevelt got away—and here is!

With outstretched eyes I read this scared print. He say:

"Day-by-hour Women of America are clamoring for the ballot. 'Vote for us!' they say with screeches. In huj droves they are abandoning home-life, stenography, sweat-shops, comic-opera & other sweet, domestic influences. In nearly every neighborhood some lunch lies cold upon a neglected hearth. Female Crime are growing at a palling rate. Last week more Ladies was arrested for Suffergetting than for horsestealing. The Nation has fallen into a deep crisis. If Women vote, America must go to the pups!"

I was so fascinated by this horrible news that I make hop-step to telephone & jingle up Hon. Editor who wrote it.

"How-do, Central!" I say to Hon. Telephone, "are Hon. Editor there where you are?"

"He are less here," report youth-voice from beyond.

"Could you answer intelligent questions as well?" I ask-it.

"Better," say-out Voice. "I am the Office Boy."

"Hon. Sir," I corrode, "your Printer made some news recently which-say, 'America will soon go to the Pups.' Could you tell me, please, at what date this event will arrive?"

"The Pups?" require Hon. Office Ladd. "I am not aware of any such baseball team by that name."

So he hang-off telephone.

Mr. Editor, I begin to feel like a Suffergette without no equal franchise. I would join a parade if I could find

one. "Japanese Boys," I say, "also cannot vote in America. Therefore they will enjoy slavery among other ladies."

I get so sympathetic with Solid Female Vote that I go to look for one. So I elope to residence of Mrs. Lusy Macdonald, 286-lbs. complete beauty. I find her in backyard punishing Turkish rugs with a broom-handle.

"Hon. Mrs. Madam," I say-so to this gentle sex, "why should you be a slave? Please make high-jump to freedom before it is too late! Uplift yourself!"

She cease that dusty labor & look to me with glass eye.

"Togo," she explain, "you are talking garbage again. How could a lady of my average weight do such an uplift?"

"But are you not walked down by the bootware of the Gentleman Tyrant?" I ask it.

"Search me for any manly footprints," she say invitingly.

I neglect to do so.

"Mrs. Lusy Macdonald," I otter, "should you not extend some pull to your female sisters?"

"Perhapsly so," she growl & struck Hon. Carpet extra shock with broomhandle. I am disgusted by her weak attitude.

"Must you stand there," I require, "must you stand there idly beeting carpets while some Male Tyrant boss over you with mean sneer like Mr. Nero—"

"Mr. Nero was just as good a Tyrant as Mrs. Cleopatra & twice as respectable," she fire off. "I never could bear that Woman."

"Who was this Mrs. Cleopatra you say off?" I request.

So Mrs. Lusy Macdonald tell me this scandalous gossip what happen to Egypt:

Mrs. Cleopatra (she say) were a Lady Suffergette who got elected to President of Egypt. At first she were above approach—a very Tafty kind of politician who receive delegates from Memphis, Tenn., with gently smiling. But soonly she become less-so. She appoint very cross postmistress at Cario, Ill., learn to smoke Pittsburg cigarettes, make sweetheart eye-wink to Aunt Josie Cannon, lady-speaker of the House, & chop entire Socialist party off at neck. Finally the Good Govt League got so scan-

dalled about this Lady that Hon. C. J. Caesar, Mayor of Rome, sail for Egypt with a Peace Fleet intending for to give Mrs. Cleopatra a war scare.

But soonly he return home with baldheaded expression of one who has been Rude to a Lady. "What was your impression of Cleopatra?" ask a Roman reporter for interview. "Sic terror alibi!" say Mr. Caesar, which were a pretty mean curse to throw at a Lady, even in those early dates.

Mrs. Cleopatra were Politickal Boss of Egypt for 103 years, and she looked even younger. But one day she found she could not do no more harm to Egypt, so she got mad & killed herself by being stung by a wasp which was concealed in a basket of lemons.

When Mrs. Macdonald stop-off telling me this sad news I ask, "What do this prove about Suffergettes?"

"When Ladies is too uplifted they are apt to get too top-lofty," report Hon. Lusy.

"Then you refuse to be strong & vote?" I ask earnestly.

"I prefers to be a poor, weak woman of gentle & retiring habits," says Mrs. Macdonald. So she hit Hon. Carpet another punish with broom-handle.

Mr. Editor, I wish to join my penmanship with such distinguished names as Katherine de Medici, Col. George Harvey, Joan of Arc, Mrs. Carry Nation, Sappho, Mary Queen of Scotch & May Irwin. Like them distinguished Suffergettes I know that if the Ladies want anything & don't get it, it is because they don't want it. When the Ladies does get the vote they will show what foolish things they can do with it. But is not that what the Vote is for? If the Sterner Sex have used it that way for so long, why shouldn't the Crosser Sex get a chance?



He Liked Music

Going to the village band concert to-night?"

"No."

"I thought you liked music."

"I do."

"Then why don't you go to the band concert?"

"Because I like music."

Paddy's Content

BY LAWRENCE KYRLE DONOVAN.

Paddy McShane had no shoes to his feet—
 Sorra a shoe!—divil a shoe!
And his houghs they looked red as he tramped in the
 street,
 Och, wirrahoo!
But he said: "Is it shoes that ye'd stick on me toes?
How'd me feet feel the ground, sorra one of ye knows;
And who'd pay for mendin' 'em, do you suppose?
 Go off wid ye—do!

Paddy McShane had no hat on his head—
 Sorra a hat!—divil a hat!
And the rain it came down on his red scratch, instead—
 Och, think of that!
But he said: "Is it God's blessed sunshine and air
That ye'd shut from me head? Och, would one of ye
 dare!
For a trifle of rain or av wind, who would care?
 Shtop botherin' Pat.

Paddy McShane had just nothing at all—
 Sorra a thing!—divil a thing!
But he thought: "When I'm down, there's no distance
 to fall;"
 And he would sing:
"Faix, the merciful Master is good to his poor;
What is man, whom he made, if he cannot endure?
Troth, it's little I want, but that little is sure,
 For it comes from the King!"



The Wedding Journey

He: Dearest, if I had known this tunnel was so long,
I'd have given you a jolly hug.

She: Didn't you? Why, somebody did.

The Speaker

Immortality

BY WILLIAM KNOX.

[This poem was first repeated to Lincoln by Dr Duncan of New Salem, who found it in an almanac. It was no uncommon thing for the Great President, when overcome with sadness and sorrow, to break out in the dirge-like lamentation, "Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?"]

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-flying meteor—a fast-flying cloud—
A flash of the lightning—a break of the wave—
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade.
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young, and the old, and the low, and the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant, a mother attended and loved;
The mother, that infant's affection who proved;
The father, that mother an infant who blest—
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose brow, on whose cheek, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And alike from the minds of the living erased
Are the memories of those who loved her and praised.

The hand of the king, that the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread;
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint, who enjoyed the communion of heaven;
The sinner, who dared to remain unforgiven;
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or weed,
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, we view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers did think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers did shrink;
To the life we are clinging our fathers did cling—
But it speeds from us all like a bird on the wing.

They loved—but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned—but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved—but no wail from their slumbers will
come;
They enjoyed—but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ay! they died—we things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye; 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death;
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

The Rose and the Ring

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

(Arranged as Scene.)

Characters.—KING VALOROSO XXIV., QUEEN, PRINCESS ANGELICA, PRINCE BULBO, CAPTAIN HEDZOFF, COUNTESS GRUFFANUFF, GLUMBOSO, JOHN, GUARDS, ETC.
KING (*stamping*). Ho! my Captain of the Guards!

Enter CAPTAIN HEDZOFF.

Hedzoff (*taking a death warrant out of his dressing-gown pocket*). Hedzoff, good Hedzoff, seize upon the Prince. Thou'lt find him in his chamber, two pair up. But now he dared, with sacrilegious hand, to strike the sacred nightcap of a King, Hedzoff; and floor me with a warming-pan! Away! no more demur, the villain dies! See it be done, or else h'm—ha!—h'm! mind thine own eyes. *[Exit.*

HEDZOFF. Poor, poor Giglio, my noble young Prince! Is it my hand must lead thee to death?

GRUFFANUFF. Lead him to fiddlestick, Hedzoff. The King said you were to hang the Prince. Well, hang the Prince.

HEDZOFF. I don't understand you, Countess.

GRUFFANUFF. Gaby! he didn't say *which* Prince.

HEDZOFF. No; he didn't say which, certainly.

GRUFFANUFF. Well, then, take Bulbo, and hang *him*!

HEDZOFF. Obedience is a soldier's honor. Prince Bulbo's head will do capitally.

[HEDZOFF knocks at door.

BULBO (*entering*). Who's there? Captain Hedzoff? My good Captain, I am delighted to see you; I have been expecting you.

HEDZOFF. Have you?

BULBO. Sleibootz, my Chamberlain, will act for me.

HEDZOFF. I beg your Royal Highness' pardon, but you will have to act for yourself, and it's a pity to wake Baron Sleibootz.

BULBO. Of course, Captain, you are come about that affair with Prince Giglio?

HEDZOFF. Precisely, that affair with Prince Giglio.

BULBO. Is it to be pistols or swords, Captain? I'm a pretty good hand with both, and I'll do for Prince Giglio as sure as my name is Royal Highness Prince Bulbo.

HEDZOFF. There's some mistake, my lord. The business is done with *axes* among us.

BULBO. Axes? That's sharp work. Call my Chamberlain: he'll be my second, and in ten minutes I flatter myself you'll see Master Giglio's head off his impertinent shoulders. I'm hungry for his blood. Hoo-oo, aw!

HEDZOFF. I beg your pardon, sir, but by this warrant I am to take you prisoner, and hand you over to—the executioner.

BULBO. Pooh, pooh, my good man! (*Enter GUARDS and seize BULBO.*) Stop! I say—ho!—hulloa!

HEDZOFF. Behold the warrant!

[*Shows warrant—"At sight, cut off the bearer's head. Signed VALOROSO XXIV."*]

BULBO. It's a mistake. It's a mistake.

HEDZOFF. Poo—poo—Pooh! Away with him, and summon Jack Ketch instantly. Away with him!

[*GUARDS lead BULBO off struggling. Exit HEDZOFF.*]

Enter KING and QUEEN and ANGELICA.

QUEEN. And now let us think about breakfast.

ANGELICA. What dress shall I put on, mamma? the pink or the pea-green?

KING. Any one but the blue velvet. Your everlasting blue velvet quite tires me.

QUEEN. Then put on the pea-green, my love.

[*Exit ANGELICA.*]

KING. Mrs. V., let us have sausages for breakfast. Remember we have Prince Bulbo staying with us.

[*SERVANTS enter bearing urn, plates piled up with muffins, pots of jam, etc., etc., etc.*]

KING. Where is Bulbo? John! where is his Royal Highness?

JOHN. Your Majesty, I took up his Roiliness' shaving-water, and his clothes and things, and he wasn't in his room, which I s'pose his Roiliness have just stepped out.

KING. Stepped out before breakfast in the snow! Impossible. (*Sticking fork into a sausage.*) My dear, take one. Love, you look most charming—have a saveloy.

[*ANGELICA enters and sits at table.*]

The Speaker

Enter GLUMBOSO and CAPTAIN HEDZOFF.

GLUMBOSO. I am afraid, your Majesty——

KING. No business before breakfast, Glum! Breakfast first, business next. Mrs. V., some more sugar.

GLUMBOSO. Sire, I am afraid, if we wait till after breakfast, it will be too late. He—he—he'll be hanged at half-past nine.

ANGELICA. Don't talk about hanging. It spoils my breakfast, you unkind, vulgar man you. John, some mustard. Pray who is to be hanged?

GLUMBOSO (*whispering in KING's ear*). Sire, it is the Prince.

KING. Talk about business after breakfast, I tell you.

GLUMBOSO. We shall have a war, sire, depend on it. His father, King Padella——

KING. His father King *Who*? King Padella is not Giglio's father. My brother, King Savio, was Giglio's father.

GLUMBOSO. It's Prince Bulbo they are hanging, sire, not Prince Giglio.

HEDZOFF. You told me to hang the Prince, and I took the ugly one. I didn't, of course, think your Majesty intended to murder your own flesh and blood.

[KING *flings the bread at HEDZOFF's head.*

ANGELICA *has hysterics.*

ANGELICA. Hee—Karee! karee!

KING. Turn the urn upon her Royal Highness, the boiling water will revive her. (*He looks at his watch, compares it with the clock in the parlor, then by that of the church in the square opposite, then winds it up, then looks at it again.*) The great question is, am I fast or am I slow? If I'm slow we may as well go on with breakfast! if I'm fast, why, there is just the possibility of saving Prince Bulbo. It's a doosid awkward mistake, and upon my word, Hedzoff, I have the greatest mind to have you hanged too.

HEDZOFF. Sire, I did but do my duty; a soldier has but his orders. I didn't expect, after forty-seven years of faithful service, that my sovereign would think of putting me to a felon's death.

ANGELICA. A hundred thousand plagues upon you! Can't you see that while you are talking my Bulbo is being hanged?

KING. By Jove! she's always right, that girl, and I'm so absent. (*Looks at his watch again.*) Ha! Hark, there go the drums! What a doosid awkward thing, though!

ANGELICA. Oh, papa—you goose! write the reprieve, and let me run with it.

[JOHN brings ink, pen and paper.

KING. Confound it! where are my spectacles? Angelica, go up into my bedroom, look under my pillow, not your mamma's, there you'll see my keys. Bring them down to me, and—(*Exit ANGELICA.*) Well, well! what impetuous things these girls are!

Re-enter ANGELICA with keys.

Now, love, you must go all the way back for my desk, in which my spectacles are. If you would but have heard me out—Be hanged to her! there she is off again. Angelica! Angelica! My dear, when you go out of a room—how often have I told you!—*shut the door.* That's a darling. That's all.

[ANGELICA brings spectacles. KING writes reprieve.

[*Exit ANGELICA.*

You'd better stay, my love, and finish the muffins. There's no use going. Be sure it's too late. Hand me over that raspberry jam, please. [*Clock strikes.*] There goes the half-hour. I knew it was.

ANGELICA re-enters leading in PRINCE BULBO.

ANGELICA. He's safe! He's safe! My Bulbo's safe! O my Prince! my lord! my love! my Bulbo! Had aught befallen thee Angelica too had died, and welcomed death that joined her to her Bulbo!

BULBO. H'm—there's no accounting for tastes.

ANGELICA. Why art thou so sad, dear one?

BULBO. I tell you what it is, Angelica: since I came here yesterday, there has been such a row and disturbance and quarrelling and fighting, and chopping of heads off, and the deuce to pay, that I am inclined to go back to Crim Tartary.

ANGELICA. But with me as thy bride, Bulbo! Though wherever thou art is Crim Tartary to me, my bold, my beautiful, my Bulbo!

BULBO. Well, well! I suppose we must be married.

KING. There, then, my children, my blessing on you; and now in the name of Peace and Quietness let's finish breakfast.

He Called it Off

BY MARK TWAIN.

At Norfolk, Virginia, a banquet was given to celebrate the opening of the Virginia Railroad, an enterprise promoted by Henry H. Rogers. Many distinguished guests were assembled, many of whom paid compliments to Mr. Rogers. When Mark Twain was called upon to respond to a toast he made one of his characteristic speeches, in which he told the following story at the expense of Mr. Rogers:

"The chairman says Mr. Rogers is full of practical wisdom. Well, he is. He intimated he is ingenious and clever, and all that. He may be now, but he wasn't always so. I know private things in his life, and how he started, and his start wasn't so good. I could have done it better myself. He doesn't like to appear ignorant, but he can look as ignorant as any one.

"I remember when he took his first trip across the Atlantic. He didn't like to ask questions and show his ignorance, so he just kept quiet and observed. On the way over some of the young Englishmen got to betting on the time the ship was making. They got young Rogers into the bet, and finally got him to wager half a crown, but he didn't know what half a crown was, so he went to bed and tried to figure out what he had bet. He didn't know if half a crown was money or what. He figured it out that a crown belonged to a king, and that it was probably worth \$20,000, but he didn't know whether it was customary to be betting king's crowns or not. If a crown was worth \$20,000, he thought half a crown was worth \$10,000, and he thought that was too much money to hazard on a bet. So he got out of bed, dressed himself, and hunted up the young man he had bet with, and gave him \$150 to call the bet off. I like to hear him complimented, and I'm not stingy in giving him compliments myself."



The Minister's Blunder

BY MARK TWAIN.

Now, you know, there are anecdotes and anecdotes, short metre and long metre. I shall give you a long metre, one with a snapper at the end. It is about a Scotch-Irish minister who thought he was called to preach the Gospel, while he knew that he had the gift of oratory, and he never missed an opportunity to display it. An opportunity was afforded on the occasion of a christening. There was a considerable audience, made up of relatives, friends and neighbors of the parents. The preacher began by saying:

"We have met together, my friends, on a very interesting occasion—the christening of this little child—but I see already a look of disappointment on your faces. Is it because this infant is so small? We must bear in mind that this globe upon which we live is made up of small things, infinitesimal objects, we might say. Little drops of water make the mighty ocean; the mountains which rear their hoary heads toward heaven and are often lost in the clouds are made up of little grains of sand. Besides, my friends, we must take into consideration the possibilities in the life of this little speck of humanity. He may become a great preacher, multitudes may be swayed by his eloquence and brought to see and believe in the truths of the Gospel. He may become a distinguished physician, and his fame as a healer of men may reach the uttermost ends of the earth, and his name go down to posterity as one of the great benefactors of his kind. He may become a great astronomer and may read the heavens as an open book. He may discover new stars which may be coupled with those of Newton and many other great discoverers. He may become a distinguished statesman and orator, and by the strength of his intellect and eloquence he may control the destinies of nations and his name be engraved upon monuments erected to perpetuate his memory by his admiring and grateful countrymen. He may become an author and a poet, and his name may yet appear among those now entombed at Westminster. He may become a great warrior and lead armies to battle and victory; his prowess and

The Speaker

valor may change the map of Europe. Methinks I hear the plaudits of the people at the mention of his deeds and name. He may become—er—er—he might—er——” turning to the mother, “What is his name?”

The mother, very much bewildered: “What is the baby’s name?”

“Yes, what is his name?”

The mother: “Its name is Mary Ann.”



Knowledge

BY S. E. KISER.

If only we could see what lies ahead,

 If we might look beyond to-morrow’s portals,

I wonder if we should, absolved from dread,

 Be happy-visaged and contented mortals?

Would all the hate and heartaches disappear,

 Would glee blot out all memories of sorrow—

Would courage come to take the place of fear,

 If we could see what lies beyond to-morrow?

If we could know what destinies the fates

 Are shaping now for us who blindly plunder

And oft in vain assault forbidden gates,

 How would the knowledge profit us, I wonder?

Would failure cease to break the hearts of men?

 Would night’s deep, silent darkness lose its terror?

Would he that ought to dig lay down the pen?

 Would all who stumble cease to grope in error?

We know that right is right, that wrong is wrong,

 That thus it was ordained at time’s beginning;

We know that honors to the wise belong,

 That sorrow is the heavy price of sinning,

Yet foolishly we sin and venture where

 The currents, soon or late, will drag us under:

If somehow all the future were laid bare,

 How would beholding profit us, I wonder?

Says I

BY C. M. COLE.

While walking through the fields one day,
Says I to myself, says I,
What makes the things all seem so queer
We see beneath the sky?

How does the rain make grass so green,
And calla lilies white?
Why don't the pigs fly in the air?
What makes the sun so bright?

Why don't the diamonds grow on trees?
Says I to myself, says I;
We then could get them as we please,
Be rich and not half try.

When hens have eggs so pearly white,
What makes the robins' blue?
Their dinner seems to be all worms.
Do they eat violets, too?

And why don't chestnuts grow on vines,
Down closer to the ground?
How does the oyster feed itself?
Where are the rabbits found?

Why don't May-apples grow on trees?
How does the eagle sail?
Why does the big, black bumblebee
Have splinters in its tail?

Why can't we skate in summer-time?
Who taught the birds to sing?
Why don't the calf have feathers on?
Don't you know anything?

The parrot or the chimpanzee
May tell—I will not try;
For the more I learn the less I know,
Says I to myself, says I.

McKinley's Dying Prayer

BY JAMES CREELMAN.

In the afternoon of his last day on earth the President began to realize that his life was slipping away, and that the efforts of science could not save him. He asked Dr. Rixey to bring the surgeons in. One by one the surgeons entered and approached the bedside. When they were gathered about him the President opened his eyes and said:

"It is useless, gentlemen; I think we ought to have prayer."

The dying man crossed his hands on his breast and half closed his eyes. There was a beautiful smile on his countenance. The surgeons bowed their heads. Tears streamed from the eyes of the white-clad nurses on either side of the bed. The yellow radiance of the sun shone softly into the room.

"Our Father, which art in heaven," said the President, in a clear, steady voice.

The lips of the surgeons moved.

"Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done—"

The sobbing of a nurse disturbed the still air. The President opened his eyes and closed them again.

"Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

A long sigh. The sands of life were running swiftly. The sunlight died out, and raindrops dashed against the windows.

"Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

Another silence. The surgeons looked at the dying face and the friendly lips.

"For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, forever. Amen."

"Amen," whispered the surgeons.

To Know All is to For- give All *

BY NIXON WATERMAN.

If I knew you, and you knew me—
If both of us could clearly see,
And with an inner sight divine
The meaning of your heart and mine,
I'm sure that we would differ less
And clasp our hands in friendliness;
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree
If I knew you, and you knew me.

If I knew you, and you knew me,
As each one knows his own self, we
Could look each other in the face
And see therein a truer grace.
Life has so many hidden woes,
So many thorns for every rose;
The "why" of things our hearts would see
If I knew you, and you knew me.



Christmas Gifts

BY MR. DOOLEY.



R. DOOLEY knew Christmas was coming by the calendar, and Mr. Hennessy coming in with a doll in his pocket and a rocking-chair under his arm.

"Prisints?" said the philosopher.

"Yis," said Mr. Hennessy. "I had to do it. I med up me mind this year that I wudden't buy anny Chris'mas prisints or take anny. I can't afford it. Times has been fearful ha-ard, an' a look iv pain comes over th' ol' woman's face whin I hold out fifty cints fr'm

* From "In a Merry Mood." Copyright 1903 by Forbes & Co.

me salary on Saturdah night. I give it out that I didn't want annything, but they'se so much scurryin' ar-round an' hidin' things whin I go in that I know they've got something f'r me. I cudden't stand it no longer, so I wint downtown to-night, down be Shekel an' Whooper's place, an' bought these things. This is a fine doll f'r th' money."

"It is," said Mr. Dooley, taking the doll and examining it with the eye of an art critic. "It closes its eyes,—yis, an', bedad, it cries if ye punch it. They're makin' these things more like human bein's ivry year. An' does it say pap-pah an' mam-mah, I dinnaw?"

"No," said Mr. Hennessy, "th' pap-pah an' mam-mah dolls costs too much."

"Well," continued Mr. Dooley, "we can't have ivry-thing we want in this wurruld. If I had me way, I'd buy goold watches an' chains f'r ivrybody in th' r-road, an' a few iv th' good Germans. I feel that gin'rous. But 'tis no use. Ye can't give what ye want. Ivry little boy expects a pony at Chris'mas, an ivry little girl a chain an' locket; an' ivry man thinks he's sure goin' to get th' goold-headed cane he's longed f'r since he come over. But they all fin'ly land on rockin'-horses an' dolls, an' suspindhers that r-run pink flowers into their shirts an' tattoo thim in summer. An' they conceal their grief Chris'mas mornin' an' thtry to look pleasant with murder in their hearts.

"Some wan has always give me a Chris'mas prisint, though no wan has anny r-right to. But no wan iver give me annything I cud wear or ate or dhrink or smoke or curl me hair with. I smoke th' best five-cint see-gar that money can buy; yet, whin a good frind iv mine wants to make me a prisint f'r Chris'mas, he goes to a harness shop an' buys a box iv see-gars with excelsior fillin's an' burlap wrappers, an', if I smoked wan an' lived, I'd be arristed f'r arson. I got a pair iv suspinders wanst fr'm a lady—niver mind her name—an' I wurruked hard that day; an' th' decorations moved back into me, an' I had to take thim out with pumice stone. I didn't lose th' taste iv th' paint f'r weeks an' weeks.

"Wan year I wanted a watch more thin annything in th' wurruld. I talked watches to ivry wan that I thought had designs on me. I made it a pint to ask me frinds

what time iv night it was, an' thin say, 'Dear me, I ought to get a watch if I cud affoord it.' I used to tout people down to th' jooler's shop, an' stand be th' window with a hungry look in th' eyes iv me, as much as to say, 'If I don't get a watch, I'll perish.' I talked watches an' thought watches, an' dreamed watches. Father Kelly rebuked me f'r bein' late f'r mass. 'How can I get there be-fur th' gospil, whin I don't know what time it is?' says I. 'Why don't ye luk at ye'er watch?' he says. 'I haven't none,' says I. Did he give me a watch? Faith, he did not. He sint me a box iv soap that made me smell like a coon goin' to a ball in a State Sthreet ca-ar. I got a necktie fr'm wan man; an', if I wore it to a meetin' iv th' Young Hebrews' Char'table Society, they'd've thrun me out. That man wanted me to be kilt. Another la-ad sint me a silk handkerchief that broke on me poor nose. Th' nearest I got to a watch was a hair chain that unravelled, an' made me look as if I'd been currin' a Shetland pony. I niver got what I wanted, an I niver expect to. No wan does."



Spring

BY CELIA THAXTER.

The alder by the river
Shakes out her powdery curls,
The willow buds in silver
For little boys and girls.

The little birds fly over—
And oh, how sweet they sing!
They tell the happy children
That once again 'tis spring.

And just as many daisies
As their soft hands can hold
The little ones may gather
All fair in white and gold.

The Speaker

Here blows the warm red clover,
 There peeps the violet blue;
 O, happy little children,
 God made them all for you.



Gold

Some take their gold
 In minted mold,
 And some in harps hereafter,
 But give me mine
 In tresses fine,
 And keep the change in laughter!
 —*Oliver Herford.*



Out in the Fields

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

The little cares that fretted me,
 I lost them yesterday
 Among the fields above the sea,
 Among the winds at play,
 Among the lowing of the herds,
 The rustling of the trees,
 Among the singing of the birds,
 The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what might happen
 I cast them all away
 Among the clover-scented grass,
 Among the new-mown hay,
 Among the husking of the corn
 Where drowsy poppies nod,
 Where ill thoughts die and good are born,—
 Out in the fields of God.

Nathan Hale

BY FRANCIS MILLER FINCH.

[Nathan Hale was born at Coventry, Conn., 1755; died in New York 1776. He graduated from Yale College in 1773, entered the army in 1775, and became captain the following year. In September, 1776, he was sent by Washington to procure intelligence about the British in New York; he was arrested in the British camp and executed as a spy, at the command of Sir William Howe. In 1893 a statue was erected to his memory in New York City.]

To drum-beat and heart-beat
 A soldier marches by;
 There is color in his cheek,
 There is courage in his eye.
 Yet to drum-beat and to heart-beat
 In a moment he must die.

By the starlight and moonlight
 He seeks the Briton's camp;
 He hears the rustling flag
 And the armed sentry's tramp;
 And the starlight and the moonlight
 His silent wanderings lamp.

With slow tread and still tread
 He scans the tented line,
 And he counts the battery guns
 By the gaunt and shadowy pine;
 And his slow tread and still tread
 Give no warning sign.

The dark wave, the plumed wave,
 It meets his eager glance;
 And it sparkles 'neath the stars,
 Like the glimmer of a lance,—
 A dark wave, a plumed wave,
 On an emerald expanse.

A sharp clang, a still clang,
 And terror in the sound!
 For the sentry, falcon-eyed,
 In the camp a spy hath found;
 With a sharp clang, a steel clang,
 The patriot is bound.

The Speaker

With a calm brow, and steady brow,
 He listens to his doom;
 In his look there is no fear,
 Nor a shadow-trace of gloom;
 But with calm brow and steady brow
 He robes him for the tomb.

In the long night, the still night,
 He kneels upon the sod;
 And the brutal guards withhold
 E'en the solemn word of God!
 In the long night, the still night,
 He walks where Christ hath trod.

'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn,
 He dies upon the tree;
 And he mourns that he can lose
 But one life for Liberty;
 And in the blue morn, the sunny morn,
 His spent wings are free.

But his last words, his message-words,
 They burn, lest friendly eye
 Should read how proud and calm
 A patroit could die,
 With his last words, his dying words,
 A soldier's battle-cry.

From fame-leaf and angel-leaf,
 From monument and urn,
 The sad of earth, the glad of heaven,
 His tragic fate shall learn;
 And on fame-leaf and angel-leaf
 The name of Hale shall burn.

—*In Judge.*



That Game of Quoits

BY VICTOR A. HERMANN.

[*In Judge.*]

I hev seen them city fellers playin' golf out on the links,
 An' it looked like you could l'arn the game in four an'
 twenty winks;

An' I've seen the gals in sweaters playin' tennis on the
lawn,
An' others playin' croquet till their slowness made you
yawn.
In fact, a game of baseball seems to me to be quite tame
When compared with one excitin' an' real good old-fash-
ioned game,
Played by Squire Riggsby an', perhaps, a dozen more—
Yes, a game of quoits with horseshoes in the back of
Peter's store!
When the first warm wind of springtime came a-sighin'
through the grove,
An' it got too warm for checkers in the back of Peter's
stove,
"Pegleg" Smith an' Grandpap Saunders hung their coats
up in a tree,
Banked the clay an' druv the pegs home just as true as
they could be;
Searched aroun' the whole blamed county for old horse-
shoes, rusty, red
(Even stole ol' Peter's horseshoe that was hangin' over-
head),
Started playin' after dinner, with Pap Spruceby keepin'
score,
In a game of quoits with horseshoes in the back of
Peter's store!

Through the spring an' through the summer till the late
fall came aroun',
An' the frost was on the pumpkin an' the snow was on
the groun',
You could find the same old codgers pitchin' horseshoes
every day,
Controversin' an' contestin' every game that they would
play;
Squire Cole would fume an' argue till his face was like
a beet,
An' his claims would get the others' feelin's up to fever
heat,
Till you'd think there'd be a riot, but 'twas fun an' noth-
in' more,
In that game of quoits with horseshoes in the back of
Peter's store!

The Speaker

True Heroism

BY MRS. EDWIN N. BROWN.

'T is not an easy thing, my dear,
 To smile and not complain;
 To wear the selfsame gladsome face
 In sunshine or in rain;
 To see our cherished joys depart,
 Our fondest hopes resign;
 To feel earth's arrows at our heart,
 And yet to give no sign;
 To wear the mask of happiness,
 When sorrow's crown adorns
 The brow of our crushed consciousness
 With piercing, cruel thorns;
 To calmly watch our ship sail on
 To homeland far away,
 And know it bears our kindred ties
 From us for aye and aye.
 Up, then, and bear thy burden still,
 The strife will not be long;
 Hide well thy trials 'neath thy cloak,
 And mingle with the throng.
 Then, though thy trials at thy heart
 Do gnaw in mortal pain,
 Thy soul shall wear the victor's smile,
 Thy life not spent in vain.



The Way to Win

BY DARIUS EARL MATSON.

If ye'r goin' in a race
 W'y, go in to win;
 If you lose, it's no disgrace,
 Er no partic'lar sin;

You jest do yer level best,
An' jest run yer mightiest,
An' you may outstrip the rest—
Anyways, try hard to win!

If ye'r goin' in a race,
Don't begin to brag;
Only find yer proper place,
An' nen don't lag;
If you brag ye'r wastin' breath
That you'll need fer runnin' with.
Let the others waste their breath—
Let the others lag!

If ye'r goin' in a race,
Stick right there;
If you kin, w'y, set the pace,
But do it fair;
If to win you have to cheat,
Let the other feller beat;
Dishonest victory's defeat—
Run with care!



Love on Deck*

BY GEORGE BARLOW.

"I never loved you much," she said,
"But I wanted to pass the time.
The hours pass slow on a ship, you know,
In a lazy tropical clime.
Have I hurt you much? Forgive me, then,
If I own that I was wrong.
Cure the smart, and heal your heart,
By writing it all in a song."
The waves flowed free and the waves flowed wide,
'As they sat and whispered side by side.

*From "From Dawn to Sunset."

The Speaker

"I never cared much for you," he said,
 "But I wanted a subject fit.
 I'd verses to make, and I thought I could take
 Your heart, and model from it.
 Have I pained you much? Forgive me, dear,
 A ship is a dreary place:
 It is wrong to flirt, but you aren't much hurt,
 And you *have* a lovely face!"
 The waves flowed free, and the waves flowed strong,
 And the good ship bore them both along.

Each looked at each. They did not smile:
 The tears were in either's eyes.
 And the cliffs of England rose the while
 From the waves, a white surprise.
 Hand sought for hand—"shall we gravely end
 What first was a freak of the heart?
 Shall we meet once more on the English shore,
 But, this time, never to part?"
 The cliffs rose white from the sunny seas,
 And church-bells sounded on the breeze.



Palm Sunday and Easter

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

A roadway carpeted with palms and flowers
 A welcome shouted by the eager throng;
 A thousand voices sing in David's song,
 "Messiah comes, the nation's King, and ours!"

Shouts, songs, and psalms! Yet as the week goes by,
 The shouts are silenced and the palms are dry,
 Till that last day, when blackness shrouds the sky,
 And those who shouted then to-day cry, "Crucify!"

A cold, dark morning and a new-made tomb;
 Three weeping women groping through the gloom
 To dress a corpse from which the life has gone.
 "And who shall roll away for us the stone?"

Only one streak of twilight, cold and gray,
Whitens the east and gives a hope of day;
But see, it mounts the heavens! "The Sun! the Sun!"
See for the world Eternal Life begun!



When the Birds Come North

BY ELLA HIGGINSON.

Oh, every year hath its winter,
And every year hath its rain;
But a day is always coming
When the birds come North again;

When new leaves swell in the forest,
And grass springs green on the plain,
And the alder's vein turns crimson,
And the birds come North again.

Oh, every heart hath its sorrow,
And every heart hath its pain—
But a day is always coming
When the birds come North again.

'Tis the sweetest thing to remember,
If courage be on the wane,
When the cold, dark days are over—
Why, the birds come North again.



He Put Him Off

"Now, see here, porter," said he briskly, "I want you to put me off at Syracuse. You know we get in there about six o'clock in the morning, and I may oversleep myself. But it is important that I should get out. Here's a five-dollar goldpiece. Now, I may wake up hard.

Don't mind if I kick. Pay no attention if I'm ugly. I want you to put me off the train, no matter how hard I fight. Understand?"

"Yes, sah," answered the sturdy Nubian. "It shall be did, sah!"

The next morning the coin-giver was awakened by a stentorian voice calling: "Rochester!"

"Rochester!" he exclaimed, sitting up. "Where's the porter?"

Hastily slipping on his trousers, he went in search of the negro, and found him in the porter's closet, huddled up, with his head in a bandage, his clothes torn, and his arm in a sling.

"Well," says the drummer, "you are a sight. Why didn't you put me off at Syracuse?"

"Wha-at!" gasped the porter, jumping up, as his eyes bulged from his head. "Was you de gemman dat giv me a five-dollah goldpiece?"

"Of course I was, you idiot!"

"Well, den, befoah de Lawd, who was dat gemman I put off at Syracuse?"



A Slow Train

Of the countless good stories attributed to Artemus Ward, the best one, perhaps, is one which tells of the advice which he gave to a Southern Railroad conductor soon after the war. The road was in a wretched condition, and the trains were consequently run at a phenomenally low rate of speed. When the conductor was punching his ticket, Artemus remarked:

"Does this railroad company allow passengers to give it advice, if they do so in a respectful manner?"

The conductor replied in gruff tones that he guessed so.

"Well," Artemus went on, "it occurred to me that it would be well to detach the cowcatcher from the front of the engine and hitch it to the rear of the train, for, you see, we are not liable to overtake a cow, but what's to prevent a cow from strolling into this car and biting a passenger?"

The Prize Spring Story

BY FRANK L. STANTON.



ISH stories are plentiful in the neighborhood of Cordele, but this one, by a rural correspondent of The Cordele Rambler, is different:

"Last week, as I was hauling my guano, it eat my pants up and my pocketbook and 50 cents in money. I went and planted my corn and the next day I was out in the field and we had roasting ears; they had grown so high until we had to climb the stalk to get the corn. Brother went up the stalk and gathered the corn and started back down, but the corn was growing faster than he could come down; so I got the ax, and it was growing so fast that I could not hit two licks in the same place, I will give \$5.00 to any one who will cut the stalk down."



Congressman Allen's Election

It is said that Private John Allen, of Mississippi, joked himself into Congress. His opponent was the Confederate General Tucker, who had fought gallantly during the Civil War, and had served with distinction for two or three terms in Congress. When the two candidates met on the stump General Tucker closed his speech in this way, "Seventeen years ago last night, fellow-citizens, after a hard-fought battle on yonder hill, I bivouacked under yonder clump of trees. Those of you who remember as I do the times that tried men's souls will not, I hope, forget their humble servant when the primaries are held."

To this Private Allen replied in his speech: "My fellow-citizens, what General Tucker says to you about the engagement seventeen years ago on yonder hill is true. What General Tucker says about having bivouacked under yonder clump of trees is true. It is also true, my fellow-citizens, that I was a vedette picket and stood guard over him while he slept. Now then, fellow-citizens,

all of you who were generals and had privates to stand guard over you while you slept, vote for General Tucker; and all of you who were privates and stood guard over the generals while they slept, vote for Private John Allen."

The retort was so effective that the people sent Allen to Congress.



A Hostile Audience

At one of the earlier of his campaigns for the Senate, Edward O. Wolcott, of Colorado, was informed that not since 1883 had a Republican been allowed to finish a speech there. The chairman was instructed to dispense with the music and introduce Wolcott with as few words as possible. The advice was followed too literally, for the chairman only pointed to the audience, then to the speaker and disappeared behind the scenes. Wolcott began with one of his best stories, which kept the audience from undue disturbance. But his Republicanism getting the better of his discretion, Wolcott soon made a thrust at the Democratic candidate, whereupon a body of young men in the center of the theater shouted in concert, "Rats!" Wolcott waited a moment, and then waving his hand to the gallery where sat a lot of colored men, he said, "Waiter, come down and take the Chinamen's orders." The effect was electrical and effective.



Mark Twain and Depew

This story is told of two American humorists and how an Englishman understood their joke:

When Mark Twain and Senator Depew were crossing the Atlantic together both consented to speak at an evening's entertainment gotten up for the cabin passengers. Mark Twain spoke in his usual happy vein, but when

Depew was called on he said simply: "My friend Mr. Clemens and I had arranged to exchange speeches to-night. He has given my speech, but his is so poor that I refuse to give it."

An Englishman, who met Mark Twain the next morning, said to him: "I had always understood that your friend Mr. Depew is a very eloquent man, but that speech of his which you gave last night was one of the poorest I ever heard."



On a Slow Train

As the car reached Westville, an old man with a long white beard rose feebly from a corner seat and tottered toward the door. He was, however, stopped by the conductor, who said:

"Your fare, please."

"I paid my fare."

"When? I don't remember it."

"Why, I paid you when I got on the car."

"Where did you get on?"

"At Fair Haven."

"That won't do! When I left Fair Haven there was only a little boy on the car."

"Yes," answered the old man, "I know it. I was that little boy."



In the City Limits

W. I. Nolan delights to tell of the beauties of his native city, and often contrasts Minneapolis with other larger cities. He uses stories to make his point, in each case, and tells this one: A Chicago traveling man at one of the Minneapolis hotels wished to talk by long distance to a nearby town and was told by the chief operator that the charge would be twenty-five cents.

"Twenty-five cents!" he exclaimed. "Why, down in Chicago, I can telephone to hell for ten cents!"

"Yes, but that's inside the city limits," came the unruffled answer over the wire.

Didn't Know



RS. PICKETT, the widow of General Pickett, is a charming southern woman. Soon after the war she was riding on a train in the South and could not help overhearing two northern women in a nearby seat, who continually made ugly comments, finding fault with the service, the country, the people and everything in general.

When dinner time came, Mrs. Pickett had a dainty lunch, which southern women always carried to avoid entering the eating houses.

The northern women complained of no meal and Mrs. Pickett shared with them her lunch.

This made them complain all the more, and with the fault finding managed to boast of the superiority of the north and the northern people. Mrs. Pickett's opinion was asked and they got it: "Ladies, I was born in the South, reared in the South, knew little of the North, and not until I was grown did I know 'damned Yankee' was two words!"



Ragtime Philosophy

It is better to laugh than to cry:
 It is better to live than to die;
 So give all the "glad hand,"
 Join the "Do It Now" band—
 And not wait for "the sweet by-and-bye."

—*Ralph A. Lyon.*

No Wonder

I met an old friend of mine the other day, who is the father of a talented family.

"Well, how goes it?" said I.

"Same old way; my son John is a Violinist; Nellie is a Harpist; Susie a Pianist; Evangeline a Cornetist; my oldest boy is a Prohibitionist, and my wife is a Female Suffragist."

"And you."

"Oh, I am a Pessimist."

—A. W. Hawks.



Big 'Fraid and Little 'Fraid

My father used to tell me a story when I was a boy that he located up in Massachusetts. He told it to me, I have told it to my children and grandchildren, and I have never heard anybody else tell it, so I suppose I have a right to call it a family story.

"An old Massachusetts farmer had a little boy working for him. This little fellow was very brave, and the old farmer thought he would test him. Every evening the boy had to bring the cows home some three or four miles. Part of the way lay through the woods; so one night the old farmer said to him, 'Aren't you afraid?' 'No,' said the boy; 'what is a afraid? I never saw one.' 'Well,' said the farmer, 'you'll see one to-night on your way home.' So that night, after the boy had gone to the woods, the farmer wrapped a sheet around him, and took his seat on a log, knowing that the boy would have to pass him on his way home. An imitative monkey wrapped a table-cloth around himself, and, following the farmer, took his seat on the other end of the log unperceived by the farmer. The boy came along, and, as soon as he saw the farmer, stopped and cried out gleefully, 'There's an afraid sitting on a log and there's a little 'fraid sitting on the other end of the log.'"

The farmer turned, and, seeing the ghostly object, struck for home on a run, the monkey following him, while the little boy stood in the road, clapped his hands and shouted with glee, "Run, big 'fraid, little 'fraid will catch you."

—A. W. Hawks.



An Overworked Elocutionist

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

(In *St. Nicholas*.)

Once there was a little boy, whose name was Robert
Reece;

And every Friday afternoon he had to speak a piece.
So many poems thus he learned, that soon he had a store
Of recitations in his head, and still kept learning more.

And now this is what happened: He was called upon,
one week,

And totally forgot the piece he was about to speak!
His brain he cudgelled. Not a word remained within his
head!

And so he spoke at random, and this is what he said:

"My Beautiful, My Beautiful, who standest proudly by,
It was the schooner Hesperus—the breaking waves
dashed high!

Why is the Forum crowded? What means this stir in
Rome?

Under a spreading chestnut tree there is no place like
home!

When Freedom from her mountain height cried,
'Twinkle, little star,'

Shoot, if you must, this old gray head, King Henry of
Navarre!

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue castled crag of Drach-
enfels,

My name is Norval, on the Grampian Hills, ring out,
wild bells!

If you're waking, call me early, to be or not to be.
The curfew must not ring to-night! Oh, woodman, spare
that tree!

Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on! and let who
will be clever!

The boy stood on the burning deck, but I go on forever!"

His elocution was superb, his voice and gestures fine;
His schoolmates all applauded as he finished the last line.
"I see it doesn't matter," Robert thought, "what words
I say,

So long as I declaim with oratorical display!"



The Brave Man

FROM THE GERMAN OF BURGER.

Loud let the Brave Man's praises swell
As organ blast, or clanging bell!
Of lofty soul and spirit strong,
He asks not gold—he asks but song!
Then glory to God, by whose gift I raise
The tribute of song to the Brave Man's praise!

The thaw-wind came from the southern sea,
Dewy and dark o'er Italy;
The scattered clouds fled far aloof,
As flies the flock before the wolf;
It swept o'er the plain, and it strewed the wood,
And it burst the ice-bands on river and flood.

The snow-drifts melt, till the mountain calls
With the voice of a thousand waterfalls;
The waters are over both field and dell—
Still doth the land-flood wax and swell;
And high roll its billows, as in their track
They hurry the ice-crag—a floating wreck.

The Speaker

On pillars stout, and arches wide,
A bridge of granite stems the tide;
And midway o'er the foaming flood,
Upon the bridge the toll-house stood,
There dwelleth the toll-man, with babes and wife,
O, toll-man! O, toll-man! quick! flee for thy life.

Near and more near the wild waves urge;
Loud howls the wind, loud rolls the surge;
The toll-man sprang on the roof in fright,
And he gazed on the waves in their gathering might.
"All-merciful God! to our sins be good!
We are lost! we are lost! The flood! the flood!"

High rolled the waves! In headlong track
Hither and thither dashed the wrack!
On either bank uprose the flood;
Scarce on their base the arches stood!
The toll-man, trembling for house and life,
Outscreams the storm with his babes and wife.

High heaves the flood-wreck, block on block
The sturdy pillars feel the shock;
On either arch the surges break,
On either side the arches shake,
They totter! they sink 'neath the whelming wave!
All-merciful Heaven, have pity and save!

Upon the river's further strand
A trembling crowd of gazers stand;
In wild despair their hands they wring,
Yet none may air or succor bring;
And the hapless toll-man, with babes and wife,
Is screaming for help through the stormy strife.

When shall the Brave Man's praises swell
As organ blast or clang of bell?
Ah! name him *now*, he tarries long;
Name him at last, my glorious song!
O! speed, for the terrible death draws near;
O, Brave Man; O, Brave Man! arise, appear!

Quick gallops up, with headlong speed,
A noble Count on noble steed!
And, lo! on high his fingers hold
A purse well stored with shining gold.
"Two hundred pistols for the man who shall save
Yon perishing wretch from the yawning wave!"

Who is the Brave Man, say, my song:
Shall to the Count thy meed belong?
Though, Heaven be praised, right brave he be,
I know a braver still than he:
O, Brave Man! O, Brave Man! arise, appear!
O, speed, for the terrible death draws near!

And ever higher swell the waves,
And louder still the storm-wind raves,
And lower sink their hearts in fear—
O, Brave Man! Brave Man! haste, appear!
Buttress and pillar, they groan and strain,
And the rocking arches are rent in twain!

Again, again before their eyes,
High holds the Count the glittering prize;
All see, but all the danger shun—
Of all the thousand stirs not one.
And the toll-man in vain, through the tumult wild,
Outscreams the tempest with wife and child.

But one amid the crowd is seen,
In peasant garb, with simple mien,
Firm, leaning on a trusty stave,
In form and feature tall and grave!
He hears the Count and the scream of fear;
He sees that the moment of death draws near!

Into a skiff he boldly sprang;
He braved the storm that round him rang;
He called aloud on God's great name,
And backward a deliverer came.
But the fisher's skiff seems all too small
From the raging waters to save them all.

The Speaker

The river round him boiled and surged;
Thrice through the waves his skiff he urged,
And back through the wind and waters' roar
He bore them safely to the shore:
So fierce rolled the river, that scarce the last
In the fisher's skiff through the danger passed.

Who is the Brave Man? Say, my song,
To whom shall that high name belong?
Bravely the peasant ventured in,
But 'twas, perchance, the prize to win.
If the generous Count had offered no gold,
The peasant, methinks, had not been so bold.

Out spake the Count, "Right boldly done!
Here, take thy purse; 'twas nobly won."
A generous act, in truth, was this,
And truly the Count right noble is;
But loftier still was the soul displayed
By him in the peasant garb arrayed.

"Poor though I be, thy hand withhold;
I barter not my life for gold!
Yon hapless man is ruined now;
Great Count, on him thy gift bestow."
He spake from his heart in his honest pride,
And he turned on his heel and strode aside.

Then loudly let his praises swell
As organ blast or clang of bell;
Of lofty soul and spirit strong,
He asks not gold, he asks but song!
So glory to God, by whose gift I raise
The tribute of song to the Brave Man's praise!

The Life Boat

ANONYMOUS.

Quick! man the life-boat! See yon bark,
That drives before the blast!
There's a rock ahead, the fog is dark,
And the storm comes thick and fast.
Can human power, in such an hour,
Avert the doom that's o'er her?
Her mainmast is gone, but still she drives on
To the fatal reef before her.
The life-boat! Man the life-boat!

Quick! man the life-boat! hark! hark! the gun
Booms through the vapory air;
And see! the signal flags are on,
And speak the ship's despair.
That forked flash, that pealing crash,
Seemed from the wave to sweep her:
She's on the rock, with a terrible shock—
And the wail comes louder and deeper.
The life-boat! Man the life-boat!

Quick! man the life-boat! See—the crew
Gaze on their watery grave:
Already some, a gallant few,
Are battling with the wave;
And one there stands, and wrings his hands,
As thoughts of home come o'er him;
For his wife and child, through the tempest wild,
He sees on heights before him.
The life-boat! Man the life-boat!

Speed, speed the life-boat! Off she goes!
And, as they pull the oar,
From shore and ship a cheer arose
That startled ship and shore.
Life-saving ark! yon fated bark
Has human lives within her;
And dearer than gold is the wealth untold
Thou'lt save if thou canst win her.
On, life-boat! Speed thee, life-boat!

The Speaker

Hurrah! the life-boat dashes on,
 Though darkly the reef may frown;
 The rock is there—the ship is gone
 Full twenty fathoms down.
 But, cheered by hope, the seamen cope
 With the billows single-handed:
 They are all in the boat! hurrah! they're afloat!—
 And now they are safely landed
 By the life-boat! Cheer the life-boat!



The Divine Fire

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

He who hath the sacred fire
 Hidden in his heart of hearts,
 It shall burn him clean and pure,
 Make him conquer, make endure.
 He to all things may aspire
 King of days, and souls, and arts.
 Failure, fright, and dumb dismay
 Are but wings upon his way.
 Imagination and desire
 Are his slaves and implements.
 Faiths and foul calamities,
 And the eternal ironies,
 Are but voices in his choir.
 Musician of decreed events,
 Hungers, happinesses, hates,
 Friendships lost, all adverse fates.
 All passions and all elements,
 Are but golden instruments
 In his glorious symphonies.
 Subject to his firm decrees
 Are the heavens, are the seas;
 But in utter humbleness
 Reigns he, not to ban but bless—
 Cleansed, and conquering, and benign
 Bearer of the fire divine.

Ben Butler's Last Race*

BY JOHN TROTWOOD MOORE.

[The story before the opening of this chapter tells of the love of Captain Tom Travis for Miss Alice Westmore. A cousin, Richard Travis, has a passionate desire to win Alice for himself. His designs are checked by his overseer, who is called "the Bishop of Cottontown," on account of his benevolent interest in the welfare of the villagers. The Bishop's pet hope is to raise money for his church, and he finally succeeds by winning the race described in this chapter.]



It was the last afternoon of the fair, and the great race was to come off at three o'clock. There is nothing so typical as a fair in the Tennessee Valley. It is the one time in the year when everybody meets everybody else. Besides being the harvest time of crops, of friendships, of happy interchange of thought and feeling, it is also the harvest time of perfected horse-flesh. The forenoon had been given to social intercourse, the display of livestock, the exhibits of deft women fingers, of housewife skill, of the tradesman, of the merchant, of cotton—cotton, in every form and shape. And now, after lunch, the grandstand had been quickly filled, for the fame of the great race had spread up and down the valley, and the valley dearly loved a horse-race. Five hundred dollars was considered a large purse, but this race was three thousand!

A ripple of excitement had gone up when Richard Travis drove up in a tally-ho. It was filled with gay gowns and alive with merriment and laughter, and though Alice Westmore was supposed to be on the driver's box with the owner, she was not there.

Tennesseans were there in force to back Flecker's gelding—Trumps—and they played freely and made much noise. Col. Troup's mare—Trombine—had her partisans, who were also vociferous. But Travis' entry, Lizzette, was a favorite, and, when he appeared on the track to warm up, the valley shouted itself hoarse.

The starting-judge clanged his bell, but the drivers,

* From "The Bishop of Cottontown. Copyright by The John C. Winston Co.

being gentlemen, were heedless of rules and drove on around still warming up. The starting-judge was about to clang again—this time more positively—when there appeared at the draw-gate a newcomer, the sight of whose horse and appointments set the grandstand into a wild roar of mingled laughter and applause. He was followed by the village blacksmith, whose very looks told that they meant business and were out for blood. The crowd recognized the shambling creature who followed him as Bud Billings, and they shouted with laughter when they saw he had a sponge and bucket!

"Bud Billings a swipe!"

The old man's outfit brought out the greatest laughter. But Ben Butler—never had he looked so fine. Blind, cat-hammered and pacing along—but his sides were slick and hard, his quarters rubber. The old man had not been training him on the sandy stretches of Sand Mountain for nothing. A man with half an eye could have seen it, but the funny people in the grandstand saw only the harness and the blind sunken eyes of the old horse. So they shouted and cat-called and jeered. The outfit ambled up to the starting-judge, and the old driver handed him fifty dollars. The starter laughed as he recovered himself, and, winking at the others, asked:

"What's this for, old man?"

"Oh, jes' thought I'd j'ine in—" smiling.

"Why, you can't do it. What's your authority?"

The Bishop ran his hand in his pocket, and finally brought out a faded poster. It was Travis' challenge and conditions.

"Jes' read it," said the old driver, "an' see if I ain't under the conditions."

The starting-judge read: "*Open to the Tennessee Valley—trot or pace. Parties entering, other than the matchmakers, to pay fifty dollars at the wire.*"

"Phew!" said the starting-judge, as he scratched his head. Then he stroked his chin and re-read the conditions, looking humorously down over his glasses at the queer combination before him.

The audience took it in and began to shout: "Let him in! Let him in! It's fair!"

But others felt outraged and shouted back: "No—put him out! Put him out!"

The starting-judge clanged his bell again, and the

other three starters came up. Flecker, good-natured and fat, his horse in a warming-up foam, laughed till he swayed in the sulky. Col. Troup, dignified and reserved, said nothing. But Travis swore.

"It's preposterous!—it will make the race a farce. We're out for blood and that purse. This is no comedy," he said.

The old man smiled and said: "I'm sorry to spile the sport of gentlemen, but bein' gentlemen, I know they will stan' by their own rules."

"It's here in black and white, Travis," said the starter. "You made it yourself."

"Let him start, let the Hill-Billy start!" shouted the crowd, and then there was a tumult of hisses, groans and cat-calls. Then it was passed from mouth to mouth that it was the old Cottontown preacher, and the excitement grew intense. It was the most comical, most splendid joke ever played in the Valley. But here was something human, pathetic. Here was a touch of the stuff that made the grand-stand kin to the old man. Here was the quaint old man who, all his life, had given for others, here was the ex-overseer and the ex-trainer of the Travis stables, trying to win the purse from gentlemen.

"Ten to one," said a prosperous looking man, as he looked quietly on—"the Bishop wants it for charity or another church. Like as not he knows of some poverty-stricken family he's going to feed."

The crowd were for the old man. They still shouted—"Fair play, fair play—let him start," and they came thronging and crowding on the track.

"Clear the track," cried the starting-judge to a deputy sheriff in charge—"I'll let him start."

This set the crowd in a roar.

"Square man," they yelled—"Square man!"

Travis bit his lips and swore.

"Why," he said, "we'll lose him the first heat. I'll shut him out myself."

"We will, sah, we will!" said Col. Troup. "But if that rattling contraption skeers my mare, I'll appeal to the National Association, sah. I'll appeal, sah," and he drove off up the stretch, hotter than his mare.

And now the track was cleared—the grand-stand hummed and buzzed with excitement. It was indeed the greatest joke ever played in the Tennessee Valley.

The old man had a habit when keyed to high pitch, emotionally, of talking to himself. He seemed to regard himself as a third person, and this is the way he told it, heat by heat:

"Fus' heat, Ben Butler—Now, if we can manage to save our distance an' leave the flag a few yards, we'll be doin' mighty well. Long time since you stretched them ole muscles of yo's in a race—long time—an' they're tied up and sore. Ever' heat'll be a wuck out to you till you git hot. If I kin only stay in till you git hot—(*Clang—clang—clang*). That's the starter's bell. Yes—we'll score now—the fus' heat'll be our wuss. They've got it in fur us—they'll set the pace an' try to shet us out an', likely es not, do it. God he'p us—Shiloh—Cap'n Tom—it's only for them, Ben Butler—fur them. (*Clang!—clang!*) Slow there—heh—heh—steady—ah-h!"

Clang—clang—clang! vigorously. The starter was calling them back.

They had scored down for the first time, but the hot-heads had been too fast for the old ambler. In their desire to shut him out, they rushed away like a whirlwind. The old pacer followed, rocking and rolling in his lazy way. He wiggled, shuffled, skipped, and when the strain told on the sore old muscles, he winced, and was left at the wire!

The crowd jeered and roared with laughter.

"He'll never get off!"

"He's screwed there—fetch a screwdriver!"

"Pad his head, he'll fall on it nex'!"

"Go back, gentlemen, go back," shouted the starter, "and try again. The old pacer was on a break"—*Clang—clang—clang!* and he jerked his bell vigorously.

Travis was furious as he drove slowly back. "I had to pull my mare double to stop her," he called to the starter. "We were all aligned but the old pacer—why didn't you let us go?"

"Because I am starting these horses by the rules, Mr. Travis. I know my business," said the starter hotly.

Col. Troup was blue in the face with rage. Flecker laughed. They all turned again and came down, the numbers on the drivers' arms showing, 1, 2, 3, 4—Travis, Troup, Flecker, and the old Bishop respectively.

"Ben Butler, ole hoss, this ain't no joke—you mus' go this time. We ain't goin' to meetin'—stretch them ole

legs as you did!—oh, that's better—ef we could only score a few more times—look!—ah!”

Clang—clang—clang!

This time it was Col. Troup's mare. She broke just at the wire.

“She saved us that time, Ben Butler. We wus two rods behind—”

They came down the third time. “Now, thank God, he's jes' beginnin' to unlimber,” chuckled the old man as the old pacer, catching on to the game and warming to his work, was only a length behind at the wire, as they scored the fourth time, when Flecker's mare flew up in the air and again the bell clanged. The crowd grew impatient. The starter warned them that time was up and that he'd start them the next time they came down if he had the ghost of a chance. Again they aligned and came thundering down. The old man was pale and silent, and Ben Butler felt the lines telegraphing nervous messages to his bitted mouth; but all he heard was: “*Shiloh—Cap'n Tom—Steady, old hoss!*”

“Go!”

It sounded like a gunshot in the old man's ears. There was a whirr of wheels, a patter of feet grappling with dirt and throwing it all over him—another whirr and flutter and buzz as of a covey flushed, and the field was off, leaving him trailing.

“Whew, Ben Butler, we're in fur it now—the Lord 'a-mussy on our souls! Take the pole—s'artenly—it's all yowin, since you're behin'! Steady, ole hoss, there's one consolation—they're breakin the wind for you, an' thank God!—yes Ben Butler, look! they're after one other—they're racin' like Tam O'Shanter an' cookin' each other to a gnat's heel—Oh, Lord, what fools! It'll tell on 'em—if we can only save our distance—this heat—jes' save our distance—Who-op, sah! Oh, my Lord, told you so—Troup's mare's up an' dancin' like a swamp rabbit by moonlight. Who-op, sah, steady ole hoss—there now we've passed him—Trombine and Lizette ahead—steady—let 'em go, big devil, little devil, an' pumpin' each other—Go now, go, old hoss, now's the time to save our distance—go old hoss, step lively now—'tain't no meetin', no Sunday-school—it's life, bread and a chance for Cap'n Tom! Oh, but you ain't forgot entirely, no-no—ain't forgot that you come in answer to prayer, ain't for-

got that half in one-one, ain't forgot yo' pious raisin', yo' pedigree. Ain't forgot you're racin' for humanity an' a chance, ain't forgot—there! the flag—my God and safe!"

He had passed the flag. Lizette and Trombine were already at the wire, but poor Troup—his mare had never been able to settle after her wild break, and she caught the flag square in the face.

But the heavy old cart had told on Ben Butler. He panted like a hound, he staggered and was distressed. The old man looked at the summary the judges had hung up. It was:

1st Heat: Trumps, 1st; Lizette, 2nd; Ben Butler, 3rd; Trombine distanced. Time, 2:17½.

Ten minutes later as Ben Butler, cooled and calm, was being led out for the second heat. Col. Troup puffed boisterously up to the Bishop: "Old man, by gad, sah, I want you to use my sulky and harness. It's a hundred pounds lighter than that old ox-cart you've got. I'm goin' to he'p you, sah, beat that pair of short dogs that shets out a gentleman with his horse on a break, sah!"

And that was how the old man drew first blood and came out in a new sulky and harness. How proud Ben Butler seemed to feel! How much lighter and how smoothly it ran! They got the word at the first score, Trumps and Lizette going at it hammer and tongs—Ben Butler, as usual, trailing.

The old man sat pale and ashy, but driving like the born reinsman that he was.

"Steady, old hoss, steady agin'—jes' save our distance, that's all—they've done forgot us—done forgot us—don't' know we're here. They'll burn up each other an' then, oh, Ben Butler, God he'p us! Cap'n Tom, Cap'n Tom an' Shiloh! Steady, whoa there!—Lord, how you're larn'nin'! How the old clip is comin' agin! Ho—hi—there, ole hoss—here we are—what a bresh of speed he's got—hi—ho!"

And the grand-stand was cheering again, and as the old man rode up the judges hung out:

2nd Heat: Trumps, 1st; Lizette, 2nd; Ben Butler, 3rd. Time, 2:15½.

His heart beat wildly. For the first time he began to hope.

Trumps now had two heats. As the race was best

three out of five, one more heat meant that Flecker of Tennessee would win the race and the purse. But when the old man glanced at Trumps, his experienced eye told him the gallant gelding was all out—he was distressed greatly—in a paroxysm of thumps. He glanced at Lizzette. She was breathing freely and was fresh. His Heart fell. The old man trailed behind in the third heat, talking to, soothing, coaxing the old horse and driving him as only a master could.

"They're at it again—ole hoss, what fools! Whoa—steady there! Trumps is done fur, an' you'll see—No sand left in his crops, cooked—watch an' see, oh, my, Ben Butler—there—he's up now—up an' done fur—Go now—move some—hi—"

Lizzette had won the heat. The judge hung out:

3rd Heat: Lizzette, 1st; Ben Butler, 2nd; Trumps distanced. Time, 2:20.

The old man bowed his head in the sulky-seat a moment amid the crash of the band and the noise of the crowd:

"Dear God—my Father—I thank Thee. Not for me—not for Ben Butler—but for life—life—for Shiloh—and Cap'n Tom. Help us—old and blind—help us! O God—"

The crowd was on tip-toe. Never before had such a race been paced in the Tennessee Valley. Could he take the next heat from Lizzette? If he could, he had her at his mercy. Grimly they scored down. Travis sullen that he had to fight the old pacer, but confident of shutting him out this time. Confident and maddened. The old man, as was his wont in great emergencies, had put a bullet in his mouth to clinch his teeth on. He had learned it from Col. Jeremiah Travis, who said Jackson did it at New Orleans.

"GO!"

And he heard Travis whirl away with a bitter curse that floated back. Then the old man shot out in the long, stealing, time-eating stride the old pacer had, and coming up just behind Lizzette's sulky he hung there in a death struggle.

One-quarter, half, three-quarters, and still they swung around—locked—Travis bitter with hot oaths and the old man pale with prayer.

"The flag—now—ole hoss!—"

He reached out in the old way, lifted his horse by sheer great force and fairly flung him ahead!—

"Flu-r-r-r!" it was Lizzette's breath as he went by her. He shot his eyes quickly sideways as she flailed the air with her forefeet within a foot of his head. Her eyes glowed, sunken—beat—in their sockets; with mouth wide open, collapsed, frantic, in heart-broken dismay, she wobbled, staggered and quit!

"Oh, God bless you, Ben Butler!—"

But that instant in the air, with her mouth wide open within a foot of the old man's head, her lower teeth exposed, the old driver saw she was only four years old. Why had he noticed it? What mental telepathy in great crisis cause us to see the trifles on which often the destiny of our life hangs?

Ben Butler, stubborn, flying, was shaking his game old head in a bulldog way as he went under the wire. It maddened him to be pulled up.

4th Heat: Ben Butler, 1st; Lizzette, 2nd. Time, 2:19½.

What a record it was for the old pacer! Starting barely able to save his distance, he had grown in speed and strength and now had the mare at his mercy. The two more heats he had yet to win would be a walk-around for him.

"Oh, by gad, sah," shouted Col. Troup, pompously. "I guess I've hedged all right. Travis will pay my thousand. He'll know how to shet out gentlemen the nex' time. Oh, by gad, sah!"

Then the old preacher did something, but why he never could explain. It seemed intuition when he thought of it afterwards. Calling Col. Troup to him, he said: "I'm kinder silly an' groggy, Col'nel, but I wish you'd go an' look in her mouth an' see how old Lizzette is."

The Colonel looked at him, puzzled.

"Why?"

"Oh, I dunno, Col'nel—but when a thing comes on me that away, maybe it's because I'm so nervous an' upso't, but somehow I seem to have a second sight when I git in this fix. I wanted you to tell me."

"What's it got to do with the race, sah! There is no bar to age. Have you any susp—"

"Oh, no—no—Col'nel, it's jes' a warnin', an intuition. I've had 'em often."

Colonel Troup smiled and walked off. In a short while he sauntered carelessly back:

"Fo', sah, she was fo' years old this last spring."

"Thank ye, Col'nel!"

The Colonel smiled and whispered: "Oh, how cooked she is! Dead on her feet, dead. Don't drive yo' ole pacer hard—jes' walk around him, sah. Do as you please, you've earned the privilege. It's yo' walkover an' yo' money."

The fifth heat was almost a repetition of the fourth, the old pacer beating the tired mare cruelly, pacing her to a standstill. It was all over with Lizzette, anyone could see that. The judges hung out:

5th Heat: Ben Butler, 1st; Lizzette, 2nd. Time, 2:24.

Travis' face was set, set in pain and disappointment when he went to the stable. He looked away off, he saw no one. He smoked. He walked over to the stall where they were cooling Lizzette out.

"Take the full twenty minutes to cool her, Jim."

In the next stall stood Sadie B. She had been driven around by Jud Carpenter between heats to exercise her, he had said. She was warmed up and ready for speed.

Travis stood watching Lizzette cool out. Jud came up and stood looking searchingly at him. There was but a glance and a nod, and Travis walked over to the grandstand, light-hearted and even jolly, where he stood in a group of society folks. He was met by a protest of feminine raillery: "Oh, our gloves, our candy! Oh, Mr. Travis, to get beat that way!"

He laughed: "I'll pay all you ladies lose. I was just playing with the old pacer. Bet more gloves and candy on the next heat!"

"Oh—oh," they laughed. "No—no-o! We've seen enough!"

Travis smiled and walked off. He turned at the gate and threw them back a bantering kiss.

"You'll see—" was all he said.

Ben Butler stood ready, the bell clanged again. Jack helped the preacher into the sulky; never had he seen the old man so feeble. Travis was already at the post. They got the word immediately, but, to the old man's dismay, Travis' mare shot away like a scared doe, trotting as frictionless as a glazed emery wheel. The old

The Speaker

man shook up Ben Butler and wondered why he seemed to stand so still. The old horse did his best, he paced as he never had before, but the flying thing like a red demon flitted always just before him, a thing with tendons of steel and feet of fire.

"Oh, God, Ben Butler, what is it—what? Have you quit on me, ole hoss?—you, Ben Butler? My God, Cap'n Tom, Shiloh!"

And still before him flew the red thing with wings. At the half, at the three-quarters: "Now, ole hoss!" And the old horse responded gamely, grandly. He thundered like a cyclone bursting through a riverbed. Foot by foot, inch by inch, he came up to Travis' mare. Nose to nose they flew along. There was a savage yell—a loud cracking of Travis' whip in the blind's horse's ears. Never had the sightless old horse had such a fright! He could not see—he could only hear the terrible, savage yell. Frightened, he forgot, he dodged, he wavered—

"Steady, Ben Butler, don't—oh—"

It was a small trick of Travis', for though the old pacer came with a rush that swept everything before it, the drive had been made too late. Travis had the heat won already. Still there was no rule against it. He could yell and crack his whip and make all the noise he wished, and if the other horse was frightened, it was the fault of his nerves. Everybody who knew anything of racing knew that. A perfect tornado of hisses met Travis at the grand-stand. But he had won the heat! What did he care? As he turned, he almost ran into the old pacer jogging, broken-hearted behind. The mare's mouth was wide open, and the Bishop's trained eye fell on the long tusk-like lower teeth, flashing in the sun. Startled, he quivered from head to foot. He would not believe his own eyes. He looked closely again. There was no doubt of it—she was eight years old!

In an instant he knew—his heart sank, "We're robbed, Cap'n Tom—Shiloh—my God!"

Travis drove smilingly back, amid hisses and cheers and the fluttering of ladies' handkerchiefs in the boxes.

"How about the gloves and candy now?" he called to them with his cap in his hand. Above the judges had hung out:

6th Heat: Lizzette, 1st; Ben Butler, 2nd. Time, 2:14.

When Flecker of Tennessee saw the time hung out he jumped from his seat exclaiming: "Six heats and the last heat the fastest? Who ever heard of a tired mare cutting ten seconds off that way? By the eternal, but something's wrong there."

Flecker groaned: "We're gone, Colonel—one thousand we put up and the one we hedged with."

The old man went slowly back to the stable. He said nothing. He walked dazed, pale, trembling, heart-broken. But never before had he thought so keenly. Should he expose Travis?—Ruin him, ruin him—here? Then there passed quickly thoughts of Cap'n Tom—of Miss Alice. What a chance to straighten everything out, right every wrong—to act for Justice, Justice long betrayed—for God. For God? And had not, perhaps, God given him this opportunity for this very purpose? Was not God—God, the ever merciful but ever just, behind it all? Was it not He who caused him to look at the open mouth of the first mare? Was it not He giving him a chance to right a wrong so long, so long delayed? If he failed to speak out would he not be doing every man in the race a wrong, and Cap'n Tom and Shiloh, and even Miss Alice, so soon to marry this man—how it went through him!—even God—even God a wrong!

The grand-stand sat stupefied, charged to the explosive point with suppressed excitement. Six terrible heats and no horse had won three. But now Lizzette and Ben Butler had two each—who would win the next, the decisive heat.

Colonel Troup came up: "By gad, sah, Bishop—don't give up—you've got one mo' chance. Be as game as the ole hoss."

"We are game, sir—but—but, will you do as I tell you an' swear to me on yo' honor as a gentleman never to speak till I say the word? Will you swear to keep sacred what I show you, until I let you tell?"

The Colonel turned red: "What do you mean, sah?"

"Swear it, swear it, on yo' honor as a gentleman—"

"On my honor as a gentleman, sah? I swear it."

"Go," said the old man quickly, "an' look in the mouth of the mare they are jes' bringin' in—the mare that won that heat. Go, an' remember yo' honor pledged."

The old man sat down and, as he waited, he thought. When he looked up presently Colonel Troup stood pale

and silent before him—pale with close-drawn lips and a hot, fierce, fighting gleam in his eyes.

"You've explained it, sah—" he said. Then he fumbled his pistol in his pocket. "Now—now, give me back my promise, my word. I have two thousand dollars at stake, and—clean sport, sah—clean sport. Give me back my word."

"But I ain't gwine to give it back," smiled the old man.

Colonel Troup flushed: "What'll you do, then? Let him rob you an' me, sah? Steal my two thousand and Flecker's? Your purse that you've already won—yours—yours, right this minute? Rob the public in a fake race, sah? You've won the purse, it is yours, sah. He forfeited it when he brought out that other mare. Think what you are doing, sah!"

Cap'n Tom an' Shiloh, too"—wincing the old man. "But I forgot—you don't know"—yes"—and he smiled triumphantly. "Yes, Col'nel, I'll let him do all that if—if God'll let it be. But God won't let it be."

And he arose and was gone. The Colonel swore soundly. He walked around and damned everything in sight. He fumbled his pistol in his pocket, and wondered how he could break his word and yet keep it.

The Bishop said to Bud: "Fetch me some cotton."

He took it and carefully packed it in the old horse's ears.

"Ben Butler," said the old man, as he stepped back and looked at the horse, "Ben Butler, I've got you now where God's got me—you can't see an' you can't hear. You've got to go by faith, by the lines of faith. But I'll be guidin' em, ole hoss, as God guides me—by faith."

Off they went as before, the old pacer hugging the mare's sulky wheels like a demon. Even Travis had time to notice that the old man had done something to steady the pacer, for how like a steadied ship did he fly along. Driving, driving, driving—they flew—they fought it out. Not a muscle moved in the old man's body. Like a marble statue he sat and drove. Only his lips kept moving as if talking to his horse, so close that Travis heard him: "It's God's way, Ben Butler, God's way—faith—the lines of faith—'He leadeth me—He leadeth me!'"

Inch by inch he came up. And now the homestretch, and the old pacer well up, collaring the flying mare and

acing her neck to neck. Travis smiled hard and cruel as he drew out his whip and, circling it around his head, uttered again, amid fierce crackling, his Indian yell: "Hi—hi—there—hō—ha—hō—hi—hi—e—e!"

But the old pacer swerved not a line, and Travis, white and frightened now with a terrible, bitter fear that tightened around his heart and flashed in his eyes, brought his whip down on his own mare, welting her from withers to rump in a last desperate chance. Gamely she responded and forged ahead—the old pacer was beaten! They thundered along, Travis whipping his mare at every stride. She stood it like the standard-bred she was, and never winced, then she forged ahead further and further, and held the old pacer anchored at her wheels, and the wire not fifty feet away!

There was nothing left for the old man to do—with tears streaming down his cheeks he shouted—"Ben Butler, Ben Butler—it's God's way—the chastening rod—" and his whip fell like a blade of fire on the old horse's flank. It stung him to madness. The Bishop striking him, the old man he loved, and who never struck! He shook his great ugly head like a maddened bull and sprang savagely at the wire, where the silken thing flaunted in his face in a burst of speed that left all behind. Nor could the old man stop him after he shot past it, for his flank fluttered like a cyclone of fire and presently he went down on his knees—gently, gently, then—he rolled over! His driver jumped to the ground. It was all he knew except he heard Bud weeping as he knelt on the ground where the old horse lay, and saying: "*Great hoss—great hoss!*"

Travis stood by him watching the struggles of the old horse for breath. "Well, I've killed him," he said laconically.

There was a grip like a vise on his shoulders. He turned and looked into the eyes of the old man and saw a tragic light there he had never seen before. "Don't—for God's sake, don't, Richard Travis, don't tempt me here, wait till I pray, till this devil goes out of my heart."

And then in his terrible, steel-gripping way, he pulled Richard Travis with a sudden jerk up against his own pulsing heart, as if he had been a child, burying his great hardened fingers in the man's arm and fairly hissing in a

whisper these words: "If he dies—Richard Travis—remember he died for you . . . it tuck both yo' mares to kill him—no—no—don't start—don't turn pale . . . you are safe . . . I made Col'nel Troup give me his word . . . he'd not expose you. I knew what it 'ud mean . . . that last heat . . . that it 'ud kill him . . . but I drove it to save you . . . to keep Troup from exposin' yo' . . . I've got his word. An' then I was sure . . . as I live, I knew that God will touch you yet . . . an' his touch will be as quickening fire to the dead honor that is in you . . . Go! Richard Travis . . . Go . . . don't tempt me agin. . . ."

And then he remembered seeing Bud sitting in the old cart driving Ben Butler home and telling everybody what they now knew: "*Great hoss—G-r-e-a-t hoss!*" And the old horse shuffled and crow-hopped along, and Jack followed the Bishop carrying the gold. And then such a funny thing: Ben Butler, frightened at a mule braying in his ear, ran away and threw Bud out!

When the old man heard it he sat down and laughed and cried—to his own disgust—"like a fool, sissy man," he said, "a sissy man that ain't got no nerve. But, Lord, who'd done that but Ben Butler?"



Waterloo Place

Wuw-Wuw-Wuw-Wuw-Wuw-Wuw W-Waterloo Place?
yes you

T-take the first tut-tut-tut-turning that faces you—
Lul-left,—and then kuk-kuk-kuk-kuk-kuk-keep up
Pall Mall 'til you

Wee the Wuw-Wuw-Wuw-Wuw—
Zounds, sir; you'll get there before I can tell it you!

—H. Cholmondeley-Pennell.

Mary Tudor

BY SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

The QUEEN'S Cabinet. (Enter MARY alone.)

MARY.

But that my day hath passed its matin prime,
And timeless sorrow withered all my bloom,
I should not yield my heart to these blank doubts.
How shall a subject dare approach his Queen
With love unbid?—I cannot live alone.
This heart, so long beset with panther passions,
Yearns for the trusty countenance of love.
I cannot live alone. Our woman nature
Doth need support, and loves the hand that guides it.
O miserable Mother—doomed to creep,
With blasted heart, to a dishonored grave!
Terrible Father! Must I from each inherit
Your separate Nemesis—predestined woes?
And dare I dream of love? never for me
Shall that sweet bud unfold its perfect flower.
I *have* loved—it is past—O Reginald!
Thou art avenged, my early love, my only!
Yet why, why take the irrevocable vow?
Fruitless repinings hence! In such a mood
I must not meet this youth. Forgotten blush!
Dost thou come back? let me consult thee, mirror;
Plain-spoken Monitor! what dost thou teach?
That eye alone retains its glance of power;
Dark as a caverned well, profound, pellucid;
Quick to flash back all gleams of angry light,
Or softer radiance. But where hast thou fled,
Bloom of young health—life's vernal tide, that, like
The sap, develops the sweet wealth of flowers?
Those knitted brows—that forehead scored with lines—
Those lips compressed and stern—those pallid cheeks—
Ay—Time, and blighting Care have done their work!
I'll look no more! what if he loath—reject me!
Or—fearful thought!—accept and hate? or stoop

The Speaker

In meretricious spirit to caress
The hand that gives a sceptre?

*[She covers her eyes with her hands.
After a pause enter EXETER, who kneels beside her.]*

EXETER.

Queen! sweet mistress!
Your too presumptuous cousin dares approach
This fair hand with a kiss. Hope, like the lark,
Warbles too high for ears on earth to hear it.

MARY.

Too quickly, palled with courtly blandishments,
Doth Royalty to dangerous power admit
False favorites. What, Courtenaye, wouldst thou be?

EXETER.

Your true Knight: sworn to reverential love!

MARY.

You talk of love! Well know I that true love
Visits not thrones. The lonely sitter there
Finds flatterers, lip-worshippers, but not
True love: true love must be baptized in tears;
Must bow and weep before the chastener Time;
And grow by self-abasement purified.
Being a Queen, I tremble at this love—
Being a woman, tremble to refuse it.

EXETER.

Accept it, noblest lady! wanting love,
We miss all hope of the chief blessedness
Of life; of nuptial comforts; joys of offspring;
The ornaments of youth and props of age:
Choose, then—but worthily.

MARY.

Oh, Edward, Edward!
[Pauses.]

I know thy wish—

EXETER.

Speak on, sweet Saint, speak on!

MARY.

At least what thou would'st have me think thy wish—

EXETER.

Can you suspect?

MARY.

Suspicion comes of sorrow.
Pain, wrong, oppression breed distrustful thoughts.
I cast them from me! Can I have read in vain
The language of thine eyes, thy lips, thy heart?
Long since, and oft, thy prisoned sighs have reached me—
But then we met not. Were such sighs sincere?

EXETER.

Thy matchless constancy—thy fearless truth,
Won love from all.

MARY.

From all? I wished but one!

EXETER.

Since we have met have not plain words been spoken?
Have I dissembled?

MARY.

Then were I wronged indeed!

EXETER.

O, Mary, doubt no more!

MARY.

Then take me, Edward!

To trifle were unworthy of a Queen—
Unworthier of a woman. Take me, Edward!
I will be thine. I choose thee from the noblest,
A fitting mate for England. Princely blood,
Tempered by nurture, purified by sorrow,
Should be the Nation's safeguard. Take me, Edward!

[She drops her head on his shoulder.]

Let me look on thy face—God bless thee, Youth!
A sad heart thou hast touched with new-born joy;
And lured back self-esteem, so long estranged.
Now part we for a space: yet ere thou goest,
Ask'st thou no boon? I yearn to make thee happy!
Some favor I shall find a grace in giving—
Thou, honor in receiving.

EXETER.

There is a man—

He served me—therefore, loathing him as I do,
I would serve him, though guilty, in return.

The Speaker

MARY.

What guilt would I not pardon at thy suit?

EXETER.

Then grant me Dudley's pardon.

MARY.

Dudley's pardon?

Well, be it so! His doom shall be remitted.
No more of him! This hand is yours—now lead me
To my sister's chamber. She must share our joy.
[Exeunt together.]

ACT IV. SCENE III.

An apartment in the Tower.

Enter MARY and EXETER.

MARY.

Not here? then we must seek her in the pleasance.
Go thou—our Chancellor claims audience first.
Go seek my sister—tell her what thou wilt.
I follow, and shall ratify the tale.

EXETER.

Delay not, gentle mistress. Slowly creeps
The sand of Time when watched by love-sick eyes!

MARY.

Send Gardiner—so adieu—adieu! *[Exit EXETER.]*

How noble

His aspect! and how full of grace his port!
I shall be happy yet!—Not here we'll dwell,
Within these doleful turrets. Windsor's shade
Suits happy lovers. There we'll stray together
Unseen, but by the wild deer's timid eye—
I shall be happy yet! This fluttering heart
Shall ache no more with fearful expectation.
No cares but wife-like cares shall cloud my brow—
As thus—why lingers his wind-footed steed
So long upon the chase? How in the tourney
Fares his unshivered lance; his spotless plume?

Wherefore his appetite is dull—cheek pale—
His spirit chafed? Or, peradventure, all
That throng of sweet solitudes that stir
Maternal bosoms for their infant charge.
Why woeful tears from ready laughter start—
And what caress can soothe such fragile hearts.
Sweet cares! delicious dreams!—But I awake!

Enter GARDINER.

Gardiner, I greet you well! My heart is light!
Why look you grave—you bring no heavy news?

GARDINER.

The Christian mourns when but a sinner dies.
I bear the warrant for a sinner's death:
Dudley's. Wil't please you sign?

MARY.

I have changed my purpose.
Prepare a pardon: traitor though he be.

GARDINER.

Pardon, my liege? Have you considered this?

MARY.

My Lord of Exeter hath shown good cause—
You smile—

GARDINER.

I had foreboded this. My Lord
Is light of thought, and, so he gains his end,
Weighs not the issue.

MARY.

Edward Courtenaye, Sir,
Deserves not censure.

GARDINER.

Dudley visited
Lord Exeter in prison.

MARY.

We know well
He served him: therefore Courtenaye serves him now.

GARDINER.

After the trial they had private converse:
And a quick ear caught words—touching the Princess—

The Speaker

MARY.

My sister?

GARDINER.

Yes—his love for her—so said,
Or seemed to say, this Dudley,

MARY.

Seemed to say?

There's some mistake—I tell thee, it is false!
Give me a chair—

GARDINER.

You are very pale, my liege—

MARY.

Sir, I am well. It is a lie, I say!
As you shall learn. Report our grace to Dudley:
Then join us in the gardens. There you'll find
Our sister and much cherished Exeter,
Whom thou, Lord Chancellor, must learn to honor,
Not to malign.

GARDINER.

Pardon my heedlessness.

It was a fault. I shall be circumspect.

MARY.

Be so and prosper. Join us presently.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

The Tower Gardens.

Enter ELIZABETH from an Arbor, hurriedly: followed by
EXETER. *He kneels.*

ELIZABETH.

Miscreant! how have you dared to speak such language
To a daughter of England?

EXETER.

Mercifully judge me.

ELIZABETH.

This is no case for mercy, but avengement.
Dare you to trifle thus with royal hearts?
You proffered love forsooth! ventured caresses!
But, Sir, I checked you, as was your desert—
And spurn and trample on you as a scorpion.
Begone, I say, once more!

Enter from behind MARY with GARDINER unobserved.

EXETER.

Will you not pardon

A victim, not offender?

ELIZABETH.

Not offender?

What, wed a Queen—and privily woo her sister?
Out on thee! hence! I spit upon thee, caitiff!

EXETER.

I had no choice—strangely she wrought on me.
You know her—in her passions terrible—
Dared I repulse her? Madness held us both—
I loving thee—thee only, pledged my troth—
Yea, pledged my troth, and must be—

ELIZABETH.

King of England!

EXETER.

Have you no heart for pardon?

ELIZABETH.

None for thee

Elizabeth of England never pardons.
A heart like hers, above the common shafts
Of hope or fear, indifferently regards
Unworthy suitors: treats them as light toys,
To be cast aside, contemptuously forgotten.

EXETER.

Have you a heart?

ELIZABETH.

No heart, Sir, to betray me:

No heart forgetful of my dignity:
No heart the slave of sensuous weaknesses:
No heart that blinds to duty!

The Speaker

EXETER.

Precious time

Is passing—promise me one boon, at least—
 If not forgiveness, silence. She whom I loathe—
 Whom I must wed—will soon be here—

MARY (*staggering forward.*)

Is here!—

O, God! O, God!

ELIZABETH.

What have you heard? whate'er

I said I am prepared to reavow.
 No plotter I—no spier out of plots!

MARY.

O, God! O, God!

ELIZABETH.

I spake in haste—forgive me!

My poor, poor sister! only be calm and hear me.
 Nay, pluck not at your throat—stare not so wildly!
 Will no one fetch some water? she will choke.

MARY.

What's this? where am I? the earth reels—the wind
 Howls through my ears—your hand, Sir, or I fall!
 Elizabeth! you weep—something has happened—
 What? what? Has any one assailed my life?
 My brain is wounded.

GARDINER (*aside.*)

We must change her thoughts—

Or she will straight go mad. I bring, my liege,
 False Dudley's pardon.

MARY.

Ha!—a pardon—Dudley—

Yes, I remember. Give it—quickly, quickly—
 Give it—Thus, thus, like my poor heart, rend thee!
 I crush thee! Thou shalt die—O pandering Fiend!
 There was another paper—give it to me—
 Warrant of doom!—a pen—there—let him die—

[*Signs the warrant.*]

Stabber of hearts!—ere sunset. Hear ye? vengeance!
 A vulture gnaws my heart—food, food for vengeance!

Soft: there was yet another—where is he?
And she, my loving sister—Boleyn's child!—
Seize on the false ones!

GARDINER.

She is innocent.

ELIZABETH.

My Lord, I pray you, peace.

MARY.

Who dares oppose me?
Obey me, Sir—or—or—obstruct me not—
Or I will do such deeds as shall make pale
The Angel of the Record! Ha! still here—
Thou wretched, wretched man! yet, let me look
One moment on the face I loved.

*[She catches EXETER's arm, gazes wistfully in his face,
then suddenly kisses his forehead.]*

The last—
Passion's last weakness! I am weak no more!
Henceforth I root all softness from my heart.
Away with him—with her!

[Exeunt ELIZABETH and EXETER, severally, in custody.]

Enter PAGE, bearing a cup.

What's this? some wine?
Ay—let me taste—I need it—I am faint.

[She lifts the cup.]

I take this as a sacramental pledge!
Henceforth am I a dedicated creature
To my country; to my God! I rend all weakness
Forth from my bleeding heart. Nor kin, nor love
Shall warp me. If I live, I'll rule this land
For pious ends severe, not happiness—
For duty—for my People, for the Church!

[She drinks, making the sign of the Cross.]
The Church for England! England for the Church!

[Exeunt.]

Ten Little Bachelors

BY SAM S. STINSON.

Ten little bachelors said: "This life for mine."
One tied a maiden's shoe, then there were nine.

Nine little bachelors swore the girls to hate.
One did protest too much, then there were eight.

Eight little bachelors thought their life was heaven.
One had another thought, then there were seven.

Seven little bachelors, up to Cupid's tricks.
One took a buggy ride, then there were six.

Six little bachelors, glad they were alive.
One fell dead in love, then there were five.

Five little bachelors went off to the war.
A trained nurse captured one, then there were four.

Four little bachelors cowboys went to be.
One got roped in, then there were three.

Three little bachelors came home feeling blue.
A show girl abducted one, then there were two.

Two little bachelors wondered how 'twas done.
Investigation showed one, then there was one.

One little bachelor, lonely, tossed a penny.
"Heads I wed." The coin came head, then there wasn't
any.

The Deaf Men

BY JULES MOINAUX.

Translated from the French by Dorothy Lister.

CHARACTERS.

Damoiseau.	A Field-keeper.
Placide.	A Gardener.
Boniface, a servant.	Eglantine, daughter of Damoiseau.

SCENE. A small room opening on a garden. In each corner a table—a vase of flowers on the one to the right, and a lamp on the one to the left. Door at the rear. Second door at the right, first entrance. Third and fourth doors at left, first and second entrance. Right, a window. Above the table on the right a trophy of weapons, in which is a gun. Left, towards the front, a table with magazines, paper, pens and ink. Right, a sofa, and a tabouret, on which is a work-basket and a bell.

Enter EGLANTINE.

EGLANTINE (*seated near the table and reading a magazine*). Reading this magazine doesn't amuse me! I'll give it up! (*She throws the magazine on the table and arises*). Oh, dear me, I'm so bored! (*She goes to the sofa, sits down, and looks at the flowers in the vase.*) Flowers four days old! What can Boniface be thinking of? (*She rings, Boniface comes in from the rear, a letter in his hand.*) Boniface, change those flowers.

BONIFACE. Yes'm. (*Goes to the table.*) Ah—is your father here, Miss Eglantine?

EG. (*rising quickly*). Isn't it a caller, Boniface?

BON. It's only a letter, miss.

EG. (*impatiently*). A letter! That's all the intercourse my father has! Everything by correspondence! (*She sits down.*)

BON. (*sighing*). Ah, yes! All three years that he's been deaf Mr. Damoiseau won't see anybody. (*Throws out the flowers.*)

EG. Oh, I'm so bored, Boniface so bored!

BON. (*cleaning the lamp chimney*). And me, miss, poor me that Mr. Damoiseau took into his service when the misfortune came on him, on account of my vocal organs, here I'm obliged to chat with him every day! (*Bitterly.*) Chat! I call that chatting. That is to say, I bellow out a mysterious question to him, and I roar a timid question. What a life! what a life!

EG. But that celebrated ear specialist to whom he wrote a month ago, what about him?

BON. He hasn't even answered. How will this all end? As for me, I know one thing—after six months' time I'll talk like a clown in a pantomime. My voice gets hollower and hollower.

EG. (*laughing*). Ha! ha! ha!

BON. There ain't nothing laughable in that, miss.

EG. But it's so seldom that I have a chance to laugh. Look at me, nineteen years old, literally immured—

BON. It would be hard for me in your place, I tell you. Why, I have such violent passions—! If I had been you—! Oh!

EG. Father seems to have positively resolved that I shall not marry. It's too bad that five or six attractive men whom I really like have already asked for my hand, and he has refused every one of them!

BON. Yes, he always says: "He's not the son-in-law I've dreamed of"—his very words! What on earth has he dreamed of for a son-in-law?

EG. Oh, I don't know! And consequently no one dares to ask any more; they know they will be refused. It will be just the same with that young man with whom I danced the whole evening a month ago at Mrs. Fauvel's ball.

BON. Oh, yes; you've spoken of him lots of times. A fine young man; and I think if he asks for your hand—

EG. (*rising, going to the left*). I know he thought of that, by the way he looked at me, by the attentions he paid me; but he must have heard of the answer which awaits him. He has been informed! (*Stamping.*) Oh, I'm so bored, Boniface, so bored!

BON. (*aside*). It's high time she should be. (*Aloud.*) Oh, here he comes. What did I do with his letter? Oh, here it is! (*He picks it up from table at right where he had put it. Damoiseau enters by second door at left.*)

Enter DAMOISEAU (a book in hand).

DAMOISEAU (*reading*). "Deafness is one of man's most unendurable infirmities." (*Interrupting himself.*) Oh, Lord, yes! Oh, Lord, yes!

BON. (*coming forward*). Please, sir, it's a letter (*pushing it under his nose*).

DAM. Ah, you are there, Boniface? And my daughter, too? (*Taking the letter.*) Why don't you say, "Here is a letter?" (*Seating himself on the sofa.*)

EG. (*to Boniface*). Perhaps another proposal of marriage. If I could read over Father's shoulder (*going near her father*).

BON. Don't bother to, miss. I know his habits: he reads all his letters to me without knowing it, because, since he can't hear, he thinks he is reading them in a low voice. That's the way I know everything he is thinking, since he thinks aloud likewise, believing he is talking to himself in a whisper. It's very convenient.

DAM. (*who has opened the letter and put on his glasses, looking at his daughter near him*). Busybody! This letter is written to me: there may be something confidential in it. (*He goes to the left and reads aloud.*) "My dear Damoiseau, I think I have found a good suitor for your daughter—a charming fellow, witty, well educated, and, which does not spoil it, he is rich." (*He tears the letter.*)

BON. (*aside to Eglantine*). What did I tell you, miss?

DAM. (*to himself*). Yes, yes, doubtless; but he is not the son-in-law I dreamed of.

BON. (*low voice*). There it is again!

EG. (*impatiently*). Always his dream! Don't you see, Boniface, don't you see?

BON. Be calm, miss.

EG. Be calm, when it's the same thing all my life! When even a cat doesn't come here! When father doesn't want me to marry! Oh, this must end! And it shall end! Yes, it shall end! (*She goes out right angrily.*)

BON. (*aside, taking vase from table*). It's high time. Yes, it's high time. (*He goes out.*)

DAMOISEAU (*alone, taking his book again*). Deafness is one of man's most unendurable infirmities" (*in-*

The Speaker

interrupting). However, it has some charms for me—while my wife was living—those raving cries from which I finally escaped (*satisfied smile*). Poor unfortunate! that is what killed her. When she saw that her vociferations could not reach me, then—biff! one fine day her wrath struck in, and off she went. But now that I am a widower I would be delighted to hear. All the doctors' wisdom has been in vain. I have no more hope, except in a renowned quack, who pretends to cure in one minute by his electro-acoustics-galvanism. I wrote to him to come here, but have received no answer. Let's see, now, to return to the book (*reads*): "First notice if the membrane of the eardrum is thick or perforated, if the ossicles of the ear still exist." (*Thrusting his little finger in his ear.*) I think I feel the ossicles. (*reads*): "If the Eustachian tube is obstructed" (*interrupting*). The Eustachian tube! Is my Eustachian tube obstructed? I must ask Boniface! (*calling*) Boniface! (*continuing to read*).

Enter BONIFACE.

DAMOISEAU. Boniface. (*He comes in from the rear during the last words, and at the same time drops the vase which he was carrying. It breaks with a loud noise.*)

DAM. (*without turning*). Boniface! (*he continues reading, and seats himself near the table.*)

BON. (*pointing to Damoiseau*). He hasn't heard a thing. That's the way it always is; why, it's a pleasure to smash things, he hears nothing, and so I'm never scolded.

DAM. (*crying out while reading*). Boniface!

BON. (*picking up the broken bits of the vase*). I'll not bother myself with him. Why, I go on with him just as if I were alone in my room.

DAM. Boniface!!

BON. Yes, yell on! I'll not answer till I've picked up every bit of this (*throwing the pieces out the window*). Look out for the water!

DAM. (*rising*). Boniface! I'll have to go myself. (*He sees him near the window and cries in his ear*): Boniface!

BON. (*frightened*). What the deuce is the matter with you, brute?

DAM. Here I've called you four times. Are you deaf, too?

BON. Why, of course, old man, I'm deaf.

DAM. Eh?

BON. Eeny meeny miny mo—.

DAM. What are you saying?

BON. Catch a nigger by the toe,
If he hollers, let him—.

DAM. Oh, it's very possible. Come here and see if my Eustachian tube is obstructed.

BON. (*surprised*). Eustachian? Who is Eustachian?

DAM. (*holding his ear*). Look!

BON. What do you want me to look at?

DAM. My ear—the Eustachian tube.

BON. He has a Eustachian tube in his ear. That's queer!

DAM. Do you see anything?

BON. (*taking hold of his chin and head and looking*). I don't see anything.

DAM. What did you say?

BON. (*calling*). Nothing!

DAM. Boniface, I think your voice is growing weaker; it does not carry so far as it used to.

BON. I'll have to make it roar like a cannon.

DAM. Oh, well, it doesn't matter; I shall still keep you, because you are intelligent.

BON. Oh, yes!

DAM. Devoted.

BON. Oh, no!

DAM. And because you understand me even to guessing my thoughts.

BON. As if that were a clever thing to do!

DAM. (*to himself*). Let's see, what shall I have for dinner? Ah, I know, some young partridges. (*Aloud*): Boniface, for dinner I wish to have—

BON. (*calling in his ear*). Partridges!

DAM. (*astounded*). It is marvellous! Exactly at the moment I was going to say it! Boniface, I recognize your great services, and shall remember you in my will. I shall not tell you for how much, but I'll remember you. (*He sits near the table and continues reading.*)

BON. (*to himself*). For twenty-five hundred dollars.

The Speaker

I heard him thinking it. If he imagines that without that I would—

(Cries from without.) Stop him! stop him!

BON. What's the matter? *(Runs to the window. Report of a gun.)*

DAM. *(thinking Boniface has sneezed)*. Good luck to you, Boniface. *(Another report.)* Gesundheit! Where the dickens did you catch that cold?

BON. *(at the window, calling)*. Look! They're chasing him in here! Hello, down there! This is private property, get out of here!

DAM. *(running to the window)*. What's happening?

BON. They're chasing a hunter, a poacher, who's breaking the fence and stamping all over the flower-beds. *(Calling)*: Hello, down there! *(Noise of broken frames and wood.)*

DAM. Oh, the wretch, he's smashing everything! Oh, my melon frames are in bits. The field keeper is chasing him, but he'll not catch him. Look, he's in the greenhouse now; we must corner him there! To arms, Boniface, to arms! My gun! *(He takes it from the trophy.)*

BON. *(bringing broom from rear)*. Here it is, sir!

DAM. To the greenhouse, Boniface, to the greenhouse! *(Damoiseau goes out first, rear, Boniface follows. A sound of overturned furniture is heard, and Placide rushes in headlong by the second door, left, a gun in hand.)*

Enter PLACIDE.

PLACIDE. It ought to be in here! *(He is clothed in hunter costume, and in great disorder. He closes the door, then advances cautiously, bent almost double, and with his finger on the trigger of his gun; he goes around the room looking under the furniture.)* No, there's nothing, nothing! Where could he have put himself? *(Places gun on table and sits down.)* I could have bought that rabbit for thirty cents; well, say thirty-five—but that's nothing. It is something to catch him, or rather to lose him. I came out into the country this morning at six o'clock. I hadn't gone a hundred feet when my dog ambushed a rabbit—the one in question. I took aim—bing! The rabbit went off, but the gun didn't. I plunged after the beast, loading as I ran. I

kept him in sight—he shot off, first at this angle, then that. I saw him dart into a wood. I saw a farmer near, and called out to him, “Beat him back, beat him back! A dollar if you do!” And the rabbit is worth thirty-five cents; oh, well, say thirty-six. The brave fellow beat him back and brought me the animal; my dog, who had lost him, darted off in pursuit. I aimed—bing! This time my gun went off, but my dog did not—I had killed him—a dog worth twenty-four dollars, and the rabbit was worth thirty-six cents, say thirty-seven. I gave a dollar to the man who beat him back, but who didn’t beat down his price one penny—old swindler!—that made twenty-five dollars. I reloaded my piece on the way; the rabbit, beyond the reach of my gun, took me six miles, on the run. I stopped, exhausted with fatigue and want of sleep; my eyes closed, and five minutes later I was still following my rabbit—in my dreams—it was less tiring. I was in the Pyrenees—he climbed them, I climbed them; he crossed Spain, I crossed it; what was I doing? I was dreaming. We arrived at Gibraltar; he sprang into the sea. I jumped in after him. The motion of jumping wakened me, and, opening my eyes, what should I see but—my rabbit daintily nibbling a cabbage, and not eleven feet away from my gun. I was furious! I sprang up, seized my weapon, and began again to chase that fantastic rabbit. He jumped a fence, so did I; he fell on his two fore feet, so did I; he recovered his balance on his hind feet, and I, lacking these advantages, recovered my balance on my back. Then I heard a terrible outcry, men’s footsteps, they were chasing me with pitchforks, scythes, flails, all the agricultural hardware. Then I lost my head, and I thought my rabbit darted into this house. I followed him angrily, and arrived here, after having done thirty dollars’ worth of damage. That makes fifty-five dollars, besides the summons and fine, which will cost me about twenty more. Total, seventy-five dollars—for a thirty-seven cent rabbit, or call it thirty-eight. (*Noise outside.*) I must be off! (*He picks up his gun, hurries towards the door at the rear, and is stopped by Damoiseau, who comes in with the gardener; then he goes to the second door, left, and meets Boniface; he turns to the first door, left, where the field-keeper appears.*)

FIELD-KEEPER. It's him!

GARDENER. Here he is!

DAM. We have him now. Secure his person!

PLACIDE. Eh? What? (*Attempting to escape.*)

KEEPER (*seizing him*). I arrest you in the name of the law. (*Taking gun from him.*)

PLACIDE (*aside*). The climax has come!

DAM. What's this, sir? How dare you trespass on my property like a burglar! You were shooting under my very windows!

BON. You might have wounded someone.

DAM. Do you know that I shall have you brought up before the police court?

PLACIDE (*aside*). Heavens!

DAM. What's your name?

KEEPER. Your name?

BON. Your name?

PLACIDE (*stammering*). I don't see—

BON. (*calling in Damoiseau's car*). His name is Idouski. He's a Russian.

PLACIDE (*aside*). Russian! I a Russian!

BON. (*to Placide*). I called to you, "Don't come in here. This is private property!" I might have been talking to a deaf person. What the deuce! Are you deaf?

PLACIDE (*aside*). Good; quite an idea!

DAM. What did he say?

BON. He didn't say anything.

PLACIDE (*aside*). I'll try it. (*Aloud*): Gentlemen, I ask you—

DAM. Eh?

PLACIDE (*making the movement of writing on his hand with his finger*). Some paper.

BON. (*surprised*). Paper? What for?

DAM. What did he say?

BON. (*calling*). He wants some paper.

PLACIDE (*seeing the table and sitting down*). Ah! (*He notices some paper and writes.*)

BON. What's he doing?

PLACIDE (*rising and giving paper to Boniface*). Here. (*Aside*): Stupid! I am deaf, but I'm not dumb.

BON. (*holding out paper to Damoiseau*). Read that!

DAM. What's this? It's pretty badly written. (*Read-*

ing): "Pardon me, sir, but I am afflicted with complete deafness." (*Joyfully*): Deafness! He is deaf!

FIELD-KEEPER. Deaf!

BON. Deaf!

DAM. You are deaf? (*Mimicking.*) Deaf?

PLACIDE. A pupil at the City Institute. (*Aside*): Oh, you imbecile, that's for the blind!

DAM. Deaf! Ah, Boniface, here is the son-in-law I dreamed of! (*He laughs.*)

BON. (*stupefied*). Eh?

PLACIDE. (*aside*). He's laughing now—guess I'm safe.

DAM. (*to himself*). He's a fine young man. (*Aloud*): Leave us, friends; I wish to talk with this young gentleman. (*Keeper and gardener go out, rear.*)

BON. (*aside, going left*). So this is the son-in-law he dreamed of, and a deaf one! I'll have two of them in the house. Not for me!

DAM. (*to Placide*). Take the trouble to be seated, sir. (*Placide does not budge. To himself*): What luck! He doesn't hear. (*Louder.*) Be seated. (*Pantomime.*) Sit down!

PLACIDE (*aside, going right*). Now he's putting on airs. Is it because I'm deaf or a Russian?

DAM. (*aside*). Elegant figure, intelligent face (*motioning him to sit down*).

PLACIDE (*motioning to sofa*). After you, sir.

DAM. He is very well bred. (*They sit down on sofa.*)

BON. (*aside*). What am I going to do with two such deaf posts?

DAM. You are doubtless surprised, sir, at my mild treatment of your conduct, but your infirmity has given you a right to my deepest interest.

PLACIDE (*aside*). Decidedly it's because I'm deaf; that was a capital idea!

DAM. (*to Boniface, rising*). Deuce take it, suppose he is married! (*Seating himself again and calling to Placide.*) Are you a bachelor, sir? (*Holding hand behind ear.*)

PLACIDE (*aside*). What business is that of his?

BON. (*aside*). Suppose he were the father of twelve children! (*Calling to Placide*): You are married, are you not?

PLACIDE. No!!

BON. (*aside*). Con—! He's a bachelor, the coward!

DAM. (*joyfully*). I think he said no! (*To Placide*): You are a bachelor? (*Calling*): Bachelor? (*Hand behind ear.*)

PLACIDE. Yes.

DAM. What did you say?

PLACIDE (*calling impatiently*). Yes! (*Aside*): Well, he is the deaf one!

DAM. I think he said yes? (*Rising joyfully.*) Bachelor! My son-in-law dropped out of the skies! (*Aloud and reseating himself*): Will you give me the pleasure of dining with me, sir?

PLACIDE (*aside*). He's a delightful good fellow. (*Calling in his ear*): I accept with pleasure, sir!

DAM. (*misunderstanding*). You wish to dine early? Done! Boniface, dinner for three, three, do you hear? and at five o'clock instead of at six.

BON. (*bowing*). Yes, old stick-in-the-mud.

DAM. That's it, my friend.

BON. Yes, old dunderhead.

DAM. That's it, that's it!

BON. Without my twenty-five hundred, wouldn't I dump you all, you and the whole shebang!

DAM. I am sure of it—you are very faithful to me. (*Boniface goes out grumbling, rear.*)

PLACIDE (*to Damoiseau*). What, sir, do you allow this rascal—?

DAM. A perfect servant, sir, a very model of a servant.

PLACIDE. I see that, indeed. (*Aside*): Decidedly, he is deaf. (*Damoiseau rises, shuts the window, after having taken up his gun, which he had left near this window, then he shuts the door, rear, and puts his gun in the corner, left. Placide follows his movements with some show of anxiety.*)

DAM. (*reseating himself near him*). Now, my dear sir, let us chat (*calling*) confidentially.

PLACIDE (*aside*). If he tells his confidences in that key, it will be pretty tiresome.

DAM. Sir, I am square in my dealings. If I invited you to dinner, it was not to eat—.

PLACIDE (*aside*). For what, then?

DAM. If you had been married, I would have sent you to prison, but you are a bachelor—and, as for me, I am a father, the father of a girl—I do not know if you will altogether please her—.

PLACIDE (*to himself*). I do not think I shall. (*He picks up his hat which he had put on the table.*)

DAM. But you please me perfectly, and I offer her to you in marriage.

PLACIDE (*aside, stupefied, rising and going left*). She must be hump-backed!

DAM. (*rising also*). A thirty thousand dollar dowry.

PLACIDE (*aside*). She has two humps! (*Aloud and bowing*): Sir. (*Starting to go out.*)

DAM. (*holding him back*). I had a certain idea—you might be handsome as Apollo, rich as Croesus, and yet I would say to you, "Shake hands, but you can not have my daughter," but, follow my argument—?

PLACIDE. I am trying my best to.

DAM. My dear young man, you may not have noticed that I am deaf?

PLACIDE. Oh, not at all! (*Aside*): That's a good one!

DAM. But I am!

PLACIDE. Not really!

DAM. I live alone—here—with my daughter, she sees only me, and talks only with me.

PLACIDE (*aside*). She must be greatly amused.

DAM. And so—follow my argument?

PLACIDE. I am trying harder and harder.

DAM. Imagine, living with us, a son-in-law, any one of the score that have been suggested to me—a man enjoying perfect hearing; my daughter and he would talk together as people with good ears do, so that not to be completely isolated I must cry out every minute, "What did you say?" That's impossible. We would become mutually unendurable. Whereas, with a son-in-law as deaf as you—for you are worse than I am—there would not be this inconvenience—since you are deaf, you will talk loudly to my daughter. She will talk to you the same way—and I can join in the conversation quite naturally, and without an interpreter. You grasp my idea?

PLACIDE (*aside*). Papa is great in his egoism. (*Bon-*

iface comes in second door, left, a visiting card in hand.)

DAM. Shake on it! You shall have a wife who is pretty, rich, adorable!

BON. (*furiously, aside*). There, it's done! Now I have two of them.

PLACIDE (*aside*). What, pretty? Then she isn't hump-backed?

DAM. It's finished. But before I present you to my daughter, you had better improve your appearance a little. You must please her, and you will please her—I desire it. (*Pointing to first door, left.*) Go in there in my room and make yourself handsome.

PLACIDE (*aside*). All this is very fine, but I'm not deaf. How shall I get out of that?

DAM. (*pushing him toward the room*). Go on, now; there are brushes and collars. (*Calling*): There's a razor! (*Placide, amazed, enters the room indicated.*)

DAM. (*radiant*). I knew I would find him one day or another—the son-in-law I dreamed of. (*To Boniface*): Oh, is that you, Boniface? Set the table at once—and don't forget that there are three of us—I, my daughter, and her future husband—for it's all arranged. (*Joyfully*): It's arranged. I have offered him Eglantine's hand, and he has accepted; he is getting prinked up now. What are you holding there? A card?

BON. (*giving him a card*). A gentleman who wants to speak to you, old post!

DAM. (*looking at card*). Heavens!

BON. (*frightened*). What?

DAM. (*radiant*). It's he!

BON. Who?

DAM. He is in my study? I'll hurry. Ah, Boniface, all my luck is coming to me to-day! (*He rushes out second door, left.*)

Enter EGLANTINE.

EG. (*entering quickly, right, seeing her father go out*). What's the matter with father, Boniface?

BON. What's the matter, miss? That rare bird of his dreams, or rather his nightmares, you know—the son-in-law—

EG. Yes. Well?

BON. Well, he has found him! That's what's the matter.

EG. Oh, heavens! And where is the gentleman?

BON. (*pointing left*). There, in that room. He is getting ready to marry you.

EG. (*anxiously*). And you have seen him?

BON. Yes.

EG. Is he young?—and handsome?

BON. Do you know what the sacrifice of Abraham is, miss?

EG. Certainly!

BON. Well, the sacrifice of Abraham is nothing when compared to the one your father is going to practice on you.

EG. You frighten me.

BON. Do you think, miss, that your father is completely deaf? No, isn't it? Well, couldn't there be someone even deafer than he is?

EG. What are you trying to say, Boniface?

BON. I want to say, miss, that when compared to your future husband, your father could hear a blade of grass growing.

EG. Heavens!

BON. That's what, miss! That's the son-in-law he dreamed of! That's the husband he's keeping for you, to embellish your existence!

EG. But I don't want him! To make me wait so long for—oh, no! no! a hundred times no!

BON. That's it, miss, be firm, be a man! He must have your consent—don't you give in to him!

EG. Never.

BON. And you'll send away this fellow who is making himself at home with your father's neckties.

EG. (*going left*). Immediately! Oh, they don't know me! I have character, Boniface! I'll not be married against my father's will, but they'll not marry me against my own will!

BON. Bravo! And this intruder mustn't dine here. You must dismiss him before the soup comes in.

EG. Certainly.

BON. (*going to first door, left*). I'll call him then. (*Calling*): Mr. Idouski! He's a Russian. Mr. Idouski! Someone wishes to speak to you. (*Placide comes out of the room*).

PLACIDE (*aside, seeing Eglantine*). Oh, heavens, it's she!

The Speaker

EG. (*to Placide*). What, is it you?

BON. (*aside, surprised*). They know each other!

EG. Do I find my partner of the waltz here?

PLACIDE. My charming little dancer!

BON. (*aside*). Ah, it's him!

EG. (*to Boniface*). But he isn't deaf. What nonsense are you telling me?

PLACIDE (*aside*). Ouch, ouch!

BON. Not deaf! You'll see! Wait!

PLACIDE (*aside*). And to think I can't warn her before this servant.

BON. (*to Placide in an ordinary voice*.) You pleased Mr. Damoiseau, sir, that's very true; but the young lady will throw you out the door.

PLACIDE (*aside*). Eh?

EG. (*quickly and reproachfully*). Boniface!

BON. He can't hear. (*To Placide*): You'll have to pack up your traps and vamoose.

PLACIDE (*aside*). Wouldn't I like to give you a box on the ear! (*Aloud*): You are very good to receive my request so favorably.

BON. (*laughing*). Ha, ha, ha!

EG. (*severely*). Boniface!

BON. (*laughing*). He thinks I am paying him a compliment.

PLACIDE (*aside*). I'll get even with you yet!

EG. But that's strange; when I saw him at Mrs. Fauvel's he didn't have that infirmity.

BON. Really?

PLACIDE (*aside*). It's getting complicated. (*Aloud to Eglantine*): Alas, Miss Damoiseau, a great misfortune has occurred to me since the day I had the good fortune to meet you—a fall from the horse—I fell on my head, and an unfortunate infirmity resulted. I cannot hear.

EG. Poor young man!

PLACIDE. I cannot hear, it is true; I cannot hear ordinary people, but I think I would hear you, you whose remembrance has been so deeply graven on my mind, on my heart, my eyes, which gaze with intoxication upon your charming countenance, my eyes would understand—and the poor deaf one would hear!

EG. (*agitated*). Really?

PLACIDE. See, you said "really," did you not?

EG. Yes.

PLACIDE. I understand it by the movement of your lips.

BON. What! he hears by his eye! (*Goes up stage.*)

PLACIDE (*aside*). Get out, you, get out!

EG. (*to herself*). What a pity! But a deaf husband? Oh, no, that's impossible. (*She goes out quickly, right.*)

PLACIDE (*following her to the door*). She is going!

BON. (*laughing*). Yes, you blockhead! (*Placide kicks at Boniface.*) Eh? What? What's this?

PLACIDE (*following him around the table*). Oh, I'm a blockhead, am I? (*More kicking.*)

BON. (*frightened*). He can hear! He can hear! (*Sits on sofa.*)

PLACIDE (*making him get up*). Hush! yes, I can hear—before you and before her. But since I must be deaf for Mr. Damoiseau—if you betray me I'll tell him how you treat him—I've heard how you talk to him.

BON. Don't tell him that, sir. Don't make misery for my white hairs; remember that he has me on his will for twenty-five hundred dollars.

PLACIDE. Ah! ah! Then silence for silence.

BON. Then Mr. Idouski, any time you want to be in possession of your hearing will be convenient for me—I accept!

PLACIDE. It's a good thing you do!

DAM. (*from without*). Boniface, Boniface!

BON. There's the master, be on your guard. He's as sly as an orang-outang. If you give yourself away all will be lost.

PLACIDE. Don't fear, I'll be careful—to obtain Eg-lantine's hand I will be like lead—I will be marble! The roar of a cannon would not make me turn my head!

DAM. (*from without*). Boniface, Boniface!

BON. (*going up stage with him*). He wants dinner, I'll go to the kitchen. Off with you to the garden. Oh, when I ring the bell, don't hear it and don't come!

PLACIDE. I understand (*coming back*), but I'm very hungry!

BON. (*pushing him out.*) I'll come get you. (*They go out, rear—Damoiseau enters joyfully, second door, left.*)

The Speaker

DAMOISEAU *enters.*

DAM. (*alone—enthusiastically*). Oh, wonderful! Oh, miracle! Oh, the great man! Oh, marvelous electro-acoustics-galvanism! I can hear! I can hear!! I can hear!!!

EG. (*entering, right*). Oh, father!

DAM. (*happily*). Ah, Eglantine, my child, you come just in time! First congratulate me, embrace me, my dear little girl, I have a pleasant surprise for you.

EG. (*sadly*). Oh, I know it!

DAM. What, you know that I am no longer deaf?

EG. What?

DAM. Cured! A quarter of an hour ago! Like magic, by that celebrated quack, you know. He came! The great man! The illustrious charlatan!

EG. (*with joy*). How fortunate!

DAM. (*stopping up his ears*). Rejoice, but don't do it so loudly. Before I did not hear enough. Now I think I hear too much—the organs of my ear seem so delicate.

EG. (*aside*). Then they can make *him* hear, too! (*Very loudly*): Oh, father, dear, I'm so glad!

DAM. Put on the soft pedal! Whisper something to me.

EG. (*same*). Dear father!

DAM. Oh! oh! The soft pedal, *please*!

EG. (*lower voice*). Pardon me! I've gotten into the habit. I have seen him!

DAM. (*smiling*). Who? I can hear everything.

EG. Him!

DAM. (*smiling*). Him! Not a word escapes me.

EG. The young man; the husband you chose for me.

DAM. (*smiling*). The husband. Ah! I had forgotten. How well I can hear!

EG. First I was miserable, I went into my room to cry—

DAM. Poor little kitten! Well, don't cry any more!

EG. Oh, I'll not cry now after what you just told me. He's a very attractive young man—and besides—we knew each other—we—

DAM. I no longer desire it.

EG. What? but you offered him my hand yourself!

DAM. When I was deaf, yes—but now—give my daughter to a deaf man! Never!

EG. But, father, since they cured you, they can cure him, too.

DAM. He is too deaf! He is incurable.

EG. But your famous doctor can try!

DAM. It's impossible, I tell you—besides, he has just gone—.

EG. This young man will go find him—.

DAM. Don't mention that deaf wretch to me! I was foolish enough to invite him to dinner. I don't want to seem a cad—he will dine here, but alone with me. I'll rush him through his dinner and send him off in a hurry.

EG. (*vexed*). There! another wedding's lost!

DAM. But I have one on hand—I received a letter this morning telling me about a charming young fellow—

EG. It is my turn to refuse!

DAM. Eh? It's an excellent offer, daughter.

EG. I don't want him! I don't want him! (*Stamping her foot.*)

DAM. But listen to me—.

EG. No! no! no! I'll stay an old maid, I'll die of grief—or marry as I wish! (*Goes out, rear.*)

DAM. I hear too much, too much! Ah, I can't deny her that! The very picture of her mother. That wretch has turned my girl's head! And to think that I asked him to dinner! A man whom I don't know, who enters my house like a burglar and plunders my property! Besides, he is a stranger. I'll shower abuses on him. I'll make him dine in such a way that he'll leave of his own accord—and he'll do that—if not, I'll have him summoned before the police court for damaging another's property. (*Loud noise of a bell.*) What's that? fire-bells? There's a fire somewhere! (*Opening window.*) Ah! it's the dinner-bell! (*Calling*): Enough! enough! (*looking into garden*). The wretch! there he is in the garden calmly reading the paper, and that frightful noise doesn't even make him lift his head! Ah, here's Boniface, who will tell him—good old Boniface! He will be so glad that I am cured! I'll rejoice to see the surprise and joy of the fine fellow who is so devoted to me! (*Calling*): Boniface! that's a servant of the old

The Speaker

school! (*Calling*): Boniface! there's not another like him. (*Calling*): Boniface! (*Boniface enters, rear, carrying soup*).

Enter BONIFACE.

DAM. Ah, my good Boniface!

BON. (*impatiently*). Oh, rats! (*he places dish on table*).

DAM. (*amazed*). Eh! (*aside, looking around room*). Whom did he say "rats" to?

BON. (*setting table*). There's the soup, cuss it! There it is, old guzzler!

DAM. (*aside*). But I'm all alone in here—he is speaking to me!

BON. (*continuing to set table*). If it wasn't for the twenty-five hundred I'd send you to Jericho! (*Exit, rear, after entrance of PLACIDE*).

Enter PLACIDE.

DAM. (*aside*). There, that's the way he talks to me! Just you wait! I'll throw you out the door (*seeing Placide enter rear*), and you too!

PLACIDE. My faith, I'll be glad to get something to eat.

DAM. (*aside*). I'll be a gentleman notwithstanding (*aloud, amiably*). So sorry to have invited you to dinner. Heaven grant that it be pardoned!

PLACIDE (*aside*). What's wrong with him?

DAM. You'll never grow old at my table!

PLACIDE. (*aside*). He's insane!

DAM. (*graciously*). Take this armchair. (*PLACIDE goes to sit down. Restraining him.*) No, this is a comfortable one. I'll keep it myself (*goes to hunt another*).

PLACIDE (*aside*). Ah, I understand, he doubts my deafness. I'll not fall in that snare. I'll have a good time!

DAM. (*bringing another chair*). There is a very hard and uncomfortable one. I take pleasure in offering it to you.

PLACIDE (*aside*). Be careful! (*Graciously*): He's the rudest ever!

DAM. (*aside*). Eh?

PLACIDE (*amiably*). I'll have a rascally father-in-law in you, but I'll soon shake you, don't you fear!

DAM. (*aside*). I your father-in-law! animal! I'd rather give my daughter to a chimney-sweep than to you. (*Amiably*): Take a seat; you will be most uncomfortable.

PLACIDE. Thanks, old billy-goat! (*seating himself at the table*).

DAM. (*aside*). But—but—

PLACIDE (*calling*): Won't we have the pleasure of dining with the young lady?

DAM. (*aside*). Yes, my good fellow, shout yourself hoarse. You'll see how I hear. (*Aloud and serving*): This soup is cold, it's detestable. I'll give you a great deal.

PLACIDE. Be careful, sir, be careful!

DAM. (*He smells the soup*). I'll not deprive you of that.

PLACIDE. Thanks, old bear! You're lucky to be the father of such a daughter.

DAM. (*aside*). Oh! I'd like to throw a plate at his head! (*Calling*): Boniface! (*BONIFACE enters, rear, carrying platter.*)

Enter BONIFACE.

DAM. Take away the soup; the gentleman hasn't finished, but that doesn't matter. What have you there?

BON. (*putting platter on table*). Partridge with cabbage.

PLACIDE. Partridge, that's good!

DAM. Good! (*serving*) I don't care for cabbage. Allow me to offer it to you and keep the partridge for myself.

PLACIDE (*rising*). But, at last—

DAM. (*rising also*). You will fast! So much the better, I'll be rid of you sooner. Boniface, cigars! A Havana for me—a penny cigar for him—it's good enough. (*Going right.*)

PLACIDE (*trying to control himself*). Ah!

BON. (*to PLACIDE*). It's just a test, don't flinch.

DAM. (*aside*). What, a test?

BON. I'll try some on him. Wait, you'll see!

DAM. (*aside*). Good, I'll wait!

BON. (*offering box of cigars*). There, old brute old dunderhead! old—

The Speaker

DAM. (*trummelling him*). Take that!

BON. (*astounded*). From him, too. (*To PLACIDE*). And just now you—!

DAM. (*furios*). Oh, you've called me many other things. Oh, I'm an old brute! an old dunderhead! and you say "rats" to me! Without the twenty-five hundred dollars you'd have sent me to Jericho!

BON. (*with a wild look*). He hears! he hears! (*Goes left.*)

Enter EGLANTINE.

EG. (*entering from rear*). What's the matter?

PLACIDE (*stupefied, to DAMOISEAU*). What, can you hear?

DAM. Perfectly! And if you wish it I'll repeat your pretty speeches of a few minutes ago.

PLACIDE (*to EGLANTINE*). Can your father hear?

EG. Yes, since a quarter of an hour ago—marvellous cure!

BON. (*to DAMOISEAU*). And you didn't warn me, sir!

DAM. I warn you to get out!

PLACIDE (*low, to BONIFACE*). I'll take you.

DAM. (*very loud, to PLACIDE*). And you, sir, I dismiss you!

EG. Father, I beg you—I love him!

PLACIDE. What do I hear? You love me?

EG. (*with a cry*). Oh, you can hear? (*She drops her eyes in confusion.*)

DAM. What's this I hear? He can hear? We both can hear! You are no longer deaf?

PLACIDE. I never have been except for love, Mr. Damoiseau. I played this part to avert your anger at my arrival here. I continued it in order to become your son-in-law.

DAM. After your rudeness! Never!

PLACIDE. A few hasty words, Mr. Damoiseau. But remember all you said to me, and admit that you were wrong first. Ah, well! in spite of that I offer you my humblest apologies.

DAM. Take back "old billy-goat."

PLACIDE. I take it back.

EG. Oh, father, since you provoked him and he took back "old billy-goat"—

DAM. (*laughing*). After all, if you heard all I said to you—ha! ha! ha!

PLACIDE (*laughing*). And to think of what I answered. Ha! ha! ha!

DAM. (*laughing uproariously*). We were neither of us deaf. Ha! ha! ha!

PLACIDE (*laughing*). Ha! ha! ha!

EG. (*laughing*). Ha! ha! ha!

BON. (*coming between DAMOISEAU and PLACIDE*). Well, that is good! Ha! ha! ha! (*Laughs very loudly.*)

DAM. What are you talking about? You go pack up instantly!

BON. (*low tone to PLACIDE, going left*). And my twenty-five hundred dollars?

PLACIDE (*low*). I'll give it to you on my wedding day.



The Lapidary

He courted a gem of a girl,
And told her that she was his pearl,
Then when they were married
Her ma came and tarried,
(He doesn't like mother-of-pearl.)



There was an old man in a tree,
Who was horribly bored by a bee,
When they said, "Does it buzz?"
He replied: "Yes, it does!"
It's a regular brute of a bee!"

—Edward Lear.

The Vampire

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

As suggested by the painting by Burne-Jones.

A fool there was, and he made his prayer
 (Even as you and I!)
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair.
(We called her the woman who did not care);
But the fool he called her his lady fair.
 (Even as you and I!)

Oh the years we waste and the tears we waste,
 And the work of our head and hand
Belong to the woman who did not know
(And now we know that she never could know),
 And did not understand.

A fool there was and his goods he spent
 (Even as you and I!)
Honor and faith and a sure intent
(And it wasn't the least what the lady meant);
But a fool must follow his natural bent
 (Even as you and I!)

Oh the toil we lost and the spoil we lost,
 And the excellent things we planned,
Belong to the woman who didn't know why.
(And now we know she never knew why),
 And did not understand.

The fool was stripped to his foolish hide
 (Even as you and I!)
Which she might have seen when she threw him aside—
(But it isn't on record the lady tried),
So some of him lived, but the most of him died—
 (Even as you and I!)

But it isn't the shame, and it isn't the blame
 That stings like a white-hot brand.
It's coming to know that she never knew why,
(Seeing at last she could never know why),
 And never could understand.

Troopin'

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

Troopin', troopin', troopin' to the sea:
'Ere's September come again—the six-year men are free,
Oh, leave the dead be'ind us, for they cannot come away
To where the ship's a-coalin' up that takes us 'ome to-day.

We're goin' 'ome, we're goin' 'ome,
Our ship is *at* the shore,
An' you must pack your 'aversack,
For we won't come back no more.
Ho, don't you grieve for me,
My lovely Mary-Anne,
For I'll marry you yit on a four-p'ny bit
As a time-expired man.

The *Malabar's* in 'arbor with the *Junner* at 'er tail,
An' the time-expired's waitin' of 's orders for to sail.
Oh, the weary waitin' when on Khyber 'ills we lay,
But the time-expired's waitin' of 'is orders 'ome to-day.

They'll turn us out at Portsmouth wharf in cold an' wet
an' rain,
All wearin' Injian cotton kit, but we will not complain;
They'll kill us of pneumonia—for that's their little way—
But damn the chills and fever, men, we're goin' 'ome
to-day!

Troopin', troopin', winter's 'round again!
See the new chaps pourin' in for the old campaign;
Ho, you poor recruiter, but you've got to earn your pay—
What's the last from Lonnon, lads? We're goin' there
to-day!

Troopin', troopin', give another cheer—
'Ere's to English women an' a quart of English beer;
The Colonel an' the regiment an' all who've got to stay,
Gawd's mercy strike 'em gentle—Whoop! we're goin'
'ome to-day.

We're goin' 'ome, we're goin' 'ome,
Our ship is *at* the shore,
An' you must pack your 'aversack,
For we won't come back no more.

The Speaker

Ho, don't you grieve for me,
 My lovely Mary-Anne,
 For I'll marry you yit on a four-p'ny bit
 As a time-expired man.



To the Dandelion

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
 Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
 First pledge of blithesome May,
 Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,
 High hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
 An El Dorado in the grass have found,
 Which not the rich earth's ample round
 May match in wealth, thou art more dear to me
 Than all the prouder summer blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
 Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
 Nor wrinkled the lean brow
 Of age to rob the lover's heart of ease;
 'Tis the spring's largess, which she scatters now
 To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
 Though most hearts never understand
 To take it at God's value, but pass by
 The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;
 To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
 The eyes thou givest
 Are in the heart, and heed not space or time.
 Not in mid-June the gold cuirassed bee
 Feels a more summerlike warm ravishment
 In the white lily's breezy tent,
 His fragrant Sybaris, than I, when first
 From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart.
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
Did we but pay the love we owe
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these pages of God's book.



All

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

There hangs a sabre, and there a rein,
With a rusty buckle and green curb chain;
A pair of spurs on the old gray wall,
And a mouldy saddle—well, that is all.

Come out to the stable—it is not far;
The moss-grown door is hanging ajar.
Look within! There's an empty stall,
Where once stood a charger, and that is all.

The good black horse came riderless home,
Flecked with blood drops as well as foam;
See yonder hillock where dead leaves fall;
The good black horse pined to death—that's all.

All? Oh, God! it is all I can speak.
Question me not—I am old and weak;
His sabre and his saddle hang on the wall,
And his horse pined to death—I have told you all.

Grounds of the Terrible

BY HAROLD BEGBIE.

The death is announced of First-class Petty Officer Grounds, of H. M. S. Terrible, the best shot with a heavy gun in the British navy. Grounds' wages were three shillings per day, and for the unparalleled achievement of making eight shots in one minute in 1901 with the six-inch gun, and seven hits out of eight rounds in one minute under most unfavorable weather conditions in 1902, he received in all the magnificent remuneration of one shilling nine pence, and six shillings three pence in the two years, "his proper share of prize money."

*The statesman at the council, and the gunner at the
breech;
The hand upon the parchment, and the eye along the
sight;
O, the cry is on the waters: Have ye weighed the worth
of each?
Have ye shown a mandate stronger than ability to
smite?*

He was the best with a heavy gun in the whole o' the
British fleet,
And the run of his pay, three shillin's a day, with biscuit
and salted meat.
He was the man who could pitch his shell on a mark
that was never still
Eight times true while a minute flew, and parliament
whittled the bill;
He was a man who could soothe a gun in the race of a
swirling tide,
Who could chime his shots with the charging knots of a
ship with a dripping side,
Who could get to his mark from a dancing deck that
never a moment stood,
Content to hear, for a Bisley cheer a midshipman's mut-
tered "Good!"

Never his eye will steady now thro' the spray and the
whistling rain,
To loose the scream from the foaming lips and splinter
the mark in twain;

Never again will he win his share in the prize that my
 lords assign—
Six-and-three in a single year, and once—it was one-
 and nine!
Never again! He has fired the last of the shells that the
 state allowed,
He has turned from the roar of the six-inch bore to the
 hush of the hammock shroud,
And never a bell in England tolled, and who was it
 caught his breath
When the Shot ' the Fleet first dipped his feet in the
 flooding ford of Death?

Gladder, I think, would the gunner's soul have passed
 thro' the closing dark
Had he known that ye cared with patriot joy when the
 navy hit the mark;
Gladder, I think, would the gunner's soul have passed to
 the farther shore
Had the Mother Land once gripped his hand, and uttered
 the pride she bore.
Gold is the prize that all men seek, tho' the mark be
 honor and fame;
Declare: Have ye spurned by a gift or a word the
 terrible gunners' aim?
Will ye care to know what the men can do when the
 hosts of hate embark?
What of your sons at the old sea guns?—have ye cared
 if they hit the mark?



The Latest Easter Color

The latest fad in color
 (A new thing under the sun)
Is "messenger boy," a shade of blue,
 And warranted not to run.

—*Judge.*

Highland Mary

BY ROBERT BURNS.

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the longest tarry!
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasped her to my bosom!
The golden hours on angel wings
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow and locked embrace
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder;
But O! fell death's untimely frost
That nipped my flower sae early!
How green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary.

O pale, pale now those rosy lips
I aft hae kissed sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mould'ring now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

The Cry of the Children

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Written to protest against child labor in England.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O, my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their
mothers,
And that cannot stop their tears.

But the young, young children, O, my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the playtime of the others
In the country of the free.

Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,
Grinding life down from its mark;
And the children's souls which God is calling sunward
Spin on blindly in the dark.



Telling His Mind

A magician was engaged to entertain a select and very swell audience in a private house. He was elated at the prospect, but disappointed in the outcome. There was no cordiality of greeting as he appeared, and the chill was colder as he continued. His cleverest tricks met only icy indifference. He wondered if they were real flesh and blood, or only figures from a department store show window. In desperation he finally addressed them:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have done my best to entertain you, but so far I have not succeeded. I have about exhausted my store of tricks. One of the best still remains; I wonder if you would be interested in that. Would you like to see the devil?"

Upon their signifying such a desire, the magician turned upon his heel, saying, "Then, go to hell."

The Song of the Mystic

BY FATHER RYAN.

I walk down the Valley of Silence—
 Down the dim, voiceless valley—alone!
 And I hear not the fall of a footstep
 Around me, save God's and my own;
 And the hush of my heart is as holy
 As hovers where angels have flown!

Long ago I was weary of voices
 Whose music my heart could not win;
 Long ago I was weary of noises
 That fretted my soul with their din;
 Long ago I was weary of places
 Where I met but the human—and sin.

* * * * *

In the hush of the Valley of Silence
 I dream all the songs that I sing;
 And the music floats down the dim Valley,
 Till each finds a word for a wing,
 That to hearts, like the Dove of the Deluge
 A message of Peace they may bring.

* * * * *

Do you ask me the place of the Valley,
 Ye hearts that are harrowed by Care?
 It lieth afar between mountains,
 And God and His angels are there;
 And one is the dark mount of Sorrow
 And one the bright mountain of Prayer.

Taking Down a Bachelor

Joseph Jefferson believed in early marriages. At Yale once he advised a group of juniors to marry just as soon as they could afford it. Then he went on: "I abominate bachelors. The older they grow, the more conceited they grow. I took one down a peg, though, the other day. He was talking about this woman he had known, and that woman he had known, and all these women, it seemed, had married.

"'Why,' I said, 'you are in danger of getting left. Why don't you, too, get married before it is too late?'"

"'Oh,'" said the bachelor, with a chuckle, 'there are still plenty of good fish in the sea.'"

"'But the bait,' said I; 'isn't there danger of the bait becoming stale?'"



Her Moral

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
 Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
 Molten, graven, hammered and rolled;
 Heavy to get, and light to hold;
 Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold,
 Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled;
 Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
 To the very verge of the churchyard mould;
 Price of many a crime untold.

Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
 Good or bad a thousandfold!
 How widely its agencies vary—
 To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless—
 As even its minted coins express,
 Now stamp't with the image of Good Queen Bess
 And now of a bloody Mary.

Dirge For a Soldier

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

Close his eyes ; his work is done !
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon or set of sun,
Hand of man or kiss of woman ?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow !
What cares he ? He cannot know ;
Lay him low !

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor ;
Let him sleep in solemn might,
Sleep forever and forever.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow !
What cares he ? He cannot know ;
Lay him low !

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley !
What to him are all our wars,
What but death bemoeking folly ?

Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow !
What cares he ? He cannot know ;
Lay him low !

Leave him to God's watching eye ;
Trust him to the hand that made him.
Mortal love weeps idly by ;
God alone has power to aid him.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow !
What cares he ? He cannot know ;
Lay him low !

Two Lovers

BY GEORGE ELIOT.

Two lovers by a moss-grown spring:
They leaned soft cheeks together there,
Mingled the dark and sunny hair,
And heard the wooing thrushes sing.
O budding time!
O love's blest prime!

Two wedded from the portal step:
The bells made happy carolings,
The air was soft as fanning wings,
White petals on the pathway slept.
O pure-eyed bride!
O tender pride!

Two faces o'er a cradle bent:
Two hands above the head were locked;
These pressed each other while they rocked,
Those watched a life that love had sent.
O solemn hour!
O hidden power!

Two parents by the evening fire:
The red light fell about their knees
On heads that rose by slow degrees
Like buds upon the lily spire.
O patient life!
O tender strife!

The two still sat together there,
The red light shone about their knees;
But all the heads by slow degrees
Had gone and left that lonely pair.
O voyage fast!
O vanished past!

The Speaker

The red light shone upon the floor
 And made the space between them wide;
 They drew their chairs up side by side,
 Their pale cheeks joined, and said,
 "Once more!"
 O memories!
 O past that is!



A Deed and a Word

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

A little stream had lost its way
 Amid the grass and fern;
 A passing stranger scooped a well,
 Where weary men might turn;
 He walled it in, and hung with care
 A ladle at the brink;
 He thought not of the deed he did,
 But judged that all might drink.
 He passed again, and lo! the well
 By summer never dried,
 Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
 And saved a life beside.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
 That thronged the daily mart,
 Let fall a word of hope and love,
 Unstudied, from the heart;
 A whisper on the tumult thrown,
 A transitory breath—
 It raised a brother from the dust,
 It saved a soul from death.
 O germ! O fount! O word of love!
 O thought at random cast!
 Ye were but little at the first,
 But mighty at the last.

A Holy Nation

BY RICHARD REALF.

Let Liberty run onward with the years,
And circle with the seasons; let her break
The tyrant's harshness, the oppressor's spears;
Bring ripened recompenses that shall make
Supreme amends for sorrow's long arrears;
Drop holy benison on hearts that ache;
Put clearer radiance into human eyes,
And set the glad earth singing to the skies.

Clean natures' coin-pure statutes. Let us cleanse
The hearts that beat within us; let us mow
Clear to the roots our falseness and pretense,
Tread down our rank ambitions, overthrow
Our braggart moods of puffed self-consequence,
Plow up our hideous thistles which do grow
Faster than maize in Maytime, and strike dead
The base infections our low greeds have bred.



To-Day

BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

So here hath been dawning another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it slip useless away?

Out of eternity this new day is born;
Into eternity at night will return.

Behold it aforetime no eye ever did;
So soon it forever from all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it slip useless away?

The Fool's Prayer

BY EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

The royal feast was done; the king
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before:
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the patient grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose, "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool;
The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heartstrings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung?

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripe must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders—oh, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The king, and sought his garden cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low:
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"



His Second Wife

A collector called on a French-Canadian to inquire about the financial responsibility of a neighbor. Felix chose to give a favorable, and somewhat lengthy opinion, but he was interrupted by his wife who said: "Felix, what for you lie lack dat for 'im?"

Felix went on serenely, paying no attention to the interruption, but when his wife repeated her question he said to the caller:

"Pay no 'tension to her. She my second wife. She don't count."



Motor Goose Rhyme

Sing a song of motors,
Whizzing a la mode;
Four and twenty victims
Killed on the road.
When the copper hails him,
The chauffeur speeds his pace;
Isn't that a pretty way
To treat the human race!

—*Metropolitan Magazine.*

To The Unknown Goddess

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

Will you conquer my heart with your beauty; my soul
going out from afar?
Shall I fall to your hand as a victim of crafty and
cautious *shikar*?
Have I met you and passed you already, unknowing,
unthinking and blind?
Shall I meet you next season at Simla, oh, sweetest and
best of your kind?
Does the P. and O. bear you to meward, or clad in short
frocks in the West?
Are you growing the charms that shall capture and
torture the heart in my breast?
Will you stay in the plains till September—my passion
as warm as the day?
Will you bring me to book in the mountains, or where the
thermiantidotes lay?
When the light of your eyes shall make pallid the mean,
lesser light I pursue,
And the charm of your love shall lure me from love of
the "thirteen-two;"
When the peg and the pigskin shall please not; when I
buy me Calcutta-built clothes;
When I quit the Delight of Wild Asses; forswearing the
swearing of oaths;
As a deer to the hand of the hunter, when I turn to 'mid
the jibes of my friends;
When the days of my freedom are numbered, and the
life of the bachelor ends.
Ah, Goddess! child, spinster, or widow—as of old on
Mars' Hill when they raised
To the God they knew not an altar, so I, a young pagan,
have raised
The Goddess I know not nor worship; yet, if half that
men tell me be true,
You will come in the future, and therefore the verses are
written to you!

A Code of Morals

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

Now Jones has left his new-made bride to keep his
house in order,
And hied away to the Hurrum Hills above the Afghan
border,
To sit on a rock with a heliograph; but ere he left he
taught
His wife the working of the code that sets the miles at
naught.

And love had made him very sage, as Nature made her
fair;
So Cupid and Apollo linked, per heliograph, the pair.
At dawn, across the Hurrum Hills, he flashed her
counsel wise—
At e'en the dying sunset bore her husband's homilies.

He warned her 'gainst seductive youths in scarlet clad
and gold
As much as 'gainst the blandishments paternal of the old,
But kept his gravest warning for (hereby my ditty
hangs)
That snow-haired Lothario, Lieutenant-general Bangs.

'Twas General Bangs, with aid and staff, that tit-
tipped on the way,
When they beheld a heliograph tempestuously at play.
They thought of border risings, and of stations sacked
and burnt;
So stopped to take the message down, and this is what
they learnt:

"Dash dot dot, dot dot dash dot dash dot" twice. The
General swore:

"Was ever General officer addressed as dear before?"

"My love," "I' faith" "my duck," "gadzooks" "my
darling popsy wop!"

"Spirit of great Lord Wollsley, *who* is on that mountain
top?"

The Speaker

The artless aide-de-camp was mute ; the gilded staff was
still,
As, dumb with pent-up mirth, they booked that message
from the hill ;
For, clear as summer lightning flare, the husband's warn-
ing ran :
"Don't dance or ride with General Bangs—a most im-
moral man."

[At dawn, across the Hurrum Hills, he flashed her
counsel wise—
But howsoever love be blind, the world at large hath
eyes.]
With damnatory dot and dash he heliographed his wife
Some interesting details of the General's private life.

The artless aide-de-camp was mute ; the shining staff
was still,
And red and ever redder grew the General's shaven gill.
And this is what he said at last (his feelings matter not) :
"I think we've tapped a private line. Hi! Threes about
there trot!"

All honor unto Bangs, for ne'er did Jones thereafter
know
By word or act official who read off that helio ;
But the tale is on the frontier, and from Michin to
Mooltan
They know the worthy General as "that most immoral
man."

The Fate of Burns

BY THOMAS CARLYLE.



Do not think that the blame of Burns' failure lies chiefly with the world. The world, it seems to us, treated him with more, rather than with less, kindness than it usually shows to such men. It has ever, we fear, shown but small favor to its teachers: hunger and nakedness, perils and reviling, the prison, the poison chalice, the Cross, have, in most times and countries, been the market-price it has offered for wisdom—the welcome with which it has treated those who have come to enlighten and purify it. Homer and Socrates, and the Christian Apostles, belong to old days; but the world's martyrology was not completed with these. So neglected, so "persecuted they the prophets," not in Judea only, but in all places where men have been. We reckon that every poet of Burns' order is, or should be, a prophet and teacher to his age; that he has no right to expect kindness, but rather is bound to do it; that Burns, in particular, experienced fully the usual proportion of goodness; and that the blame of his failure, as we have said, lies not chiefly with the world.

Where then does it lie? We are forced to answer, WITH HIMSELF: it is his inward, not his outward misfortunes, that bring him to the dust. Seldom, indeed, is it otherwise, seldom is a life morally wrecked, but the grand cause lies in some internal mal-arrangement—some want, less of good fortune than of good guidance. Nature fashions no creature without implanting in it the strength needful for its action and duration; least of all does she neglect her masterpiece and darling—the poetic soul! Neither can we believe that it is in the power of any external circumstances utterly to ruin the mind of a man; nay—if proper wisdom be given him—even so much as to affect its essential health and beauty. The sternest sum-total of all worldly misfortunes is Death; nothing more can lie in the cup of human woe: yet many men, in all ages, have triumphed over death, and led it captive; converting its physical victory into a moral victory for them-

selves into a seal and immortal consecration for all that their past life had achieved. What has been done may be done again; nay, it is but the degree, and not the kind, of heroism that differs in different seasons: for, without some portion of this spirit, not of boisterous daring, but of silent fearlessness—of SELF-DENIAL in all its forms, no great man, in any scene or time, has ever attained to be good.



My Creed

BY S. E. KISER.

This is my creed: To do some good,
 To bear my ills without complaining,
 To press on as a brave man should
 For honors that are worth the gaining;
 To seek no profits where I may
 By winning them bring grief to others,
 To do some service day by day
 In helping on my toiling brothers.

This is my creed: To close my eyes
 To the little faults of those around me;
 To strive to be when each day dies
 Some better than the morning found me;
 To ask for no unearned applause,
 To cross no river until I reach it;
 To always have a worthy cause,
 To fearlessly and fairly preach it.

This is my creed: To wisely shun
 The sloughs in which the foolish wallow,
 To lead where I may be the one
 Whom weaker men should choose to follow.
 To keep my standards always high,
 To find my task and always do it;
 This is my creed—I wish that I
 Could even live half way up to it.

Shoeing a Bronco

BY BILL NYE.



WHENEVER I get low-spirited and feel that a critical public don't appreciate my wonderful genius as a spring poet, I go around to Brown & Poole's blacksmith shop on A street, and watch them shoe a vicious bronco. I always go back to the office cheered and soothed, and better prepared to fight the battle of life.

They have a new rig now for this purpose. It consists of two broad sinches, which together cover the thorax and abdomen of the bronco, to the ends of which—the sinches, I mean—are attached ropes, four in number, which each pass over a pulley above the animal, and then are wrapped about a windlass. The bronco is led to the proper position, like a young man who is going to have a photograph taken, the sinches slipped under his body and attached to the ropes.

Then the man at the wheel makes two or three turns in rapid succession.

The bronco is seen to hump himself, like the boss camel of the grand aggregation of living wonders. He grunts a good deal and switches his tail, while the ropes continue to work in the pulleys and the man at the capstan spits on his hands and rolls up on the wheel. After a while the bronco hangs from the ceiling like a discouraged dish-rag, and after trying for two or three hundred times unsuccessfully to kick a hole in the starry firmament, he yields and hangs at half-mast while the blacksmith shoes him.

Yesterday I felt as though I must see something cheerful, and so I went over to watch a bronco getting his shoes on for the round-up. I was fortunate. They led up a quiet, gentlemanly appearing plug with all the weary, despondent air of a disappointed bronco who has had aspirations for being a circus horse, and has "got left." When they put the sinches around him he sighed as though his heart would break, and his great, soulful eyes

were wet with tears. One man said it was a shame to put a gentle pony into a sling like that in order to shoe him, and the general feeling seemed to be that a great wrong was being perpetrated.

Gradually the ropes tightened on him and his abdomen began to disappear. He rose till he looked like a dead dog that had been fished out of the river with a grappling iron. Then he gave a grunt that shook the walls of the firmament, and he reached out about five yards till his hind feet felt of a Greaser's eye, and with an athletic movement he jumped through the sling and lit on the blacksmith's forge with his head about three feet up the chimney. He proceeded then to do some extra ground and lofty tumbling and kicking. A large anvil was held up for him to kick till he tired himself out, and then the blacksmith put a fire and burglar proof safe over his head and shod him.

The bronco is full of spirit, and, although docile under ordinary circumstances, he will at times get enthusiastic and do things which he afterwards, in his sober moments, bitterly regrets.

Some broncos have formed the habit of bucking. They do not all buck. Only those that are alive do so. When they are dead they are more subdued and gentle.

A bronco often becomes so attached to his master that he will lay down his life if necessary. His master's life, I mean.

When a bronco comes up to me and lays his head over my shoulder, and asks me to scratch his chilblain for him, I always excuse myself on the ground that I have a family dependent on me, and furthermore, that I am a United States Commissioner, and to a certain extent the government hinges on me.

Think what a ghastly hole there would be in the official staff of the republic if I were launched into eternity now, when good men are so scarce.

Some days I worry a good deal over this question. Suppose that some unprincipled political enemy who wanted to be United States Commissioner or Notary Public in my place should assassinate me!!!

Lots of people never see this. They see how smoothly the machinery of government moves along, and they do not dream of possible harm. They do not know how

quick she might slip a cog, or the eccentric get jammed through the indicator, if, some evening when I am at the opera house or the minstrel show, the assassin should steal up on me, and shoot a large, irregular aperture into my cerebellum.

This may not happen, of course; but I suggest it, so that the public will, as it were, throw its protecting arms about me, and not neglect me while I am alive.



The Nervous Man

I like the commercial tourists, the angels of commerce, the drummers. They are a royal, loyal set of fellows.

And how they have improved in the past twenty years. I ought to know. I used to be one. But to my story. Into a Western hotel comes a breezy drummer.

"Hello, Charlie," to the clerk. "Gimme a room quick. I am frazzled out."

"Mighty sorry; but I can't give you a room to-night."

"But I got to have a room."

"Well—yes; I have one room, but there is a nervous old gentleman next door, and your are so noisy."

"Me, noisy; not on your life. Gimme that room, and I will be as quiet as a lamb."

"All right—front—take this gentleman and a pitcher of ice-water up to 29."

The drummer goes into his room, forgets all about the nervous man; takes off one shoe and slams it down on the floor; then he remembers. He takes off the other shoe very quietly, undresses without any noise, and slips ever so easily into bed.

He had been asleep about two hours when he hears a knock at his door.

"Hello, what do you want?"

And the nervous old gentleman answers:

"Won't you please take off that other shoe; I have been waiting all night to hear it drop!"

—A. W. Hawks.

George Lee*

BY HAMILTON AIDE.

"Fire! fire! fire!"

That dread cry in dead of night
Rouses the sleepers with affright,
Adown the narrow squalid street;
And while men stumble to their feet,
And snatch their earnings up with oaths,
Wives clasp their babes and tattered clothes,
And all run out into the ways,
On which the lurid firelight plays.

The faces of that crowd show plain
Starvation, misery, and pain:
Strange that to this sad life they cling
As much as placid priest, or king

Upon his throne may do! Along
The street, from every open door
And court and alley, fresh streams pour,
To swell the dense excited throng.

The cry is "Water!" now. Below
The doomed house press the serried ranks,
And pass the buckets from the tanks;

While the bewildered inmates throw
All that they can into the street.
The crowd screams out "Come down! A sheet
Of flame is rising, and the smoke
Grows dense! Come down before it choke
Your breath!" "Where are the engines? See!

It spreads! God help us! Not alone
This house; the entire street will be
Ablaze if they are long delayed!

There's ne'er a hope for us but one—
The fire-brigade, the fire-brigade!"
Hark!—God be thanked!—at last! D'you hear
That distant roar that grows more near?

"Fire! fire! fire!" as on they tear
Down the close streets; for dear life rushing,
Like a coal-black steed that is spurred to death—

* From "Songs Without Music."

To right, to left, the people crushing—
 Sending sparks from its fiery breath,
 The engine comes panting. Its riders draw up
 Where the flames, now mounting to heaven, glow
 On the pavement of human heads below,
 And water is poured as into a cup
 On the seething walls and molten glass;
 And a smoke, as of hell, sweeps over all.
 They have set the escape against the wall:
 "There's never a soul there, mates?" cries Lee,
 The fireman (he who, three days hence,
 With his strong right arm for competence,
 Shall wed the girl he has loved from a boy).
 "No soul within?" The crowd cries, "None!"
 But e'en while they answer one halloos, "See,
 There's a woman up there, in the topmost room!"
 Yes, at an open window, alone,
 Looming out black against the glare,
 Stands a shadow of hopeless, dull despair,
 With folded hands, foreseeing her doom—
 She is face to face with death.

One minute

Lee looks at her and the escape, no more;
 Then through the smoke that blinds the door
 He springs over burning stair and floor,
 Up to the roof, if he can but win it!
 With tight-clenched lips that breathe no word,
 Scorched and blinded, yet undeterred,
 He struggles on. From below, men, seeing
 The whole house now is one blazing stack,
 Cry out, "It's never no use! Come back!"
 But what is peril to sight or limb,
 If the life of a helpless human being
 Has yet a chance to be saved by him?
 So through the fumes that now oppress him,
 Fainting, falling, he beats his way
 To the room where the woman stands at bay,
 With the flames, like bloodhounds, licking the edge
 Of the window. They cry, "He's safe! God bless him!"
 . . . Is he safe? He has reached her, seized her, stands
 With her form in his arms on the parapet-ledge.
 Men hold their breath; the sight appals
 The stoutest hearts, for he reels; his hands
 Cannot reach the escape. "O God in heaven,

The Speaker

Let him not die!" That prayer is given
 With all men' hearts. He grasps a cleft
 In the burning bricks, with just strength left
 To save the woman, and then he falls!
 A scream of horror runs down the street:
 George Lee lies dead at the people's feet!



His Cork Leg

The best stories are not told on the platform; they are told while waiting at the railroad station, while traveling on the train, in the social circle, or in a banquetting hall. I think the best story I ever heard was told by my pastor, Rev. W. U. Murkland, D.D.; for twenty-nine years pastor of the Franklin Street Presbyterian Church, Baltimore, Md. It was at a banquet given to the members of the Pan-Presbyterian Council then meeting in Baltimore. Dr. Murkland was toast-master.

A party of men were once captured by the cannibals, who immediately proceeded to eat them. But there was one who was fat and sleek, and did not use tobacco; so they concluded to keep him for the king's banquet. They put him in a pen to fatten him, and he was there long enough to learn their language, and they caught on to his. Finally the day came for the banquet. The king and his court were all present, and the gentleman who was to furnish the principal dish of the feast was brought forward. He asked permission to make a speech. The permission was granted, and he said:

"Gentlemen, you are about to eat me; this seems to be your view of the case. I do not agree with you; I hope I will not agree with you. I have one favor to ask. I am a good carver, and would like to carve myself." His request was granted, and a sharp knife given to him. He at once proceeded to cut out a small triangular piece from his right leg and hand it to the king. After tasting it the king made a wry face, and passed it on to the members of his court. Not one of them seemed to want it. As it reached the last one, he threw it on the floor, and they all arose and said "Go." The man went off, and has been thanking the Lord ever since that he had a cork leg on that side."—*A. W. Hawks.*

A Recipe for Sanity

BY HENRY RUTHERFORD ELIOT.

Are you worsted in a fight?
Laugh it off.
Are you cheated of your right?
Laugh it off.
Don't make tragedy of trifles—
Don't shoot butterflies with rifles—
Laugh it off.
Does your work get into kinks?
Laugh it off.
Are you near all sorts of brinks?
Laugh it off.
If it's sanity you're after,
There's no recipe like laughter—
Laugh it off.



O, for a book and a shady nook,
Either indoors or out;
With the green leaves whispering overhead,
Or the street cries all about.
Where I may read all at my ease
Both of the new and old;
For a jolly good book whereon to look
Is better to me than gold.
—Old English Song.

The Death of Grady

Oh, brilliant and incomparable Grady! We lay for a season thy precious dust beneath the soil that bore and cherished thee, but we fling back against all our brightening skies the thoughtless speech that calls thee dead! God reigns and His purpose lives, and although these brave lips are silent here, the seeds sown in his incarnate eloquence will sprinkle patriots through the years to come, and perpetuate thy living in a race of nobler men!

But all our words are empty, and they mock the air. If we should speak the eulogy that fills this day, let us build within the city that he loved, a monument tall as his services, and noble as the place he filled. Let every Georgian lend a hand, and as it rises to confront in majesty his darkened home, let the widow who weeps there be told that every stone that makes it has been sawn from the sound prosperity that he builded, and that the light which plays upon its summit is, in afterglow, the sunshine that he brought into the world.

And for the rest—silence. The sweetest thing about his funeral was that no sound broke the stillness save the reading of the Scriptures, and the melody of music. No fire that can be kindled upon the altar of speech can relume the radiant spark that perished yesterday. No blaze born in all our eulogy can burn beside the sunlight of his useful life. After all, there is nothing grander than such living.

I have seen the light that gleamed from the headlight of some giant engine rushing onward through the darkness, heedless of opposition, fearless of danger, and I thought it was grand. I have seen the light come over the eastern hills in glory, driving the hazy darkness like mist before a sea-born gale, till leaf and tree and blade of grass glittered in the myriad diamonds of the morning ray, and I thought it was grand. I have seen the light that leaped at midnight athwart the storm-swept sky, shivering over chaotic clouds, mid howling winds, till cloud and darkness and the shadow-haunted earth flashed into midday splendor, and I knew it was grand. But the grandest thing next to the radiance that flows from the Almighty Throne is the light of a noble and beautiful life, wrapping itself in benediction round the destinies of men, and finding its home in the blessed bosom of the Everlasting God.—*John Temple Graves.*

Some Declamation Programs

AMHERST COLLEGE

KELLOG PRIZE EXHIBITION

The Tell-tale Heart.....	<i>Poe</i>
A Plea for Cuba.....	<i>Thurston</i>
Vesuvius and the Egyptian.....	<i>Bulwer</i>
The New Americanism.....	<i>Watterson</i>
The Emperor's Vision.....	<i>Lagerlöf</i>
The Death of Garfield.....	<i>Blaine</i>
Address Over the Union Graves at Arlington..	<i>Garfield</i>
Wolfe at Quebec.....	<i>Budlong</i>
The Soul of the Violin.....	<i>Merrill</i>
The Last Speech of Robert Emmet.....	<i>Emmet</i>

COLFAX, IOWA, HIGH SCHOOL

Regulus to the Carthaginians.....	<i>Kellogg</i>
The Lion and the Mouse.....	<i>Klein</i>
Mr. Dooley on the Grippe.....	<i>Dunne</i>
Cut Off from the People.....	<i>Caine</i>
Gentlemen, the King.....	<i>Barr</i>
Deathbed of Benedict Arnold.....	<i>Lippard</i>
Sweet Girl Graduate.....	<i>Phelps</i>
As the Moon Rose.....	<i>Phelps</i>
The Scholar in a Republic.....	<i>Phillips</i>
Arena Scene from Quo Vadis.....	<i>Sienkiewicz</i>

The Speaker

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY

SCHOOL OF ORATORY

SENIOR RECITALS

His Boy	<i>Jordan</i>
The Captain of the Marguerite,	<i>Amsbary</i>
The Cirque at Old Ste. Anne	<i>Amsbary</i>
The Lion and the Mouse.....	<i>Klein</i>
The Cat and the Cherub.....	<i>Fernald</i>
Jane an' Me.....	<i>Long</i>
A Good Dinner.....	<i>Cutting</i>
The Martyrdom of Joan of Arc.....	<i>De Quincey</i>
Marguerite's Husband	<i>Tompkins</i>
The Method of Charles Stewart Yorke.....	<i>Champion</i>
Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book.....	<i>Aldrich</i>
Esmeralda	<i>Burnett</i>
The Transfiguration of Miss Philura.....	<i>Kingsley</i>
The Unfinished Story.....	<i>Davis</i>
Miss Archer Archer.....	<i>Burnham</i>
The Stepmother	<i>Cleary</i>
His Morning's Mail.....	<i>Cooke</i>
The Father of His Son.....	<i>Gilmore</i>
Scenes from "David Copperfield".....	<i>Dickens</i>
The Betrothal. Lost. Sought and Found. The Wreck.	
Miss Janumit Latlit.....	<i>Merwyn</i>
Bobby Unwelcome	<i>Donnell</i>
Mrs. Lathrop's Love Affair.....	<i>Warner</i>
A Soldier of the Empire.....	<i>Page</i>
The Count's Ambassador.....	<i>Bowman</i>
Bradley Talcott	<i>Garland</i>
A Born Inventor.....	<i>Edwards</i>
A Ballad of the Brook.....	<i>Roberts</i>

The Mill on the Floss.....	<i>Eliot</i>
By Telephone	<i>Matthews</i>
Ben Thomas' Defense.....	<i>Edwards</i>
The Corpse's Husband.....	<i>Anon.</i>
Scene from "The Register".....	<i>Howells</i>
Ballad of the East and West.....	<i>Kipling</i>
The Blessed Damsel.....	<i>Rossetti</i>
Songs of Seven.....	<i>Inglow</i>
Scene from King John.....	<i>Shakespeare</i>
Lady Geraldine	<i>Mrs. Browning</i>
Enoch Arden	<i>Tennyson</i>
Saul	<i>Browning</i>
The Cratchitts' Dinner Party.....	<i>Dickens</i>
Cut Off from the People.....	<i>Caine</i>
Behind the Curtain.....	<i>Harrison</i>
The Great Gray Ships.....	<i>Carroll</i>
Henry Fourth, Act I, Scene 3.....	<i>Shakespeare</i>
The Taming of the Shrew, Act I, Scene 2..	<i>Shakespeare</i>
The Prisoner of Zenda.....	<i>Hope</i>
Quarrel of Brutus and Cassius.....	<i>Shakespeare</i>
Poor, Dear Mamma.....	<i>Kipling</i>
A Poor Rule.....	<i>Howells</i>
Sonney	<i>Stuart</i>
A Waterlogged Town.....	<i>Smith</i>
In the Toils of the Enemy.....	<i>Wood</i>
Romola and Savoronola.....	<i>Eliot</i>
Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act I, Scene 2..	<i>Shakespeare</i>
With Any Amazement.....	<i>Kipling</i>
Esmeralda, Act I.....	<i>Burnett</i>
The Dream that Came True.....	<i>Inglow</i>
Anthony's Address	<i>Shakespeare</i>
Scene from Quo Vadis.....	<i>Sienkiewicz</i>

The Invalid in Lodgings.....	<i>Barrie</i>
A Last Confession.....	<i>Rosetti</i>
Francisca's Scotchman	<i>Wiggin</i>
The Wager and the Sword.....	<i>Parker</i>
Poor Dear Mamma.....	<i>Kipling</i>
The Going of the White Swan.....	<i>Parker</i>
The Burial of the Guns.....	<i>Page</i>
A Late Confederate Victory.....	<i>White</i>
A Kentucky Cardinal.....	<i>Allen</i>
Mr. Trimble's Christmas Gift.....	<i>Stuart</i>
The Shadow	<i>Burnette</i>
Meh Lady	<i>Page</i>
Colonel Carter	<i>Smith</i>
A Lullaby	<i>Cable</i>
Madame Delphine	<i>Cable</i>
The Dividing Fence.....	<i>Stuart</i>
Drums of the Fore and Aft.....	<i>Kipling</i>
Last Christmas	<i>Riley</i>
The Last Suttee	<i>Kipling</i>
Mandalay	<i>Kipling</i>
Pippa Passes	<i>Browning</i>
The Photograph	<i>Goodloe</i>
The Spanish Gypsy.....	<i>Eliot</i>
Retribution	<i>Hope</i>
Lord Clive	<i>Browning</i>
A Violent Remedy.....	<i>Wood</i>
Peg Woffington	<i>Reade</i>
The Smoking Car.....	<i>Howells</i>
Afterwards	<i>Maclaren</i>
The Impressionist and the Widowed Lady.....	<i>Fitch</i>
The White Cowl.....	<i>Allen</i>
Jessekiah Brown's Courtship.....	<i>Anon</i>

The Battle of the Strong.....	<i>Parker</i>
An Opera	<i>Ade</i>
Becket, The Bower Scene.....	<i>Tennyson</i>
King Henry Eighth, The Court Scene.....	<i>Shakespeare</i>
The Cry of the Children.....	<i>Mrs. Browning</i>
Cyrano de Bergerac, Roxane's Trick.....	<i>Rostand</i>
Quo Vadis, The Arena Scene.....	<i>Sienkiewicz</i>
Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 1, Scene 2..	<i>Shakespeare</i>
The Lost Word.....	<i>Van Dyke</i>
Trelawney of the Wells, Act 2, Scene 1.....	<i>Pinero</i>
A Royal Princess.....	<i>Christiana Rossetti</i>
The "Five O'Clock Tay".....	<i>Bullock</i>
Jean Valjean and the Bishop, Les Miserables....	<i>Hugo</i>
Dinner at the Tullivers, The Mill on the Floss....	<i>Eliot</i>
How Lucy Backslid.....	<i>Dunbar</i>
The Ninety and Nine.....	<i>Davis</i>
Bob's Tramp	<i>Smith</i>
The Hero of Quebec.....	<i>Carleton</i>
Mr. Bumble and Mrs.Corney,Great Expectations.	<i>Dickens</i>
A Doorstep Dialogue.....	<i>Sothorn</i>
Enoch Arden	<i>Tennyson</i>
Martha and Joanna, Concerning Isabel Carnaby,	<i>Fowler</i>
Jean Valjean, Les Miserables.....	<i>Hugo</i>
When Knighthood Was in Flower.....	<i>Major</i>
The Lokil Editor.....	<i>Field</i>
Singing of the Bees.....	<i>Parker</i>
Apollo Belvedere	<i>Stuart</i>
Sunrise	<i>Lanier</i>
The Rivals, Act 2, Scene 3.....	<i>Sheridan</i>
L'Aiglon, Act 2, Scene 1.....	<i>Rostand</i>
The Bear Story.....	<i>Riley</i>
Sonny's Christening	<i>Stuart</i>

The Circus at Boyville.....	<i>White</i>
Robespierre	<i>Sardou</i>
Down Around the River.....	<i>Riley</i>
Afterwards	<i>Maclaren</i>
When Angry Count One Hundred.....	<i>Cavazza</i>
Miss Pross and Mme. Defarge, Tale of Two Cities,	
	<i>Dickens</i>
Slumber Song	<i>Lyons</i>
The Wanderer	<i>Lyons</i>
The Village Singer.....	<i>Wilkins</i>
Hernani, Act 5, Scene 3.....	<i>Hugo</i>
The Old Settler, Eben Holden.....	<i>Bachelor</i>
The Man With One Talent.....	<i>Davis</i>
She Stoops to Conquer.....	<i>Goldsmith</i>
A Family Feud.....	<i>Dunbar</i>
The Round-up	<i>Bunner</i>
Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Scenes 2 and 5....	<i>Shakespeare</i>
A Set of Turquoise.....	<i>Aldrich</i>
The Groom's Story.....	<i>Doyle</i>
Mercedes	<i>Aldrich</i>
A Kentucky Cinderella.....	<i>Smith</i>
The Moscow Doctor, The Sowers.....	<i>Merriman</i>
Tommy, the Author.....	<i>Barrie</i>
Fedalma's Choice, The Spanish Gypsy.....	<i>Eliot</i>
An Angel, Peg Woffington.....	<i>Reade</i>
The Lovers, The Little Minister.....	<i>Barrie</i>
An Object of Love.....	<i>Wilkins</i>
John and Glory, The Christian.....	<i>Caine</i>
The Courtship of Dinah Shadd.....	<i>Kipling</i>
Mrs. Mavir's Story, Black Rock.....	<i>Connor</i>
Janice Meredith	<i>Ford</i>

The Speaker

Volume V, No. 2

Whole No. 18

WHAT IS A MONOLOGUE ?

IF we look to the origin of the word, we understand that a monologue is that which is spoken by one person alone—a soliloquy. That meaning it no doubt held until comparatively recent times; and though it now has various meanings, the original one is still current. In comparatively recent times, probably within a century, a much broader meaning has been given the word—a meaning which is found in the entertainment by what is called the monologue artist of vaudeville. This is a kind of dramatic entertainment, consisting of recitations, imitations, anecdotes and songs presented by one person. On the platform that reciter who presents a play, taking all the different characters, is generally called a monologist. Before Browning the monologue seldom was found except in that part of the drama which we call the soliloquy. The other characters having left the stage, one of the actors reveals to the audience what he would not say to the other characters of the play. He simply thinks aloud, thus revealing his secret soul. In the soliloquy Shakespeare gives some of his best characterizations, some of his deepest philosophy of life. These passages have become the test of the actor's elocution, and the consequent joy or disappointment of those who hear him.

THE BROWNING MONOLOGUE.

It was left for Browning, with his subtle knowledge of human life and his splendid dramatic ability, to create the monologue as a definite form of literature. As Dr. S. S. Curry says in "Browning and the Dramatic Monologue:"

"As Shakespeare reigns the supreme master of the play, so Browning has no peer in the monologue. He was so dramatic by nature that he could never be any-

thing else than a dramatic poet. Hence he was led to invent, or adopt, a dramatic form different from the play. From the midst of the conflict between poet and stage, between writer and stage artist, the monologue was evolved, or at least recognized and completed as an objective dramatic form. The dramatic monologue, however, did not aim in opposition to the play, but as a new and parallel aspect of dramatic art. It has not the same theme as the play, does not deal with the expression of human life in movement or the complex struggles of human beings with each other, but it reveals the struggle in the depths of the soul. It exhibits the dramatic attitude of mind as the point of view. It is more subjective, more intense, and also more suggestive than the play. It reveals motives and character by a flash to an awakened imagination."

If we would study the monologue at its best, we must know this dramatic form as Browning determined it. There are no explanations. The situation, the dramatic incident and the character are revealed by what the speaker says. Not these alone, but the character of the listener is also revealed. Though he says nothing, yet what he is, what he thinks, what he says, is reflected in what the speaker says. The monologue is only one end of a conversation. Yet from what is heard the whole conversation can be accurately inferred.

CONTRASTED.

What Browning's dramatic monologue may be well understood by contrasting it with other forms of literature. The following is from Dr. Curry's book:

"A monologue is not an address to the audience; it is a study of character, of the processes of thinking in one individual as moulded by the presence of some other personality. Its theme is not merely the thought uttered, but primarily the character of the speaker, who consciously or unconsciously unfolds himself. The monologue is like a lyric in that it must be recognized as a complete whole. An essay can be understood sentence after sentence. A story gives a sequence of events for their own sake. A discussion may consist of a mere recital or succession of facts. In all these the whole is

built up part by part. But the monologue differs from all these in that the whole must be felt from the beginning."



"The Patriot"

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

"It was roses, roses, all the way,
With myrtle mixed in my path like mad:
The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,
The church-spires flamed, such flags they had,
A year ago on this very day.

"The air broke into a mist with bells,
The old walls rocked with the crowd and cries.
Had I said, 'Good folk, mere noise repels—
But give me your sun from yonder skies!'
They had answered, 'And afterward, what else?'

"Alack, it was I who leaped at the sun
To give it my loving friends to keep!
Nought man could do have I left undone:
And you see my harvest, what I reap
This very day, now a year is run.

"There's nobody on the house-tops now—
Just a palsied few at the windows set;
For the best of the sight is, all allow,
At the Shambles' Gate—or, better yet,
By the very scaffold's foot, I trow.

"I go in the rain, and, more than needs,
A rope cuts both my wrists behind;
And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,
For they fling, whoever has a mind,
Stones at me for my years misdeeds.

"Thus I entered, and thus I go!
In triumphs, people have dropped down dead.
'Paid by the world, what dost thou owe
Me?' God might question; now instead
'Tis God shall repay: I am safer so."

Bimi

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.



T would be well for you, mine friend, if you was a liddle seasick," said Hans Breitmänn, pausing by the cage. "You haf too much Ego in your Cosmos."

The orang-outang's arm slid out negligently from between the bars. No one would have believed that it would make a sudden snake-like rush at the German's breast. The thin silk of the sleeping-suit tore out: Hans stepped back unconcernedly, to pluck a banana from a bunch hanging close to one of the boats.

"Too much Ego," said he, peeling the fruit and offering it to the caged devil, who was rending the silk to tatters.

"He screams good. See, now, how I shall tame him when he stops himself."

There was a pause in the outcry, and from Hans' mouth came an imitation of a snake's hiss, so perfect that I almost sprang to my feet.

"Dot stopped him," said Hans. "I learned dot trick in Mogoung Tanjong when I was collecting liddle monkeys for some peoples in Berlin. Efery one in der world is afraid of der monkeys—except der snake. So I blay snake against monkey, and he keep quite still. Dere was too much Ego in his Cosmos. When I was collecting dose liddle monkeys—it was in '79 or '80, und I was in der islands of der Archipelago—mein Gott! I would sooner collect life red devils than liddle monkeys. When dey do not bite off your thumbs dey are always dying from nostalgia—home-sick—for dey haf der imperfect soul, which is midway arrested in defelopment—und too much Ego. I was dere for nearly a year, und dere I found a man dot was called Bertran. He was a Frenchman, und he was good man—naturalist, to his bone.

"Und dot man, who was king of beasts-tamer men,

he had in der house shust such anoder as dot devil-animal in der cage—a great orang-outang dot thought he was a man. He haf found him when he was a child—der orang-outang—und he was child and brother and opera comique all round to Bertran. He had his room in dot house—not a cage, but a room—mit a bed and sheets, and he would go to bed and get up in der morning und smoke his cigar und eat his dinner mit Bertran, und walk mit him hand-in-hand, which was most horrible. Herr Gott! I haf seen dot beast throw himself back in his chair und laugh when Bertran haf made fun of me. He was *not* a beast; he was a man, and he talked to Bertran, und Bertran comprehend, for I have seen dem. Und he was always politeful to me except when I talk too long to Bertran und say noding at all to him. Den he would pull me away—dis great, dark devil, mit his enormous paws—shust as if I was a child. He was not a beast: he was a man. Dis I saw pefore I know him three months, und Bertran he haf saw the same; and Bimi, der ourang-outang, haf understood us both, mit his cigar between his big dog-teeth und der blue gum.

“One time Bertran says to me dot he will be married. Den he go off courting der girl—she was a half-caste French girl—very pretty. Haf you got a new light for my cigar? Ouf! Very pretty. Only I say, ‘Haf you thought of Bimi? If he pulls me away when I talk to you, what will he do to your wife? He will pull her in pieces. If I was you, Bertran, I would gif my wife for wedding present der stuff figure of Bimi.’ By dot time I had learned somedings about der monkey peoples. ‘Shoot him?’ says Bertran. ‘He is your beast,’ I said: ‘if he was mine he would be shot now!’

“Den I felt at der back of my neck der fingers of Bimi. Mein Gott! I tell you dot he talked through dose fingers. It was der deaf-und-dumb alphabet all complete. He slide his hairy arm round my neck, and he tilt up my chin und look into my face, shust to see if I understood his talk so well as he understood mine.

“‘See now dere!’ says Bertran, ‘und you would shoot him while he is cuddling you? Dot is der Teuton ingrate!’

"But I knew dot I had made Bimi a life's enemy, pe-cause his fingers haf talk murder through the back of my neck. Next dime I see Bimi dere was a pistol in my belt, und he touch it once, and I open der breech to show him it was loaded. He haf seen der liddle monkeys killed in der woods, and he understood.

"So Bertran he was married, and he forgot clean about Bimi dot was skippin' alone on der beach mit der half of a human soul in his belly. I was see him skip, und he took a big bough und thrash der sand till he haf made a great hole like a grave. So I says to Bertran, 'For any sakes, kill Bimi. He is mad mit der jealousy.'

"Bertran haf said, 'He is not mad at all. He haf obey and love my wife, und if she speak he will get her slippers,' und he looked at his wife across der room. She was a very pretty girl.

"Den I said to him, 'Dost dou pretend to know monkeys und dis beast dot is lashing himself mad upon der sands, pecause you do not talk to him? Shoot him when he comes to der house, for he haf der light in his eye dot means killing—und killing.' Bimi come to der house, but dere was no light in his eye. It was all put away, cunning—so cunning—und he fetch der girl her slippers, und Bertran turn to me and say, 'Dost thou know him in nine monts more dan I haf known him in twelve years? Shall a child stab his fader? I have fed him, und he was my child: Do not speak this nonsense to my wife or to me any more.'

"Dot next day Bertran came to my house to help me make some wood cases for der specimens, und he tell me dot he haf left his wife a liddle while mit Bimi in der garden. Den I finish my cases quick, und I say, 'Let us go to your house und get a trink.' He laugh und say, 'Come along, dry mans.'

"His wife was not in der garden, und Bimi did not come when Bertran called. Und his wife did not come when he called, und he knocked at her bedroom door und dot was shut tight—locked. Den he look at me, und his face was white. I broke down der door mit my shoulder, und der thatch of der roof was torn into a great hole, und der sun came in upon der floor. Haf

you ever seen paper in der waste-basket, or cards at whist on der table scattered? Dere was no wife dot could be seen. I tell you dere was nodings in dot room dot might be a woman. Dere was stuff on der floor und dot was all. I looked at dese things und I was very sick; but Bertran looked a liddle longer at what was upon the floor und der walls, und der hole in der thatch. Den he pegan to laugh, soft and low, und I knew und thank Got dot he was mad. He nefer cried, he nefer prayed. He stood all still in der doorway und laugh to himself. Den he said, 'She haf locked herself in dis room, and he haf torn up der thatch. *Fi donc*. Dot is so. We will mend der thatch und wait for Bimi. He will surely come.'

"I tell you we waited ten days in dot house, after der room was made into a room again, and once or twice we saw Bimi comin' a liddle way from der woods. He was afraid pecause he haf done wrong. Bertran called him when he was come to look on the tenth day, und Bimi come skipping along der beach und making noises, mit a long piece of black hair in his hands. Den Bertran laugh and say, '*Fi donc!*' shust as if it was a glass broken upon der table; und Bimi come nearer, und Bertran was honey-sweet in his voice and laughed to himself. For three days he made love to Bimi, pecause Bimi would not let himself be touched. Den Bimi come to dinner at der same table mit us, und der hair on his hands was all black und thick mit—mit what had dried on der hands. Bertran gave him sangaree till Bimi was drunk and stupid, und den—

Hans paused to puff his cigar.

"And then?" said I.

"Und den Bertran he kill him mit his hands, und I go for a walk upon der beach. It was Bertran's own piziness. When I come back der ape he was dead, und Bertram he was dying abofe him; but still he laughed liddle und low und he was quite content. Now you know der formula of der strength of der orang-outang—it is more as seven to one in relation to man. But Bertran he haf killed Bimi mit sooch dings as Got gif him. Dot was der mericle."

By Telephone

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.



WHEN the young ladies who were spending the summer at the Seaside Hotel, at Sandy Beach, resolved to get up a fair, they had no heartier helper than Mr. Samuel Brassy, a young gentleman recently graduated from Columbia College. He was alert, energetic, ingenious and untiring; and when at last the fair was opened, the young ladies declared that they did not know what they should have done without him.

Mr. Samuel Brassy was on friendly, if not familiar, terms with Mrs. Martin, her charges, the three Miss Pettitoes, and her niece, Miss Bessie Martin.

Miss Martin treated him as she treated other young men. She allowed him to assist her in the organization of a post-office department in the fair, of which she was to be post-mistress. At Sam Brassy's suggestion the post-office had been arranged as the public pay-station for the Seaside Hotel Telephone Co. He had set up a toy telephone in the post-office with a line extending to a summer-house, about two hundred feet from the hotel. Any person paying twenty-five cents at the post-office was entitled to go to the summer-house and hold a conversation by wire.

About ten o'clock the ballroom began to empty, as the crowd gathered in the dining-room, where the drawing of the grand prize was to take place. The interest in the result was so intense that most of the ladies who had stalls abandoned them for a while and deserted to the dining-room. Then Mr. Samuel Brassy stepped up to the window of the post-office.

"Are you going to see the drawing of the prize, Miss Bessie?"

"No; I shall stick to my post."

"That's all right; then here's my quarter."

So saying he placed the coin before her, and then he hurried away. Miss Bessie Martin was left alone in the corner of the ball-room. She was counting up her gains,

when the telephone bell rang sharply. Before she could put the money down and go to the instrument, there came a second impatient ting-a-ling.

"Somebody seems to be in a hurry," she said, as she took her station before the box and held the receiver to her ear.

"Hello! hello! Oh, it's you, is it, Mr. Brassy?"

"Yes; I wondered why you ran off so suddenly."

"You have paid your quarter and you can talk just two minutes."

"Of course, I did not mean that. You ought to know me better."

"What did you say?"

"Not lately."

"Yes, she had on a blue dress, and I thought she looked like a fright; didn't you?"

"Who were you looking at, then?"

"Oh, Mr. Brassy!"

"No, they are not here now."

"There's nobody here at all."

"Yes, I'm *all* alone. There isn't a creature in sight."

"I love secrets! Tell me."

"Tell me now."

"Why can't you tell me now? I'm just dying to know."

"No, there isn't anybody here at all—nobody—nobody."

"How poetic you are to-night."

"I just dote on poetry."

"Oh, Mr. Brassy!"

"You take me by surprise."

"I never thought of such a thing."

"You do!"

"With your whole heart?"

"I don't know what to say."

"But I can't say 'yes' all at once."

"Well, I won't say 'no.'"

"But I really must have time to think."

"No, no, no! I can't give you an answer right away."

"Well, if you must—you can ask Auntie—"

"Yes, yes, I'm all alone still."

"Good-bye, Sam!"

The Lonely Honeymoon*

BY T. A. DALY.

You know dees Joe dat use' to go
 For work weeth me, Signor?
 He's marry, yestaday, you know,
 An' gon' for Baltimore;
 An' so deesgusta man like Joe
 You nevva see bayfore!

Eh? No, da girl's all right, my frand;
 Dat's mak' eet harder, too.
 Ha! wait an' you weell ondrastand—
 I tal eet all to you.
 You see, dees Joe long time ago
 Gat Rosa for hees mash,
 An' evra seence he worka so
 For mak' an' save da cash,
 Baycause he want gat marry soon
 An' mebbe takin', too,
 Dees—w'at you calla—"honeymoon,"
 Like 'Mericana do.
 Wan day he tak' fi'-dollar note
 An' go to steamsheep store
 An' buy two teecket for da boat
 Dat sail for Baltimore.
 An' den he tal me: "Shut your mout'
 An' just looka wise.
 Dees theeng ees no for talka 'bout;
 Eet gona be su'prise."
 So, w'en dey marry yestaday
 He smile so proud, Signor,
 W'en he ees keess her cheek an' say:
 "We sail for Baltimore!"
 Ah! den, my frand, so sadda sight
 You nevva see. Oh, my!
 Poor Rosa she ees gat so white

* From "Carmini," by T. A. Daly. John Lane Company,
 New York.

An' ees baygeen to cry.
 "Ees dees," she say, "a weddin' treep?
 Sooch fooleeshness you speak!
 I no can stand eet een a sheep,
 Da sea ees mak' me seeck."
 Poor Joe, he swear an' den he keess,
 An' coax an' beg her so,
 For theenk of all dat she weell meess—
 But no, she weel no go.
 "O! Rosa mia!" Joe ees cry,
 "Your heart eet ees a stone,
 For dat you mak' me say 'good-bye'
 An' tak' da treep alone!"

Oh, lonely honeymoon, an' oh,
 So sadda man, Signor,
 Dat gotta leave hees wife an' go
 Alone for Baltimore!
 So hearta-broka man like Joe
 You nevva see bayfore.



A Thankful Song

I'm thankful for the summer with its blossoms an' its
 bees,
 I'm thankful for the winter with its bluster an' its
 freeze;
 I'm such a thankful feller that I couldn't, if I'd try,
 Say whether I'm more thankful for December or July.
 Of course, there's disappointments, an' there's trouble,
 more or less,
 But I'm so brimmin' over with the sweets o' happiness
 I do'nt have time to worry o'er the bitter things, you
 see.
 For the Lord jes' keeps me busy bein' thankful's I can
 be.

—Roy Farrell Greene, in *Leslie's Weekly*.

Larry's on the Force*

BY IRWIN RUSSELL.

Well, Katie, and is this yerself? And where was you
 this whoile?
 And ain't ye dhrissed! You are the wan to illusthrate
 the stoile!
 But niver moind thim matthers now, there's toime enough
 for thim;
 And Larry—that's me b'y—I want to shpake to you av
 him.

Sure, Larry bates thim all for luck!—'tis he will make
 his way,
 And be the proide and honor to the sod beyant the say.
 We'll soon be able—whist! I do be singin' till I'm
 hoorse,
 For, iver since a month or more, me Larry's on the
 foorce!

There's not a proivate gintleman that boords in all the
 row
 Who houlds himself like Larry does, nor makes as foine
 a show:
 Thim eyes av his, the way they shoine—his coat, and
 butthons, too—
 He bates thim kerridge dhroivers that be on the avenue!

He shtips that proud and shtately-loike, you'd think he
 owned the town,
 And houlds his sthick convanient to be tappin' some wan
 down.

* From "Poems," by Irwin Russell. The Century Co.,
 New York.

Aich blissed day I watch to see him comin' up the
shtrate,

For, by the greatest bit av luck, our house is on his bate.

The little b'ys is feared av him, for Larry's moighty
shstrict,

And many's the littlle blagyard he's arristed, I expict;
The beggyars gits across the shtrate—you ought to see
thim fly!—

And organ-groinders scaththers whin they see him comin'
by.

I know that Larry's bound to roise; he'll get a sergeant's
post,

And afther that a capt'incy widhin a year at most;
And av he goes in politics he has the head to throive—
I'll be an Alderwoman, Kate, afore I'm thirty-foive!

What's that again? Y'are jokin', surely—Katie!—
is it thrue?

Last night, you say, *he—marricd?* and Aileen O'Don-
ahue?

O, Larry! c'u'd ye have the hairt—but let the spalpeen
be:

Av he demanes himsilf to *her*, he's nothing more to me.

The ugly shcamp! I always said, just as I'm tellin' you,
That Larry was the biggest fool av all I iver knew;
And many a toime I've tould mesilf—you see it now, av
coorse—

He'd niver come to anny good av he got on the foorce!



Rosa*

Hi tella you sometheeng Hi seea once. Hii walka da
streeta and looka ina da bigga store window, seea alla
da bigga reda rosa. Sucha beautiful reda da rosa. One

*Abridged from the monologue given in vaudeville by
Nick Long.

morea man, he looka too, lika hea lovea dem so mucha, dena he goa insidea and saya toa da flower mana "Howa mucha, Signor, for onea da bigga reda rosa ina da window?" Da flowera mana he saya, "Onea dollara eacha." Da mana, he saya, "Too mucha, too mucha, ask a little cheaper, Signor." Da flowera mana saya, "Noa cheaper than onea dollara eacha." Da mana he cana no paya so much. He goa outa sidea and looka disa waya in a da window at da reda rosa. Soon comea da younga lady and hea saya, "Tena centa eacha." She buya onea da bigga reda rosa and goa awaya. Da mana stilla looka ina da window, anda he heara wena da flowera mana saya tena centa eacha. He goa once morea toa da flowera mana and saya, "Howa mucha fora da reda rosa?" Da flowera mana saya, "Hi tella you, onea dollara." "Litta cheaper, Signor?" Da mana wanta to goa outa oncea morea. Dena da flowera mana says, "What fora you wanta da rosa?" Da mana saya, "Hi tella youa, Signor, hi tella youa. I hada litta girila oncea. She justa likea dis, so higha and becausea she so mucha lika da rosa we calla her 'Rosa.' We wasa so happy together, mea anda da mama anda da Rosa, but onea day da mama, she diea so kuicka. Hi bury hera waya anda Rosa anda mea was justa lefta alonea. Oh, Signor, howa Hi lovea dat childa. She wasa such a sweeta litta childa. Hi lovea hera so mucha, Signor. In de nighta time Hi comea homea from da worka and whena Hi geta toa da hilla topa, Hi saya, 'Helloa, Rosa.' Den she saya, 'Helloa, Papa,' froma da window up higha, Every nighta we doa dat awaya anda Hi lovea her so. 'Helloa, Rosa,' 'Helloa, Papa.' Onea nighta Hi comea upa da hilla anda saya likea always, 'Helloa, Rosa,' but dere wasa noa 'Helloa, Papa.' She wasa noa therea. Hi bury my litta Rosa buya da mama, and Hi wasa alla da lona, Signor. Hi justa wanta onea da rosa to put on da litta grava, Signor. Thata is alla, thata isa alla. Excusea me to takea so mucha your timea. Signor, excusea me. Whata you saya, Signor, da wholea buncha for notheeng? Oh, Signor, thanka you, thanka you."

On Cot'in'

BY IDA LITTLE PIFER.

LUCY ELLEN MONOLOGUES



AS'M, whah we lives is what they calls the Neck, the Nawthen Neck. When yo' goes up that road a piece, yo' comes to what they calls the Forest. Down yere in the Neck people gin'elly mah'ies they own folks, an' they don't want no Forest boys a-comin' round yere co'tin' the Neck gyirls. They better stay up thah an' court they own kin', stidder comin' down yere makin' trouble. 'Pears lak they gits tired of the gyrils up thah that they kin git 'thout'n any fight, an' they sees some gyirl down yere, an' they ain't satisfied 'less'n they comes down yere an' gits thrashed two three times 'fore they gits her.

It cert'ny is cur'us 'bout this lovin'. A man sees a gyirl, an' someway he takes a notion to her, an' nobody else won't do. 'Pears lak they can't git along 'thout one anudder, an' he'll take a chanct of gittin' licked ev'ry night to come an' see her. I don't jes' un'erstand that, ca'se I wouldn't git whipped for no gyirl! His folks tries to git him to mah'y somebody else, an' the mo' they talks the mo' he wants the gyirl. Maw she jes' talked an' talked to Sam tryin' to git him tired of Susan 'fore he mah'ried her, ca'se Susan is re-el ole,—yas'm, she's most as ole as yo' is,—but nothin' made him tired of her but jes' gittin' mah'ied to her.

Harriet she mah'ied a boy f'um up in the Forest last spring, an' she done right well. She's got two twins. One of 'em is named Elijah Preach an' the other is named Elisha Pray, ca'se she wants 'em both to be preachers when they grows up, an' they's right likely chillun.

Walter he had a sight of trouble co'tin' Harriet. No'n'deed'm, Harriet didn't give him no trouble. She was right willin', Harriet was. She says she loved Walter the fu'st time she ever seen him, when he was cultivatin' cawn over to Hominy Hall. Harriet was tryin' to feed the calf out to the barn, an' pokin' its

haid in a pail of milk to learn it how to drink. Calves is awful aggravatin', an' that calf upset the milk all over Harriet, an' jes' wouldn't swallerit, an' was gittin' so pore Maw said she reckoned she'd have to sell it for veal up to Wash'n. But Walter he knowed how to make that calf drink milk, an' that's how he got to co'tin' Harriet.

Well, co'se the boys down yere in the Neck didn't lak that, an' then they was trouble. They jes' pestered him all the time.

He come down one Sunday night to take her to meetin', an' it had rained right smaht, an' the roads was that muddy you could scac'ely walk in 'em. Walter he was fixed up in his bestest clo'es, an' Harriet had on a right new dress.

It was a pity 'bout that dress. Harriet she picked blackberries to git the money to buy that dress, an' pickin' blackberries is right hard wu'k. The briars scratch an' the woods is full of ticks, an' then yo' has to tote the pail of berries on yo' haid over to Linsale to sell, an' it takes right much berries to git 'nuff money to buy a dress lak that. It was a blue dress wif red spots in it, an' Harriet made it herself. She said she was gwine to git mah'ied in that dress, an' it cert'ny was right nice.

Well, some of these Neck boys seen him comin', an' while he was in the house talkin' to the ole man 'bout it bein' too wet to plow, an' things lak that, an' waitin' fo' Harriet to git dressed in the other room, wif Maw a-helpin' her to git it pinned up right, them boys jes' onscrewed ev'ry j'int of that buggy, wheels an' all, an' left it settin' up in the road lookin' lak it was all right.

Walter an' Harriet come a-walkin' out, ketchin' holt of arms, an' we was all a-lookin' at 'em. She was a-switchin' her skirts along, an' holdin' 'em up to keep 'em out'n the mud, wif her hat on one side her haid, lak this, an' the flowers an' feathers stickin' up ev'ry which way, feelin' mighty fine. Co'se when they climb inteh that buggy, it come down,—kerflog!—an' Walter he spilled out on one side an' Harriet rolled out on the other, right in the wu'st mud puddle in that barnyard. Harriet is re-el fat, an' she lit on her back, an' her feet

was stickin' up in the air so she couldn't do nothin' but lay thah an' holler till Maw jerked her up an' smacked her good for sp'ilin' her new dress.

Walter he jumped up an' says he's gwine to thrash ev'ry boy in this yere Neck, an' he cert'ny looked lak he meant it. 'Fore he got thoo, he did thrash Jake Smith, an' he busted his coat in the back doin' it. Well, when he done that, these Neck boys made up they mind it wan't no use tryin' to git ahead of him, ca'se if he could whip Jake Smith nobody else dassent tech him.

An' that's how he come to git Harriet; but I heard him a-tellin' her the other day how he wished that buggy had upset in the middle of the ribber out thah, 'stidder in that mud puddle—ca'se Harriet she cain't swim.



Teaching Children Manners*

BY WALT MASON.

The other night I took a walk and called on Jinx to have a talk. The home of Jinx was full of boys and girls and forty kinds of noise. Dad Jinx was good, and kind and straight; he let the children go their gait; he never spoke a sentence cross, he never showed that he was boss, and so his home, as neighbors know, was like the wildest wild beast show. We tried to talk about the crops; the children raised their fiendish yawps; they hunted up a Thomas cat, and placed it in my stovepipe hat; they jarred me with a carpet tack, and poured ice water down my back; my long coat tails they set afire, and this aroused my slumbering ire. I rose, majestic in my wrath, and through those children mowed a path. I smote them sorely, hip and thigh, and piled them in the woodshed nigh; I threw their father in the well, and fired his cottage, with a yell. Some rigid moralists, I hear, have said my course was too severe, but their rebukes cannot affright—my conscience tells me I was right.

*Copyright, 1909, by George Matthew Adams.

Nebuchadnezzar*

BY IRWIN RUSSELL.

You, Nebuchadnezzah, whoa, sah!
 Whar is you tryin' to go, sah?
 I'd hab you fur to know, sah,
I's a holdin' of de lines.

You had better stop dat prancin';
 You's pow'ful fond ob dancin',
 But I'll bet my yeah's advancin'
 Dat I'll cure you ob yo' shines.

Look heah, mule! Better min' out;
 Fus' t'ing you know you'll fin' out
 How quick I'll wear dis line out
 On your ugly, stubbo'n back.

You needn't try to steal up
 An' lif' dat precious heel up;
 You's got to plow dis fiel' up,
 You has, sah, fur a fac'.

Dar, *dat's* de way to do it!
 He's comin' right down to it;
 Jes' watch him plowin' troo it!
 Dis nigger ain't no fool.
 Some folks dey would 'a' beat him;
 Now, dat would only heat him—
 I know jes' how to treat him:
 You mus' *reason* wid a mule.

He minds me like a nigger.
 If he wuz only bigger
 He'd fotch a mighty figger,
 He would, I *tell* you! Yes, sah!
 See how he keeps a-clickin'!
 He's as gentle as a chicken,
 An' nebber thinks o' kickin'—
Whoa dar! Nebuchadnezzah!

* From "Poems," by Irwin Russell. The Century Co., New York.

Is dis heah me, or not me?
 Or is de debbil got me?
 Wuz dat a cannon shot me?
 Hab I laid heah mor'n a week?
 Dat mule do kick amazin'!
 De beast wuz sp'iled in raisin'—
 But now I 'spect he's grazin'
 On de oder side de creek.



If I Should Die To-night*

BY BEN KING.

If I should die to-night,
 And you should come to my cold corpse and say,
 Weeping and heartsick o'er my lifeless clay—
 If I should die to-night,
 And you should come in deepest grief and woe—
 And say, "Here's that ten dollars that I owe,"
 I might arise in my large white cravat
 And say, "What's that?"

If I should die to-night,
 And you should come to my cold corpse and kneel,
 Clasp my bier to show the grief you feel,
 I say, if I should die to-night,
 And you should come to me, and there and then
 Just even hint 'bout payin' me that ten,
 I might arise the while,
 But I'd drop dead again.

* From "Ben King's Verses." Forbes & Co., Chicago.

Christmas Presents*

BY GERALD CAMPBELL.



WHAT? we can't come in at this door? Well, I call that too absurd. Really, people are quite too provoking, when one has come all the way from Bayswater just to buy presents. I do think they might consult our convenience a little, making us go on to the next door, when it's only two yards farther, too. Why, if it wasn't for us the Stores wouldn't exist. Maud, do put your hat straight: you look such a fright, and we're certain to meet half the people we know. One always does when one doesn't want to. Let me give it a pull. There now; keep close to me.

Gracious, what a crowd! I wonder why every one should choose the same day as I do to come here. Could you tell me which is the way to the gun department? Over the bridge to the Auxiliary? But I wanted to get a popgun for my little nephew. Oh, in the toy department upstairs. Well, it's a blessing there's one thing they don't poke away in the Auxiliary. Lift? No, thank you. I've always had a horror of lifts ever since—you remember, Maud, when something went wrong with the dinner-lift your father would insist on having, and the leg of mutton and all the plates were broken. Why should one have to keep to the right going upstairs? They seem to invent things on purpose to try one's temper.

Now, Maud, where is my list of presents? I'm perfectly sure I gave it to you. Really, you children are too trying. Now I wonder how long they will keep us waiting. Why doesn't some one come and—No, I'm *not* being attended to. I want a gun. In the Auxiliary? No, no—a toy gun, of course. Now I ask you, Maud, if that isn't just my luck? If I ever have really set my heart on a thing it is sure to be sold out. Well, show me something else, cheap and—— Or no. I think I'll just look round. Let me see. I've only got two-pound-ten

* From "The Jones's and the Asterisks."

for presents, and there's your father and you and Miss de Montmorency—though goodness only knows what a governess wants with a name like that. Plain Jones is good enough for me. And then there's Uncle Tom and Harry, and, of course, Lady Asterisk. We must get her something nice. My dear Maud, do you suppose you know better than your mother? You are not to shrug your shoulders when I speak to you. All her presents will be good, and of course ours must be too. I'm afraid you are a spoilt, spiteful, selfish—I *beg* your pardon; I thought you were my daughter. Where is that child? Maud, *do* keep close to me; I can't be looking round all the time to see where you are.

Those blotters look nice. That would be the very thing for Miss de Montmorency to write to her people with—though, for my part, I don't believe she has got any to speak of. Three guineas! Ah! yes, thank you: yes, they are very pretty, but I don't think I quite like the shape. I wanted one with *square* corners. Yes, I see those are square; but the color isn't quite the same, is it, Maud? No, thank you—no, nothing else. I'll just take a look round.

Come, Maud, I do wish these people wouldn't be quite so officious. I'm sure that young man took us for a thief. They have detectives all over the place, looking at you through the ceiling and everywhere. For goodness' sake, child, don't touch the things, unless you want to spend your Christmas in Portland Gaol or Scotland Yard, or wherever it is they send those sort of people. Just feel this inkstand. Do you think it would be too heavy to send your uncle by parcel post? Five shillings? Oh, no, thank you; not just now. It's very pretty; but we could come back, couldn't we, Maud? There, child, what did I tell you? Directly you touch anything they are down upon you. Oh, good gracious, Maud! why didn't you remind me? I must get something to trim your bodice with if we're to dine with the Asterisks on Christmas Eve. Could you kindly tell me the way to the lace depart— Well, of all the impudent young men! Rushing past like that! I shall certainly get your father to write to the papers, or something. These people have absolutely no consideration for any one but themselves. In the *next* room? Why

couldn't you say so at once, child? Really, I wish you would be a little more thoughtful. What with you and the heat and the crowd, I feel as if I should drop.

I want to look at some lace, please. Not too expensive, you know, but nice. Seven and sixpence a yard! Oh, dear, no, that's far too much. I want it for a *poor* woman. Six-three-farthings. That's more the sort of thing. It looks as good as real, doesn't it, Maud? Shall I get two yards or three? Better say two and a half. I can't remember whether the number is 167,283 or 167,238, but I know it adds up to something that divides by nine. Name? Oh, yes, Jones. There, now, child, take it to the desk. Now, I should like to look at some real lace. Yes, that's very pretty. Is that the best you have? I suppose you get very tired standing up all day. Government ought to pass a Bill or something. I suppose you could get me any I wanted to order. No, thanks; I won't take any now. I could write about it, couldn't I?

How much money have you got of your own, Maud? A sovereign? That's all right. I shall have to borrow some of it. I've been just thinking that I ought to get that blotter for Lady Asterisk, and I haven't got quite enough. Do try and look more pleasant, child. I really think—ah! here we are. On second thoughts I think I will take that blotter you showed me—the one with round corners. But you certainly said three pounds. However, if it is marked guineas, I suppose I must pay guineas; but I wish you would try and be more careful, young man. That will leave you about fourteen shillings, Maud. You really must settle on what you are going to get for the others. A frame would do for Miss de Montmorency. She can put that photograph she is so proud of in it. Here's the very thing—sixpence-halfpenny. That will do nicely. Now about the others. Books? Well, I think you might have suggested that sooner. I wonder why they can't have all the departments on the same floor.

* * * * *

Thank goodness that's over! And I do hope, Maud, that when we come here next Christmas you'll be in a better humor than you are to-day.

Hypnotism and the Dog

BY JAMES J. MONTAGUE.

I went to hear a lecture by a noted hypnotist,
Who said a strong, determined will no creature could
resist.

"A dog," he said, "who comes to bite remains to cringe
and fawn,

If you but look him in the eye, with all your will turned
on.

The fiercest tiger may be faced with perfect nonchalance
If you will only fix him with a stern, subduing glance."

With this grand information firmly fastened in my mind,
I went along a certain road a certain dog to find—

A dog with whom for many weeks I'd had a bitter feud,
And whose profoundest pleasure was in rushing after
me.

And driving me to refuge in the first convenient tree.

I met the dog beside the gate; I fixed him with my eye,
Expecting him to blanch with fear, and presently to fly,
While I rushed fiercely after him and scourged him
down the street,

Observing "Ha!" and "So! At last!" and "Oh! re-
venge is sweet!"

"Farewell to fear!" I said aloud. "The brute will whine
and cower

When he reads in my awful glance my new acquired
power!"

That evening, in the same old tree, I saw my heartlight
grow,

But vainly did my loved ones wait, the dog was down
below.

I might have made him quail and flee before my direful
gaze

Had I alone been versed in those advanced hypnotic
ways,

But when he gave me stare for stare, and never flinched,
I knew

That everything was lost; the dog had heard the lecture,
too.

Mother and Poet

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

(Turin,—After News from Gaeta, 1861.)

Dead! one of them shot by the sea in the east,
And one of them shot in the west by the sea.
Dead! both my boys! When you sit at the feast
And are wanting a great song for Italy free,
Let none look at *me*!

Yet I was a poetess only last year,
And good at my art, for a woman, men said;
But *this* woman, *this*, who is agonized here,
The east sea and the west sea rhyme on in her head
Forever instead.

What art can a woman be good at? O, vain!
What art *is* she good at, but hurting her breast
With the milk-teeth of babes, and a smile at the pain?
Ah, boys, how you hurt! you were strong as you
pressed,
And I proud by that test.

What art's for a woman? To hold on her knee
Both darlings! to feel all their arms round her throat
Cling, strangle a little! to sew by degrees
And 'broider the long-clothes and neat little coat;
To dream and to dote.

To teach them— It stings there. I made them indeed
Speak plain the word "country," I taught them, no
doubt,
That a country's a thing men should die for at need.
I prated of liberty, rights, and about
The tyrant turned out.

And when their eyes flashed— O, my beautiful eyes!—
 I exulted; nay, let them go forth at the wheels
 Of the guns, and denied not. But then the surprise,
 When one sits quite alone!— Then one weeps, then
 one kneels!
 God! how the house feels!

At first happy news came, in gay letters moiled
 With my kisses, of camp-life, and glory, and how
 They both loved me; and, soon, coming home to be
 spoiled,
 In return would fan off every fly from my brow
 With their green laurel-bough.

Then was triumph at Turin: "Acona was free!"
 And some one came out of the cheers in the street,
 With a face as pale as stone, to say something to me.
 My Guido was dead! I fell down at his feet,
 While they cheered in the street.

I bore it;—friends soothed me: my grief looked sub-
 lime
 As the ransom of Italy. One boy remained
 To be leant on and walked with, recalling the time
 When the first grew immortal, while both of us
 strained
 To the height he had gained.

And letters still came,—shorter, sadder, more strong,
 Writ now but in one hand, "I was not to faint,—
 One loved me for two—would be with me ere long:
 And 'Viva l'Italia!'—*he* died for, our saint,
 Who forbids our complaint."

My Nanni would add, "he was safe, and aware
 Of a presence that turned off the balls—was imprest
 It was Guido himself, who knew what I could bear,
 And how 'twas possible, quite disposed
 To live on for the rest."

The Speaker

On which without pause up the telegraph line

Swept smoothly the next news from Gaeta:—"Shot.
Tell his mother." Ah, ah, "his," "their" mother; not
"mine."

No voice says "*my* mother" again to me. What!
You think Guido forgot?

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy with Heaven,

They drop earth's affections, conceive not of woe?

I think not. Themselves were too lately forgiven

Through THAT Love and Sorrow which reconciled
so

The Above and Below.

O Christ of the five wounds, who look'dst through
the dark

To the face of thy mother! consider, I pray,

How we common mothers stand desolate, mark,

Whose sons, not being Christs, die with eyes turned
away.

And no last word to say!

Both boys dead? but that's our nature. We all

Have been patroits, yet each house always keeps one.

'T were imbecile, hewing out roads to a wall;

And when Italy's made, for what end is it done

If we have not a son?

Ah, ah, ah! When Gaeta's taken, what then?

When the fair wicked queen sits no more at her sport
Of the fire-balls of death crushing souls out of men?

When your guns at Cavalli with final retort

Have cut the game short?

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee,

When your flag takes all heaven for its white, green,
and red,

When *you* have your country from mountain to sea,

When King Victor has Italy's crown on his head,

(And *I* have my *Dead*).

What then? Do not mock me. Ah, ring your bells low,
And burn your lights faintly! *My country is there,*
Above the star pricked by the last peak of the snow:
My Italy's THERE,—with my brave civic Pair,
To disfranchise despair!

Forgive me. Some women bear children in strength,
And bite back the cry of their pain in self-scorn:
But the birth-pangs of nations will wring us at length
Into such a wail as this! and we sit on forlorn
When the man-child is born.

Dead! one of them shot by the sea in the east,
And one of them shot in the west by the sea.
Both! both my boys! If in keeping the feast
You want a great song for your Italy free,
Let none look at me!



Stage-Struck

"Aha!" said the egg,
As it splattered a bit,
"I was cast for the villain
And made a great hit!"

—*Nixon Waterman.*

The Day of Judgment

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.



AM thirteen years old and Jill is eleven and a quarter. Jill is my brother. That isn't his name, you know; his name is Timothy and mine is George Zacharias; but they call us Jack and Jill.

Well, Jill and I had an invitation to Aunt John's this summer, and that was how we happened to be there.

I'd rather go to Aunt John's than any place in the world. When I was a little fellow I used to think I'd rather go to Aunt John's than to Heaven. But I never dared to tell.

She invited us to come on the twelfth of August. It takes all day to get there. She lives at Little River in New Hampshire, way up. You have to wait at South Lawrence in a poky little depot, and you get some played out—at least I don't, but Jill does. So we bought a paper, and Jill sat up and read it. When he'd sat a minute and read along—

"Look here!" said he.

"Look where?" said I.

"Why, there's going to be a comet," said Jill.

"Who cares?" said I.

Jill laid down the paper, and crunched a pop-corn all up before he answered that, then said he, "I don't see why father didn't tell us. I suppose he thought we'd be frightened, or something. Why, s'posing the world did come to an end? That's what this paper says. 'It is pre—' where is my place? Oh! I see—'predicted by learned men that a comet will come into con-conjunction with our plant'—no—'our planet this night. Whether we shall be plunged into a wild vortex of angry space, or suffocated with n-o-x—noxious gases, or scorched to a helpless crisp, or blasted at once, eternal an-ni-hi—'" A gust of wind grabbed the paper out of Jill's hand just then, and took it out of the window; so I never heard the rest.

* From "Trot's Wedding Journey."

"Father isn't a goose," said I. "He didn't think it worth while mentioning. He isn't going to be afraid of a comet at his time of life." So we didn't think any more about the comet till we got to Aunt John's, where we found company. It wasn't a relation, only an old school friend, and her name was Miss Togy; she had come without an invitation, but had to have the spare room because she was a lady. That was how Jill and I came to be put in the little chimney bedroom.

That little chimney bedroom is the funniest place you ever slept in. There had been a chimney once, and it ran up by the window, and grandfather had it taken away. It was a big, old-fashioned chimney, and it left the funniest little gouge in the room, so the bed went in as nice as could be. We couldn't see much but the ceiling when we got to bed.

"It's pretty dark," said Jill; "I shouldn't wonder if it did blow up a storm a little—wouldn't it scare—Miss—Bogy!"

"Togy," said I.

"Well, T-o—" said Jill; and right in the middle of it he went off as sound as a weasel.

The next thing I can remember is a horrible noise. I can't think of but one thing in this world it was like, and that isn't in this world so much. I mean the last trumpet, with the angel blowing as he blows in my old primer. The next thing I remember is hearing Jill sit up in bed—for I couldn't see him, it was so dark—and his piping out the other half of Miss Togy's name just as he had left it when he went asleep.

"Gy—Bogy!—Fogy!—Soaky!—Oh," said Jill, coming to at last, "I thought—why, what's up?"

I was up, but I couldn't tell what else was for a little while. I went to the window. It was as dark as a great rat-hole out-of-doors, and all but a streak of lightning and an awful thunder, as if the world was cracking all to pieces.

"Come to bed!" shouted Jill; "you'll get struck, and then that will kill me."

I went back to bed, for I didn't know what else to do, and we crawled down under the clothes and covered ourselves all up.

"W-would—you—call—Aunt—John?" asked Jill. He was most choked. I came up for air.

"No," said I, "I don't think I'd call Aunt John." I should have liked to call her by that time, but then I should have felt ashamed.

"I s'pose she has got her hands full with Miss Croaky, anyway," chattered Jill, bobbing up and under again. By that time the storm was the worst storm I had ever seen in my life. It grew worse and worse—thunder, lightning and wind; wind, lightning and thunder; rain and roar and awfulness. I don't know how to tell how awful it was.

In the middle of the biggest peal we'd had yet, up jumped Jill. "Jack!" said he, "that comet!" I'd never thought of the comet till that minute; I felt an ugly feeling and cold all over. "It is the comet!" said Jill. "It is the day of judgment, Jack."

Then it happened. It happened so fast I didn't even have time to get my head under the clothes. First there was a creak, then a crash, then we felt a shake as if a giant pushed his shoulder up through the floor and shoved us. Then we doubled up. And then we began to fall. The floor opened, and we went through. I heard the bed-post hit as we went by. Then I felt another crash; then we began to fall again; then we bumped down hard. After that we stopped falling. I lay still. My heels were doubled up over my head. I thought my neck would break. But I never dared to stir, for I thought I was dead. By and by I wondered if Jill were dead too, so I undoubled my neck a little and found some air. It seemed just as uncomfortable to breathe without air when you were dead as when you weren't.

I called out softly, "Jill!" no answer. "Jill!" not a sound. "O—Jill!" But he did not speak, so then I knew Jill must be dead, at any rate. I couldn't help wondering why he was so much deader than I that he couldn't answer a fellow. Pretty soon I heard a rustling noise under my feet, then a weak, sick kind of a voice, just the kind of a noise I always supposed ghosts would make if they could talk.

"Jack?"

"Is that you, Jill?"

"I—suppose—so. Is it you, Jack?"

"Yes. Are you dead?"

"I don't know. Are you?"

"I guess I must be if you are. How awfully dark it is."

"Awfully dark! It must have been the comet."

"Yes; did you get much hurt?"

"Not much—I say, Jack?"

"What?"

"It is the judgment day."

Jill broke up, so did I; we lay as still as we could. If it were the judgment day—"Jill!" said I.

"Oh, dear me!" sobbed Jill.

We were both crying by that time, and I don't feel ashamed to own up, either.

"If I'd known," said I, "that the day of judgment was coming on the twelfth of August, I wouldn't have been so mean about that jack-knife of yours with the notch in it."

"And I wouldn't have eaten your luncheon that day last winter when I got mad at you," said Jill.

"Nor we wouldn't have cheated mother about smoking, vacations," said I.

"I'd never have played with the Bailey boys out behind the barn," said Jill.

"I wonder where the comet went to?" said I.

"'Whether we shall be plunged into,'" quoted Jill, in a horrible whisper, from that dreadful newspaper, "'shall be plunged into a wild vortex of angry space—or suffocated with noxious gases—or scorched to a helpless crisp—or blasted—'"

"When do you think they will come after us?" I interrupted Jill.

That very minute somebody came. We heard a step and then another, then a heavy bang. Jill howled out a little. I didn't, for I was thinking how the cellar door banged like that. Then came a voice, an awful hoarse and trembling voice as ever you heard.

"George Zacharias!"

Then I knew it must be the judgment day, and that the angel had me in court to answer him, for you

couldn't expect an angel to call you Jack after you was dead.

"George Zacharias!" said the awful voice again. I didn't know what else to do, I was so frightened, so I just hollered out "Here!" as I do at school.

"Timothy!" came the voice once more.

Now Jill had a bright idea. Up he shouted, "Absent!" at the top of his lungs.

"George! Jack! Jill! where are you? Are you killed? Oh, wait a minute and I'll bring a light."

This did not sound so much like judgment day as it did like Aunt John. I began to feel better. So did Jill. I sat up. So did he. It wasn't a minute till the light came into sight, and something that looked like a cellar door, the cellar steps, and Aunt John's spotted wrapper, and Miss Togy in a night-gown, away behind as white as a ghost. Aunt John held the light above her head and looked down. I don't believe I shall ever see an angel that will make me feel any better to look at than Aunt John did that night.

"O you blessed boys!" said Aunt John—she was laughing and crying together. "To think that you should have fallen through the old chimney to the cellar floor and be sitting there alive in such a funny heap as that!"

And that was just what we had done. The old flooring (not very secure) had given away in the storm; and we'd gone down through two stories, where the chimney ought to have been, jam! into the cellar on the coal heap, and all as good as ever excepting the bedstead.

A Family Feud*

BY PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.



T was one sunny afternoon in late November. I had taken advantage of the warmth and brightness to go up and sit with old Aunt Doshy on the little porch that fronted her cottage. The old woman had been a trusted house-servant in one of the wealthiest of the old Kentucky families. Aunt Doshy was inordinately proud of her family, as she designated the Venables, and she was never weary of detailing accounts of their grandeur and generosity.

"I reckon I hain't never tol' you 'bout ole Mas' an' young Mas' fallin' out, has I? Dey ain't nuffin' to hide 'bout it nohow, 'ca'se all quality families has de same kin' o' 'spectable fusses.

"Long while ago, when Mas' Tom Jamieson an' Mas' Jack Venable was bofe young mans, dey had a qua'l 'bout de young lady dey bofe was a-cou'fin', an' by-an'-by dey had a du'l an' Mas' Jamieson shot Mas' Jack in de shouldah, but Mas' Jack ma'ied de lady, so dey was eben."

During this time her young Master Thornton had grown to manhood, she told me, and in spite of his father's opposition had fallen in love with pretty Miss Nellie Jamieson, old Master Tom's daughter. Then Master Thornton was sent away to college, but if his father had hoped thus to break the attachment of the young people he was disappointed. At last Master Thornton was graduated with honors. His father gave a great dinner on his return home, to which all the neighbors were invited.

Aunt Doshy went on: "But all the time I could see dat Mas' Tho'nton wasn't happy, dough he was smilin' an' makin' merry wif evahbidy. It' pressed me so dat

*Abridged from "Folks from Dixie." Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

I spoke erbout hit to Aunt Emmerline, Mas' Tho'nton's mammy.

"Dey's somep'n ain't gwine right wif my po' chile,' she say, 'an' dey ain't no tellin' whut it is.'

"Hain't you got no idee, Aunt Emmerline?' I say.

"La! chile,' she say in a way dat mak me think she keepin' somep'n' back, 'la! chile, how I gwine to know whut's pesterin' Mas' Tho'nton?'

"Den I knowed she was hidin' somep'n', an' jes' to let huh know dat I'd been had my eyes open too, I say slow an' 'pressive lak, 'Aunt Emmerline, don't you reckon hit's Miss Nellie Jamieson?' She jumped lak she was skeered, an' looked at me right ha'd; den she say, 'I ain't reck'nin' nuffin' 'bout de white folks' bus'-ness'. An' she pinched huh mouf up right tight, an' I couldn't git another word outen huh; but I knowed dat I'd hit huh jes' erbout right.

"One mo'nin' Mas' Tho'nton say, 'Father, I'd lak to see you in de liberry ez soon ez you has de time. I want to speak to you 'bout some'n' ve'y impo'tant.' De ole man look up right quick an' sha'p, but he say ve'y quiet lak, 'Ve'y well, my son, ve'y well; I's at yo' service at once.'

"Dey went into de liberry, an' Mas. Tho'nton shet de do' behin' him. I could hyeah dem talkin' kin' o' low while I was cl'arin' erway de dishes. After while dey 'menced to talk louder. I had to go out an' dus' de hall den near de liberry do', an' once I hyeahd ole Mas' say right sho't an' sha'p, 'Never!' Den young Mas' he say, 'But evah man has de right to choose fu' his own se'f.'

"I hyeahd somebody a-walkin' de flo' an' I was 'feared dey'd come out an' think dat I was a-listenin', so I dus'es on furder down de hall, an' didn't hyeah no mo' ontwell Mas' Tho'nton come hurryin' out an' say, 'Ike, saddle my hoss.' Ez soon ez his hoss was ready, he jumped into de saddle an' went flyin' outen de ya'd lak mad, never eben lookin' back at de house. I didn't see Mas' Jack fu' de res' of de day, an' he didn't come in to sup-pah. But I seed Aunt Emmerline an' I knowed dat she had been somewhah an' knowed ez much ez I did erbout whut was gwine on. I seed she was oneasy, but I kep' still 'twell she say, 'What you reckon keepin' Mas' Tho'n-

ton out so late?' Den I jes say, 'I ain't reck'nin' 'bout de white folks' bus'ness.' She looked a little bit cut at fus', den she jes' go on lak nuffin' hadn't happened: 'I'se mighty 'sturbed 'bout young Mas'; I's feared he gwine do somep'n' he hadn't ought to do after dat qua'l 'twixt him an' his pappy.'

"'Did dey have a qua'l?' says I.

"'G'long!' Aunt Emmerline say, 'you wasn't dus'in' one place in de hall so long fu' nuffin'. You knows an' I knows eben ef we don't talk a heap. I's troubled myse'f. Hit jes' in dat Venable blood to go right straight an' git Miss Nellie an' ma'y huh right erway, an' ef he do it, I p'intly know his pa'll never fu'give him.'

"Well, we hadn't had time to say much mo' when we hyeahd a hoss gallopin' into de ya'd. Aunt Emmerline jes' say, 'Dat's Gineral's lope!' an' she bus' outen de do'. But after while she come in wif a mighty long face an' say, 'Hit's one o' Jamieson's darkies; he brung de hoss back an' a note Mas' gin him fu' his pappy. Mas' Tho'nton done gone to Lexin'ton wif Miss Nellie an' got ma'ied.' Den she jes' brek down an' 'mence a-cryin' ergin an' a-rockin' huse'f back an fofe.

"I went upstairs an' lef' huh—but I didn't sleep much, 'ca'se all thoo de night I could hyeah ole Mas' a-walkin' back an' fofe ercross his flo', an' when Aunt Emmerline come up to baid, she mou'ned all night, eben in huh sleep. I tell you, honey, dem was mou'nin' times.

"Nex' mo'nin' when ole Mas' come down to breakfus', he looked lak he done had a long spell o' sickness.

"Well, hit went dis erway fu' 'bout a week. One day Aunt Emmerline say she gwine erway, an' she mek Jim hitch up de spring wagon an' she drike on erway by heh-se'f. When she come back, 'long to'ds ebenin', I say, 'Aunt Emmerline, whah you been all day?'

"Nemmine, honey, you see,' she say, an' laff. Well I ain't seed nobidy laff fu' so long dat hit jes mek me feel right wa'm erroun' my hea't, an' I laff an' keep on laffin' jes' at nuffin'.

"Next mo'nin' Aunt Emmerline mighty oneasy, an' I don' know whut de matter ontwell I hyeah some un say, 'Tek dat hoss, Ike, an' feed him, but keep de saddle on.'

Hit's Mas' Tho'nton's voice. In a minute he come to me an' say, 'Doshy, go tell my father I'd lak to speak to him.'

"I don' skeercely know how I foun' my way to de liberry, but I did. Ole Mas' was a-settin' dah wif a open book in his han', but his eyes was jes' a-starin' at de wall, an' I knowed he wasn't a-readin'. I say, 'Mas' Jack, Mas' Tho'nton want to speak to you.' He jump up quick, an' de book fall on de flo', but he grab a cheer an' stiddy hisse'f. I done tol' you Mas' Jack wasn't no man to 'spose his feelin's. He jes' say, slow lak he hol'in' hisse'f, 'Sen' him in hyeah.' I goes back an' 'livers de message, den I flies roun' to de po'ch whah de liberry winder opens out, 'ca'se, I ain't gwine lie erbout it, I was mighty tuk up wif all dis gwine on an' I wanted to see an' hyeah,—an' who you reckon 'roun' dah but Aunt Emmerline! She jes' say, 'S-sh!' ez I come 'round', an' clas' huh han's. In a minute er so, de liberry do' open an' Mas' Tho'nton come in. He shet hit behin' him, an' den stood lookin' at his pa, dat ain't never tu'ned erroun' yet. Den he say sof', 'Father.'

Mas' Jack tu'ned erroun' raal slow an' look at his son fu' a while. Den he say, 'Do you still honor me wif dat name?' Mas' Tho'nton get red in de face, but he answer, 'I don' know no other name to call you!'

"'Will you set down?' Mas' speak jes' lak he was a-talkin' to a stranger.

"I see Mas' Tho'nton was a-bridlin' up too. He spoke up slow an' delibut, jes' lak his pa, 'I do not come, suh, as yo' gues', I is hyeah ez yo' son.'

"Well, ole Mas' eyes fa'ly snapped fiah. He was white ez a sheet, but he still spoke slow an' quiet, 'You air late in 'memberin' yo' relationship, suh.'

"'I hab never fu'got it.'

"'Den, suh, you have thought mo' of you' rights dan of yo' duties.' Mas' Jack was mad an' so was Mas' Tho'nton; he say, 'I didn't come hyeah to 'scuss dat.' An' he tu'ned to'ds de do'. I hyeah Aunt Emmerline groan jes' ez Mas' say, 'Well, whut did you come fu'?'

"'To be insulted in my father's house by my father, an' I's got all dat I come fu'!' Mas' Tho'nton was ez

white ez his pa now, an' his han' was on de do'-knob. Den all of a sudden I hyeah de winder go up. Aunt Emmerline done opened de winder an' gone in. Dey bofe tu'ned an' looked at huh s'prised lak, an' Mas' Jack sta'ted to say somep'n', but she th'owed up huh han' an' say, 'Mas' Jack, you an' Mas' Tho'nton ain't gwine pa't dis way. You mus'n't. You's father an' son. You loves one another. I knows I ain't got no bus'ness meddlin' in yo' 'fairs, but I cain't see you all qua'l dis way. Mastah, you's bofe stiffnecked. You's bofe wrong. I know Mas' Tho'nton didn't min' you, but he didn't mean no ha'm—he couldn't he'p it—it was in de Venable blood, an' you mus'n't 'spise him fu' it.'

"Emmerline!"

"Yes, Mastah, yes, but I nussed dat boy an' tuk keer o' him when he was a little bit of a he'pless thing; an' when his po' mammy went to glory, I 'member how she look up at me wif dem blessed eyes o' hern an' lay him in my arms an' say, "Emmerline, tek keer o' my baby." I's done it, Mastah, I's done it de bes' I could. I's nussed him throo sickness when hit seemed lak his little soul mus' foller his mother anyhow, but I's seen de look in yo' eyes, an' prayed to God to gin de chile back to you. He done it, he done it, an' you sha'n't th'ow erway de gif' of God!" Aunt Emmerline was a-cryin' an' so was Mas' Tho'nton. Ole Mas' mighty red, but he clared his th'oat and said wif his voice tremblin': 'Emmerline, leave de room.' De ole ooman come out a-cryin' lak huh hea't 'u'd brek, an' jes' ez de do' shet behin' huh, ole Mas' brek down an' hol' out his arms, cryin', 'My son, my son.' An' in a minute he an' Mas' Tho'nton was a-hol'in' one another lak dey'd never let go, an' his pa was a-pattin' de boy's haid lak he was a baby.

"Well, after while dey got all settled down, an' Mas' Tho'nton tol' his pa how Aunt Emmerline drib to Lex-inton an' foun' him an' made him come home. 'I was wrong, father', he say, 'but I reckon ef it hadn't 'a' been fu' Aunt Emmerline, I would 'a' stuck it out.'

"'It was in de Venable blood,' his pa say, an' dey bofe laff. Den ole Mas' say, kin' o' lak it hu't him, 'An'

whah's yo' wife?' Young Mas' got mighty red ergin ez he answer, 'She ain't fu' away.'

" 'Go bring huh,' Mas' Jack say.

"Well, I reckon Mas' Tho'nton lak to flew, an' he had Miss Nellie dah in little er no time. When dey come, Mas' he say, 'Come hyeah, my daughter.' Den Miss Nellie run to him, an' dey was another cryin' time.

"After dis, Mas' Jack was jes' bent an' boun' dat de young people mus' go on a weddin' trip. So dey got ready. But de mo'nin' dey went erway, we all was out in de ya'd, an' Aunt Emmerline settin' on de seat wif Jim, lookin' ez proud ez you please. Mastah was ez happy ez a boy. 'Emmerline,' he hollahs ez dey drib off, 'tek good keer o' dat Venable blood.' De ca'iage stopped ez it went out de gate, an' Mas' Tom Jamieson kissed his daughter. He had rid up de road to see de las' of huh. Mastah seed him, an' all of a sudden he hollahed, 'Come in, Tom.' You mind dem two ain't speak since dey was young mens.

" 'Don' keer ef I do,' Mas Jamieson say, a-tu'nin' his hoss in de gate. 'You Venables has got de res' o' my fambly. We all was mos' s'prised to def.

"Mas' Jamieson jumped offen his hoss, an' Mas' Venable come down de steps to meet him. Dey shuk han's, an' Mas' Jack say, 'Dey ain't no fool lak a ole fool.'

" 'An' fu' unekaled foo'ishness,' Mas' Tom say, 'reckermen me to two ole fools.'



There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must make the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

—*Julius Caesar, Act IV, Scene III.*

The Prince of Wales

BY ARTEMUS WARD.



WAS drawin near to the Prince, when a red-faced man in Millingtery close grabd holt of me & axed me whare I was goin all so bold?

"To see Albert Edard, the Prince of Wales," sez I. "Who are you?"

He sed he was the Kurnal of the Seventy Fust Regiment, Her Magisty's troops. I told him I hoped the Seventy Onesters was in good helth, & was passin by, when he ceased holt of me agin & sed in a tone of indigent cirprise:

"What? Impossible! It cannot be! Blarst my hize, sir, did I understand you to say that you was actooally going into the presents of his Royal Iniss?"

"That's what's the matter with me," I sez.

"But blarst my hize, sir, it's onprecedented. It's orful, sir. Nothin like it hain't happened sins the Gun Power Plot of Guy Forks. Owdashus man, who air you?"

"Sir," sez I, drawin myself up & puttin on a defiant air, "I'm a Amerycan sitterzen. My name is Ward. I'm a husband, & the father of twins, which I'm happy to state thay look like me. By perfession I'm a exhibiter of wax works & sich."

"Good God!" yelled the Kurnal; "the idee of a exhibiter of wax figgers goin' into the presents of Royalty! The British Lion may well roar with raje at the thawt!"

Sez I, "Speakin of the British Lion, Kurnal, I'd like to make a bargain with you fur that beast fur a few weeks to add to my Show." I didn't meen nothin by this. I was only gettin orf a goak, but you orter heb seen the Old Kurnal jump up and howl. He actooally foamed at the mowth.

"This can't be real," he showtid. "No, no. It's a

horrid dream. Sir, you air not a human bein—you hav no existents—yu're a Myth!"

"Wall," sez I, "old hoss, yule find me a ruther on-comfortable Myth ef you punch my inards in that way agin." I began to git a little riled, fur when he called me a Myth he puncht me putty hard. The Kurnal now commenst showtin fur the Seventy Onesters. I at fust thawt I'd stay and becum a Marter to British Outraje, as such a course mite git my name up & be a good advertisement fur my Show, but it occurred to me that ef enny of the Seventy Onesters shood happen to insert a baronet into my stummick it mite be onplesunt; & I was on the pint of runnin orf when the Prince hissself kum up & axed me what the matter was. Sez I "Albert Edard, is that you?" & he smilt & sed it was. Sez I, "Albert Edard, hears my keerd. I cum to pay my respects to the futer King of Ingland. The Kurnal of the Seventy Onesters hear is ruther smawl pertaters, but of course you ain't to blame fur that. He puts on as many airs as tho he was the Bully Boy with the glass eye."

"Never mind," sez Albert Edard, "I'm glad to see you, Mister Ward, at all events," & he tuk my hand so plesunt like, & larfed so sweet, that I fell in love with him to onct. He handid me a segar, & we sot down on the Pizarre & commenst smokin rite cheerful.

"Wall," sez I, "Albert Edard, how's the old folks?"

"Her Majesty & the Prince are well," he sed.

We sot & tawked there sum time abowt matters & things, & bimeby I axed him how he liked being Prince, as fur as he'd got.

"To speak plain, Mister Ward," he sed, "I don't much like it. I'm sick of all this bowin & scrapin & crawlin & hurrain over a boy like me. I would rather go through the country quietly & enjoy myself in my own way, with the other boys, & not be made a Show of to be gaped at by everybody. When the *peple* cheer me I feel plesed, fur I know they mean it; but if these one-hirse offishuls cood know how I see threw all their moves & understan exactly what they air after, & knowed how I larft at 'em in private, they'd stop kissin my hands & fawnin over me as they now do. But you know, Mister Ward, I can't help bein a Prince, & I

must do all I kin to fit myself for the persishum I must sum time ockepy."

"That's troo," sez I, "sickness & the doctors will carry the Queen orf one of these dase, sure's yer born."

The time hevin arove fur me to take my departer, I rose up & sed: "Albert Edard, I must go, but previs to doin so, I will obsarve that you soot me. Yure a good feller, Albert Edard, & tho I'm agin Princes as a ginerall thing, I must say I like the cut of your Gib. When you git to be King, try & be as good a man as your mother has bin! Be just & be Jenerus, espeshully to showmen, who have allers bin aboosed sins the dase of Noah, who was the fust man to go into the Monagery bizniss, & ef the daily papers of his time air to be beleeeved, Noah's colleckshun of livin wild beests beet ennything ever seen sins, tho I make bold to dowl ef his snaiks was ahead of mine. Albert Edard, adool!" I tuk his hand, which he shook warmly, & givin him a perpetooal free pars to my show, & also parses to take hum for the Queen & Old Albert, I put on my hat and walkt away.



The Call



SHOULD have come earlier only I was not quite sure which of us come to this part first. I had an idea that it was you, but my husband says that we moved in two days before you. Still your curtains were up before ours, and I know you had water first, because we borrowed some. Still it doesn't really matter, and if I have made a mistake you will forgive me, won't you? My husband and I are so unconventional.

"Has anyone else called on you, I wonder? No doubt they will. There are some very nice people here—very nice. Mrs. Bellingham is certain to come, be-

cause Mr. Bellingham is the doctor, and she calls on every one—makes a point of it. Do you play croquet? Because she'll want you to play; but that's very dull, isn't it? Golf-croquet is just possible; but the real game—too tiring altogether.

"And Miss Lye will be sure to call. She is quite charming—such a dear, but a little peculiar, perhaps. You must not mind her odd ways. She knew Morris and that set, you know. After a while one gets quite used to her. She's a Buddhist, too, you know—such a charming religion if one can really believe in it.

"Then there are the new people at Hillside. I don't know them yet, but I hear they're very nice. He's a barrister. I am told she was the daughter of Sir Thomas Bond, the engineer. Their children are perhaps a little too noisy, ~~but~~—

"No, no sugar, thank you. Yes, cream.

"The Vicar's wife of course you have had here? A little bit masterful, perhaps, but very well-meaning. A distant relation of Mr. Haldane, I have heard. But if I'd known the church was so low I doubt if we should have come here at all; we thought very seriously of Raynes Park. Tom—my husband—you see, plays golf every Sunday, so the service matters nothing to him. Poor fellow, he works so hard during the week that I can't object. Perhaps when Doris and Guy are a little older he will have to be more careful.

"I doubt if you will see anything of the Fullertons. They live at that odd house, The Shelf. Mrs. Plum declares they're Atheists, but I hope not, because their little girls look so nice, and they are just about Guy and Doris' age. Only Freethinkers, I hope. He's a writer, I believe, though I know nothing about his books.

"The country people probably won't call. This is one of the most snobbish neighborhoods in England, I am told. Not that they're any loss; but, after all, society must hold together. They think of nothing but motor-ing and bridge and their own set.

"No, no more tea, thank you.

"I suppose you are quite finished settling in now. I wonder what sort of a range your landlord gave you. Ours is a Phoenix—most excellent.

"I wonder if Mr.— ah— Mr.— if your husband plays tennis. My husband is very keen, and we have a lawn which will be quite good in a year or two.

"Thank you. Oh, don't get up. Good-bye."

—*Punch.*



Fancy Diseases

"Diseases is very various," said Mrs. Partington, as she returned from a street-door conversation with Doctor Bolus. "The Doctor tells me that poor old Mrs. Haze has got two buckles on her lungs! It is dreadful to think of, I declare. The diseases is *so* various! One way we hear of people's dying of hermitage of the lungs; another way, of the brown creatures; here they tell us of the elementary canal being out of order, and there about tonsors of the throat; here we hear of neurology in the hand, there of an embargo; one side of us we hear of men being killed by getting a pound of tough beef in the sarcofagus, and there another kills himself by discovering his jocular vein. Things change so that I declare I don't know how to subscribe for any diseases nowadays. New names and new nostrils takes the place of the old, and I might as well throw my old herb-bag away."

—"Mrs. Partington."



Lines by an Old Fogy

I'm thankful that the sun and moon
Are both hung up so high;
That no presumptuous hand can stretch
And pull them from the sky.
If they were not, I have no doubt
But some reforming ass
Would recommend to take them down
And light the world with gas.

—*Anonymous.*

First Call on the Butcher*

BY MAY ISABEL FISK.

She enters, shakes skirt free of sawdust, and wrinkles nose in disgust. She moves uncertainly, finally points at one man.

I would like to look at some chickens, please. . . Why, it hasn't any feathers! . . . It did? . . . You have? . . . It was? . . . Oh—oh—oh. I don't like the color—it seems very yellow. . . . Because it's fat? Well, I don't want a fat chicken—neither Mr. Dodd nor myself eats a bit of fat. . . . Oh—oh—oh. I can't help it—I don't like the color of that chicken—you'll pardon my saying so, but it does look very bilious. Why, what are you breaking its bones for? I wouldn't take it now under any circumstances. . . Perhaps, but Mr. Dodd wouldn't like me to buy a damaged chicken. There, I like those chickens hanging up. . . . No, no, not that one—further along—no—yes, that's it—the blue-looking one with the large face. . . . I don't care, I like its looks much better than the other one. Now, let me see—there was something I wanted to tell you about that chicken—wait a minute—I'll have it directly—I've been taking a course of memory lessons. M—m—m—something about a boat—a tiller, a centerboard, a sheet, a sail, a mainsail—that's almost it—a ji—ji—a jib—that's it—giblets! Be sure to send the giblets.

Where's my list? I thought I put it in my bag, but—No, I can't find it. Isn't that exasperating! I remember making it out, and then I laid a little sample of white silk with a black figure in it on the desk—yes, I remember perfectly. Oh, yes, and then the sample or the list—you see, the sample with the thin black figure really looked like the list. Well, one or the other must have fallen on the floor, for I remember, too, my little dog chewing something as I came out—yes, that must have been it. . . . It really doesn't matter especially.

*Abridged from "Harper's Magazine," August, 1903.

Mr. Dodd says always have plenty of beef, so you might send a few steaks. . . . What? Porter-house or sirloin? I—er—I don't think we care for any of those fancy ones—just some plain steaks will do.

Now please send the things very early this morning, because we dine at seven, and Mr. Dodd doesn't like to wait. . . . Yes, that's all, I think—that's all—Why, the idea—it's Friday, and our girl doesn't eat a bit of meat on Friday—you will have to take all of those things back. Just send around a few nice fishes, and be sure and send their giblets! Good-morning.



The Fiddler of Dooney

BY WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

When I play on my fiddle in Dooney,
Folk dance like a wave of the sea;
My cousin is priest in Kilvarnet,
My brother in Moharabuiee.

I passed my brother and cousin:
They read in their books of prayer;
I read in my book of songs
I bought at the Sligo fair.

When we come at the end of time
To Peter sitting in state,
He will smile on the three old spirits,
But call me first through the gate.

For the good are always the merry,
Save by an evil chance,
And the merry love the fiddle,
And the merry love to dance.

And when the folk there spy me,
They will all come up to me
With "Here is the fiddler of Dooney!"
And dance like a wave of the sea.

Lament of the Irish Emigrant

BY LADY DUFFERIN.

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side
On a bright May mornin' long ago,
When first you were my bride;
The corn was springin' fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high—
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The *place* is little changed, Mary,
The day is bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath, warm on my cheek,
And I still keep list'ning for the words
You nevermore will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near,
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here.
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest—
For I've laid you, darling! down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends;
But, oh! they love the better still,
The few our Father sends!
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessin' and my pride:
There's nothin' left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Máry,
 That still kept hoping on,
 When the trust in God had left my soul,
 And my arm's young strength was gone.
 There was comfort ever on *your* lip,
 And the kind look on your brow—
 I bless you, Mary, for that same,
 Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile,
 When your heart was fit to break,
 When the hunger pain was gnawin' there,
 And you hid it, for *my* sake!
 I bless you for the pleasant word,
 When your heart was sad and sore—
 Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
 Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,
 My Mary—kind and true!
 But I'll not forget *you*, darling!
 In the land I'm goin' to;
 They say there's bread and work for all,
 And the sun shines always there—
 But I'll not forget old Ireland
 Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods
 I'll sit, and shut my eyes,
 And my heart will travel back again
 To the place where Mary lies;
 And I think I'll see the little stile
 Where we sat side by side:
 And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn,
 When first you were my bride.

The Portrait

BY OWEN MEREDITH.

Midnight past, not a sound of aught
Through the silent house but the wind at his prayers;
I sat by the dying fire and thought
Of the dear dead woman upstairs.

Nobody with me my watch to keep
But the friend of my bosom, the man I love;
And grief had sent him fast asleep
In the chamber up above.

Nobody else in the country place
All around that knew of my loss beside
But the good young priest with the Raphael face,
Who confessed her when she died.

On her cold dead bosom my portrait lies,
Which next to her heart she used to wear;
Haunting it o'er with her tender eyes
When my own face was not there.

And I said the thing is precious to me,
They will bury her soon in the churchyard clay;
It lies on her heart, and lost must be
If I do not take it away.

As I stretched my hand I held my breath,
I turned as I drew the curtain apart;
I dared not look on the face of death,
I knew where to find her heart.

I thought at first as my touch fell there,
It had moved that heart to life with love;
For the thing I touched was warm, I swear,
And I could feel it move.

'Twas the hand of a man that was moving slow,
O'er the heart of the dead from the other side;
And at once the sweat broke over my brow;
"Who is robbing the dead?" I cried.

Opposite me by the pale moonlight,
The friend of my bosom, the man I loved,
Stood over the corpse and all as white,
And neither of us moved.

"What do you there, my friend?" The man
Looked first on me and then on the dead;
"There is a portrait here," he began;
"There is, it is mine," I said.

Said the friend of my bosom, "Yours, no doubt,
The portrait was till a month ago,
When this suffering angel took that out,
And placed mine there, you know."

"This woman loved me well," said I;
"A month ago," said my friend to me.
"And in your throat," I groaned, "you lie."
He answered, "Let us see."

"Enough," I replied, "let the dead decide,
And whose soever the portrait prove,
His shall it be when the cause is tried,
Where Death is arraigned by Love!"

We found the portrait there in its place,
We opened it by the taper's shine,
The gems were all unchanged, the face
Was neither his nor mine.

One nail drives out another at least.
The face of the portrait there, I cried,
Is our friend's, the Raphael-faced young priest,
Who confessed her when she died.

The Quaker Widow

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

Thee finds me in the garden, Hannah,—come in! 'Tis
kind of thee
To wait until the Friends were gone, who came to com-
fort me.
The still and quiet company a peace may give, indeed,
But blessed is the single heart that comes to us at need.

Come, sit thee down! Here is the bench where Ben-
jamin would sit
On First-day afternoons in spring, and watch the swal-
lows flit:
He loved to smell the sprouting box, and hear the pleas-
ant bees
Go humming round the lilacs and through the apple-
trees.

I think he loved the spring: not that he cared for flow-
ers: most men
Think such things foolishness,—but we were first ac-
quainted then,
One spring: the next he spoke his mind; the third I was
his wife,
And in the spring (it happened so) our children en-
tered life.

He was but seventy-five; I did not think to lay him yet
In Kennett graveyard, where at Monthly Meeting first
we met.
The Father's mercy shows in this: 'tis better I should be
Picked out to bear the heavy cross—alone in age—than
he.

We've lived together fifty years: it seems but one long
day,
One quiet Sabbath of the heart, till he was called away;
And as we bring from Meeting-time a sweet content-
ment home,
So, Hannah, I have store of peace for all the days to
come.

I mind (for I can tell thee now) how hard it was to
know
If I had heard the spirit right, that told me I should go;
For father had a deep concern upon his mind that day,
But mother spoke for Benjamin,—she knew what best
to say.

Then she was still: they sat awhile: at last she spoke
again,
"The Lord incline thee to the right!" and "Thou shalt
have him, Jane!"
My father said. I cried. Indeed, 'twas not the least of
shocks,
For Benjamin was Hicksite, and father Orthodox.

I thought of this ten years ago, when daughter Ruth
we lost:
Her husband's of the world, and yet I could not see her
crossed.
She wears, thee knows, the gayest gowns, she hears a
hireling priest—
Ah, dear! the cross was ours: her life's a happy one, at
least.

Perhaps she'll wear a plainer dress when she's as old as
I,—
Would thee believe it, Hannah? once I felt temptation
nigh!
My wedding-gown was ashen silk, too simple for my
taste;
I wanted lace around the neck, and a ribbon at the waist.

The Speaker

How strange it seemed to sit with him upon the women's side!

I did not dare to lift my eyes; I felt more fear than pride,

Till, "in the presence of the Lord," he said, and then there came

A holy strength upon my heart, and I could say the same.

I used to blush when he came near, but then I showed no sign;

With all the meeting looking on, I held his hand in mine. It seemed my bashfulness was gone, now I was his for life:

Thee knows the feeling, Hannah,—thee, too, hast been a wife.

As home we rode, I saw no fields look half so green as ours;

The woods were coming into leaf, the meadows full of flowers;

The neighbors met us in the lane, and every face was kind,—

'Tis strange how lively everything comes back upon my mind.

I see, as plain as thee sits there, the wedding-dinner spread:

At our own table we were guests, with father at the head;

And Dinah Passmore helped us both—'twas she stood up with me,

And Abner Jones with Benjamin, and now they're gone, all three!

It is not right to wish for death; the Lord disposes best. His Spirit comes to quiet hearts, and fits them for His rest;

And that He halved our little flock was merciful, I see; For Benjamin has two in heaven, and two are left for me.

Eusebius never cared to farm,—'twas not his call, in
truth,
And I must rent the dear old place, and go to daughter
Ruth.
They'll say her ways are not like mine,—young people
nowadays
Have fallen sadly off, I think, from all the good old
ways.

But Ruth is still a Friend at heart; she keeps the simple
tongue;
The cheerful, kindly nature we loved when she was
young;
And it was brought upon my mind, remembering her,
of late,
That we on dress and outward things perhaps lay too
much weight.

I once heard Jesse Kersey say, a spirit clothed with
grace,
And pure almost as angels are, may have a homely face.
And dress may be of less account: the Lord will look
within:
The soul it is that testifies of righteousness or sin.

They mustn't be too hard on Ruth: she's anxious I
should go
And she will do her duty as a daughter should, I know.
'Tis hard to change so late in life, but we must be re-
signed:
The Lord looks down contentedly upon a willing mind.

Gone Home on New Year's Eve

BY FREDERIC E. WEATHERLEY.

"'Home,' did you say, my darling? We haven't got
where to go!

Only the dreary pavement, only the freezing snow,
Only the hard cold stones against our weary feet,
Only the flaring lamplight, only the open street!

"'Cold,' did you say, my darling? I know the cloak is
thin,

But I haven't got anything better or warmer to wrap
you in!

Yet hug it closer round you, though it is so thin and old,
And we'll go and sit on this doorstep, out of the bitter
cold!

"We can hear the loud bells ringing: I love to hear them
so!

They remind me of one past New Year's Eve, only a
year ago;

Only twelve short, short months, but they seem like as
many years;

Then my eyes shone brightly, but now—they are dull
with tears.

"A New Year's Eve, my darling,—the last that I was
to see

With my husband, round the fireside, and you upon my
knee;

And, as the bells were ringing—just as it may be to-
night

He talked of the Past and the Present, and all looked
cheerful and bright.

"He talked of a soft Spring morning, when first he saw
my face:

He was an unknown painter, and had come to stay in
the place;

And he used to take his painting out in the sunny land—
It was there that I first met him, it was there that he
asked my hand.

"And oft at eve in the sunlight by the fern-clad stile we
stood

That leads from the field of clover into the hazel wood,
While the thousand voices of Labor come up from the
village below,

And, through the leaves beside us, we heard the river
flow.

"And fondly he talked of our marriage, and anon of a
happy morn,

All in the flowery Summer, when, darling, you were
born;

Until soon the candle flickered, and the falling ashes
grew dim—

Then we slept, and all through the quiet I lay and dreamt
of him.

"Gladly I woke on the morrow, the first day of the year;
Gladly I heard from the village the chimes go loud and
clear:

Gladly I woke, and leant over to kiss your sunny hair,
And I turned to kiss your father—I turned—but he was
not there.

"Gone! after all his fondness, on the Old Year's dying
day!

Gone! after all his kind words! But a letter remained
to say

That he long had feared his parents wouldn't know him
for their own,

If they heard of his humble marriage—so he left me
all alone!

"And the parish turned us out! it wasn't our house, they said:

O God! but is it wicked to wish that I were dead?
They came and turned us out, and we hadn't got where to go,—

Only the dreary common, only the driving snow.

"And all looked bleak and friendless, and I clasped you, darling, tight—

Clasped you tight to my bosom, and away in the dark rough night,

Away from the sleeping village, along the desolate road
We walked, until soon before us the lights in London glowed.

"But the brightness seemed to mock us, and the glare to laugh us down,

As, weary and faint with our journey, we entered the noisy town;

And the heartless passers spurned us—they never had known a care—

O God! it is hard, my darling—O God! it is hard to bear!

"And once on an Autumn evening, as I was wandering by,

I stopped and looked in at a window, I looked—but I know not why;

And by the cheerful fireside I saw a well-known face,
And another, a lovely maiden, was sitting there in my place.

"And my spirit yearned towards her, but could I say a word?

So I bitterly wept at the window—it was only the rain they heard:

My spirit yearned towards her, to tell her to have good care:

For I said in my anger, 'The painter has another victim there!'

"But I checked the words of anger; I wouldn't darken
their love:

If *he* doesn't care about me, there's One who does above!
Yet still I can see that window, and the well-known fea-
tures there—

O God! it is hard, my darling—O God! it is hard to
bear!

"It was only yesterday evening that they passed us in
the street,

But he turned his face to the darkness, not to see who
lay at his feet;

Nor saw the look of sweet compassion that crossed his
wife's fair face—

Little, I trow, she fancied she held *my* rightful place.

"Listen! the bells are telling the Year is dying slow:

It was just like this that I heard them, only a year ago!
They sound like the bells of our village, rolling up from
below the hill—

Why don't you answer, darling? why do you lie so still?

"Why are the blue eyes closed? Why are the limbs so
cold?

And yet on the pale lip lingers the sunny smile of old—
(But while the bells were ringing out through the frosty
air,

An angel had taken my darling to Heaven, to be happy
there!)

"'Home,' did you say, my darling? Yes, *you've* found
a home of rest,

Although your frail little body hangs lifeless on my
breast!

'Home,' did I say, my darling? *I* haven't got where to
go,—

Only the hard, hard pavement—only the cold, cold
snow!"

Hunting an Apartment*

BY MAY ISABEL FISK.



HERE, Dicky, I'm all ready but my veil, and I'm going to let you tie it on for me. Well, you needn't look so frightened, it won't hurt you. It's quite time you learned how, for in just one month and six days—O-o-o-h, Dicky! You'll rub all the powder off—now don't be foolish any more. I wonder when you'll get real sensible? I'll just hate you when you do—so! Now tie my veil; we haven't any time to lose. . . No, not another one.

Now, just take the ends—no, don't pull it. Wait—wait till I get it in the middle. Goodness! It's all come off. There, now—try again. Roll the ends—oh, no, not as though you were twisting a rope. Now tie it, easy—not so loose; it feels floppy. Tighter! U-u-h-h! Untie it quick—I didn't know you were so stupid. . . Well, I have—Well, just once more. . . I'll tie it myself. Now, I'm ready. . .

Take Jerry? Oh, no; see, he's asleep. . . Leave him alone. . . He's so big. . . Well, I just want you to know, Mr. Dick, I'm not going to be bossed and made to do things I don't want to, and the sooner you understand it the better, and I'm *not* going to take Jerry, and . . . (Whistles.) Oh, come on, Jerry—come on, old doggy!

Have you got the paper with those advertisements I marked? . . . Then you've lost it. . . Yes—yes—I did. . . Dicky, I certainly gave it to you. . . I don't know where you put it. . . No, I did. . . No, I didn't. . . You did. . . I'll look just to oblige you, but of

* Abridged from "Harper's Magazine," September, 1903.

course I know—Well, did you ever! Here it is on the table. I wonder how it got there—just where I left it—but I remember perfectly well giving it. Never mind, we've got it—that's the important thing.

I have about engaged that girl I spoke of. . . . No, I didn't ask her for her reference. . . . No, I didn't exactly forget it, but I think it's insulting, anyway. However, she's perfectly honest. . . . Well, if you must know, I asked her and she said she was. . . . Very well, but if she doesn't know, who does? Now, answer me that, Mr. Lawyer. . . . Yes, she's colored. Those colored girls don't seem to eat anything, and the Irish ones have awful appetites, so I would rather trust to one stealing something occasionally than to have a girl eating a lot all the time. You'll find in the end the colored one was the cheaper.

Oh, is this the first on the list? This is lovely. I know I shall like to live here—those cunning little carved heads over the windows. And such nice people in the house, too. . . . What do I mean? Look at those curtains on the second floor—real lace. I guess I know what kind of people live behind those curtains. Now, I'm going to do all the talking, and don't you say one word. . . . I generally do? That is polite. We are going to pretend we're married—it won't be half as embarrassing. And if you say any more rude things like that, I won't even have to imitate it. . . . Never mind, never mind. . . . You can't very well kiss me here in the street. . . . Let's go in. . . . No, it's not a hint, stupid. (*They enter.*)

I like those palms. . . . Why, no, they're not—they are—Well, I'll feel. No, they're not real. Still, if we like the rooms, I wouldn't let that make us decide against the place.

We are looking for an apartment, my hus—hus—why, my—just my husband and I. What have you? . . . Only one vacant? . . . Yes, of course we only want one, but I always like to see two or more, because if you haven't several to choose from, how do you know which one you want? . . . Ground floor? . . . Have you an elevator? . . . I'm glad of that—I must have an elevator. . . . What difference does it make, if we're on

the first floor, Dicky? I don't care if we don't use it—I like an elevator—I just like to know it's there if I did want to use it—so! . . . Yes, we will look at—Jerry is always under my feet, Dicky, he's so big—I said not to bring him.

Oh my! What a very thin hall! It would make a lovely bowling-alley. . . . Yes, I suppose so—the hall doesn't really matter much. As you say, you only use it to get somewhere else. . . . Yes—yes. . . . What lovely big closets! . . . What—they're bed-rooms! My goodness, I—why, . . . Yes, that's true, you really only need a bed-room to sleep in, and of course you don't need light when you are asleep, and it's dark everywhere at night, anyway.

This is the dining-room? . . . I thought so, because it's too small to put a table in. . . . Oh, they make them all that way? . . . It is pretty dark. . . . Yes, that is true—yes, I suppose so— He says, Dicky, no one uses the dining-room except to eat in, and you always can find your mouth even if you can't see.

I know this is the parlor—by that mirror over the mantel-shelf. But isn't it rather peculiar having the parlor windows looking out in the back? . . . Oh, the architect wanted to have this house different from other apartments? I see. I like things a little odd, myself. But, dear me, do those people over there always have their clothes on the line? I shouldn't like that. . . . You would speak to them about it? . . . Oh, that would be all right, then. Thank you. Who lives on the next floor? Is that so? . . . How lovely to live in the same house with a real playwright! I've never seen one, but I've heard they are so quiet and refined. I said to D—to—to—to my hus—husband—It's so absurd, but I can't get used to saying "my husband," though we have been married a great many years. Well, I said as we came in I knew the right sort of people lived—why, don't, Dicky—behind those curtains. They are right over our heads, aren't they? . . . They entertain every Sunday afternoon? . . . How delightfully Bohemian—Good heavens, what's that? Oh, my, I heard something smash. Why, they'll come through the ceiling. . . . What—they're just having one of their entertainments? . . .

They are singing—listen! “There will be a hot old time.” I don’t think that sounds very literary. . . . Yes, I’ve heard geniuses are always eccentric. . . . You say it’s only on Sunday? That isn’t so bad. . . Yes, it is cheerful.

Well, now, where is Jerry going to sleep? . . . How old is he? Why, how old is he, Dicky? . . . No, I don’t know exactly either—about a year, I should think. . . . Don’t allow children? . . . Oh, oh—you don’t understand. We’re only—we aren’t—we haven’t—Jerry’s the dog! . . . What’s the rent of this apartment? . . . Strange you should have to go to find out.

Well, you might have said something, Dicky. I never was so embarrassed in my life. . . I know I said I wanted to do all the talking, but it came to such a dreadful—Hush! here’s the man.

Well? . . The apartment is already rented! Then why did you show it?—Dicky, he’s looking very strangely at us—do you think it was about Jerry?—It’s as well, for my hus—husband and I have just decided we would not care to take the place anyway. I don’t like the way the wall-papers are arranged. If you could take this one and put it in the parlor, and put the parlor in the dining-room, and—Oh, of course, I know you couldn’t do it—that’s why I said it.—*Good-after-noon.*



To Anne

How many kisses do I ask?
 Now you set me to my task.
 First, sweet Anne, will you tell me
 How many waves are in the sea?
 How many stars are in the sky?
 How many lovers you make sigh?
 How many sands are on the shore?
 I shall want just one kiss more.

—*William Maxwell.*

The Story of a Stowaway

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Come, my lad, and sit beside me; we have often talked
before
Of the hurricane and tempest, and the storms on sea and
shore:
When we read of deeds of daring, done for dear old
England's sake,
We have cited Nelson's duty, and the enterprise of
Drake;
'Midst the fever'd din of battle, roll of drum and scream
of fife,
Heroes pass in long procession, calmly yielding up their
life.
Pomps and pageants have their glory, in cathedral aisles
are seen
Marble effigies; but seldom of the mercantile marine.
If your playmates love adventure, bid them gather round
at school
Whilst you tell them of a hero, Captain Strachan, of
Liverpool.
Spite of storm and stress of weather, in a gale that
lashed the land,
On the *Cyprian* screw steamer, there the Captain took
his stand.
He was no fair-weather sailor, and he often made the
boast
That the ocean safer sheltered than the wild Carnarvon
coast.
He'd a good ship underneath him, and a crew of En-
glish form,
So he sailed from out the Mersey in the hurricane and
storm.
All the luck was dead against him—with the tempest at
its height,
Fires expired, and rudders parted, in the middle of the
night
Sails were torn and rent asunder. Then he spoke with
bated breath:—

"Save yourselves, my gallant fellows! we are drifting to our death!"
Then they looked at one another, and they felt the awful shock,
When, with louder crash than tempest, they were dashed upon a rock.

All was over now and hopeless; but across those miles of foam
They could hear the shouts of people, and could see the lights of home.
"All is over!" screamed the Captain. "You have answered duty's call.
Save yourselves! I cannot help you. God have mercy on us all!"
So they rushed about like madmen, seizing belt, and oar, and rope—
For the sailor knows where life is, there's the faintest ray of hope.
Then amidst the wild confusion, at the dreaded dawn of day,
From the hold of that doomed vessel crept a wretched Stowaway!

Who shall tell the saddened story of this miserable lad?
Was it wild adventure stirred him, was he going to the bad?
Was he thief, or bully's victim, or a runaway from school,
When he stole that fatal passage from the port of Liverpool?
No one looked at him, or kicked him, 'midst the paralyzing roar,
All alone he felt the danger, and he saw the distant shore.
Over went the gallant fellows, when the ship was breaking fast,
And the Captain with his life-belt—he prepared to follow last,
But he saw a boy neglected, with a face of ashy grey,
"Who are you?" roared out the Captain. "I'm the boy what stow'd away!"

There was scarce another second left to think what he
could do,
For the fatal ship was sinking—Death was ready for the
two.
So the Captain called the outcast as he faced the tem-
pest wild,
From his own waist took the life-belt, and he bound it
round the child.
“I can swim, my little fellow! Take the belt, and make
for land.
Up and save yourself!” The urchin humbly knelt to
kiss his hand.
With the life-belt round his body then the youngster
cleared the ship;
Over went the gallant Captain, with a blessing on his
lip.
But the hurricane howled louder than it ever howled
before,
As the Captain and the Stowaway were making for the
shore!

When you tell this gallant story to your play-fellows at
school,
They will ask you of the hero—Captain Strachan, of
Liverpool.
You must answer they discovered—on the beach at
break of day,
Safe—the battered, breathing body of the little Stow-
away;
And they watched the waves of wreckage, and they
searched the cruel shore,
But the man who tried to save the little outcast—was no
more.

When they speak of English heroes, tell this story
where you can,
To the everlasting credit of the bravery of man.
Tell it out in tones of triumph, or with tears and quick-
ened breath,
“Manhood’s stronger far than storms, and Love is
mightier than Death!”

The Bewildered President*

A Monologue. Dedicated to Wovven's Clubs.

BY OCTAVE THANET.



RS. EASYMAN *speaks. She is supposed to be assisted (invisibly) by the accomplished secretary of the club, Mrs. Martinet, who has taken parliamentary lessons of Mrs. Shattuck, Mrs. Urquahart-Lee, and divers other master parliamentarians; knows Robert, Reed, and Waples by the page; and has been known to make ten points of order in fifteen minutes. Mrs. Easyman has been elected president because she is "such a sweet, popular woman" and has given so much money to the new club-house.*

Mrs. Easyman (*arriving a little out of breath and very warm*). Oh, Mrs. Martinet, I'm so glad you've come! Do sit near me. I'm just a little hard of hearing this week; you know, a fly—some kind of a thing—I'm sure I don't know what—flew into my ear—. . . Yes. Did you ever *hear* of anything so awful? I was at a meeting of the Colonial Dames, too. Why, I thought I should go crazy! I jumped up and ran out—. . . Maybe *you* would have raised a question of privilege; I didn't raise anything, only Cain. I *ran*. They put some laudanum and oil in at the drug-store—. . . Oh, do you think it is time to begin? The doctor thinks the fly's out, but I have my doubts. . . . Why, certainly. . . . Ten minutes past; you are right, as usual, Mrs. Martinet. Well, shall we call the meeting to order? Ladies! *Ladies!* please sit down; we're going to come to order now. . . .

Oh-h, I don't need to, of course; but it seems so abrupt, somehow, just to begin to pound them—where is the pound thing? . . . Well, gavel, then. I can't find it. Oh, thank you very much. (*Rises, and pounds with*

*Abridged from "Harper's New Monthly Magazine."

imaginary gavel.) The meeting will please come—be in order. Mrs. Martinet, please see if my bonnet's on straight, will you? I hit it coming up in the elevator. Oh, thank you so much! Like that? Is that right? The secretary will please read the minutes of last— . . . Oh, no, she will please call the— Mrs. Simons and Mrs. Howell, won't you please come in? (*Listens while roll is being called.*) Now, will you please—I mean, will the secretary please read the minutes of the last meeting? Ladies, I hope you won't mind me holding my handkerchief to my ear. I think there's a fly in it, and it buzzes. What was wrong about that? . . . Oh! ought I always to call myself the Chair? Why, I can never do it in the world! I feel so ridiculous. But, dear me, I'm interrupting the minutes. You're right, of course. (*Listens, frequently raising her handkerchief to her ear.*) Is there— What must I say now? Where's the order of business? . . . Well, we ought to have one, if we haven't. Has anybody anything to report? Is there any further business to come before the meeting? Did that all right, anyhow! (*Lady supposed to rise and address the Chair.*) Yes, Mrs. Meacham. Wasn't that right? Well, I'll do better next time. It's so distracting to have a buzzing thing in your ear all the time. Mrs. Meacham. (*Listens to motion with a puzzled and anxious attention.*) What? . . . Oh, rise? I always forget to rise. . . . You're perfectly right, Mrs. Martinet. (*Rises.*) Ladies— . . . Don't I need to say that? Well. It is moved and seconded that we have a vaudeville. You all know just the condition of our funds; and the Federation so near, and we wanting to appear creditably. . . . What is it? . . . Well, I just wanted to say a good word for the motion. Oh, no, I don't mind; I know you do it for my good. I'll put the motion. It is moved and seconded that we have a vaudeville. I—I mean the Chair is in favor of it. Has any one else anything to say? (*Lady supposed to rise.*) Mrs. Brown. (*Converses in an animated manner with Mrs. Martinet during Mrs. Brown's speech.*) Why, I didn't know I must never say anything, not the least little teeny thing, when I was in the chair! Is that really so? Not even look anything? I think it very difficult

to be a Chair— Oh, good gracious! I *must* pay attention. Mrs. Brown, would you kindly say that over again? The Chair is a little hard of hearing this morning. . . . Thank you so much. Are there any further remarks? (*Several ladies are supposed to rise; Mrs. Easyman looks wildly from one to the other.*) Which spoke first? Do speak quick, Mrs. Martinet. Oh, yes! Mrs. Downer. . . . Is there any second to the motion? . . . It is moved and seconded to amend the motion by—by substituting (*here she is prompted by Mrs. Martinet*)—by substituting the words “authors’ reading” for “vaudeville.” Where’s she expecting to get authors? But I know— I won’t say a word. Are you ready for the question? Mrs. Baker. . . . Mrs. Crane. (*Looks for direction to her coach and rises.*) It is moved and seconded to amend the amendment by adding the words “if they can be procured at a reasonable price”—meaning the authors, I presume, Mrs. Baker? Are there any remarks? Mrs. Hay. (*Member is supposed to rise to make a point of order.*) State your point. The Chair doesn’t think so at all— I mean the Chair decides the point not well taken. Mrs. Brown has not spoken to the amendment, only to the—what *did* she speak to, anyhow? . . . —the original motion. Are you ready for the question? Mrs. Cassell. . . . It is moved and seconded to refer the matter to a committee of three appointed by the Chair. Mrs. Brown. . . . State your question. . . . If there is no objection, Mrs. Brown will be excused to ask the janitor to shut the doors of the outer hall opposite where the basket-ball match is being played. Are you ready for the question? . . . Mrs. Turner. . . . Is there a second? . . . It is moved and seconded to indefinitely postpone—Mrs. Carter. . . . The Chair was just going to make that point; the motion is out of order. Oh, do speak more distinctly, Mrs. Martinet; never mind if they *do* hear! Amendatory and declinatory motions are of the same rank; and two amendments are before the meeting. Are you ready for the question? I always say that when I haven’t anything else to say; it sounds as if I were rushing business. Mrs. Crane. . . .

It is moved and seconded to refer the matter to the

Entertainment Committee. Are you ready—(*Ladies rise to move and second motion.*) Mrs. Brown. Mrs. Crane. . . . What is a committee of the whole? Whole *what?* You mean we all just sit here and pretend we are a committee? What's the sense of— . . . Oh, yes, I'll put the motion first, and you can explain after. (*Rises.*) It is moved and seconded that we are a whole committee— I beg your pardon, ladies; I told you I didn't know anything about parliamentary law. I forget it all the time. It is moved and seconded that we go into a committee, the whole of us. . . . Well, committee of the whole, then. Really, I don't see that it makes such a killing difference, Mrs. Martinet. . . . Oh, of course you are right. Do excuse me, I really am grateful to you; but I get so harassed with this bug in my ear, and it is a little confusing, you know. Mrs. Brown. She talks very well, doesn't she? . . . But why does she want to go into committee of the whole? . . . Well, I wish to mercy they would, then, if they can only discuss the motion and the amendments. . . . They can't hear so far off; and I hold my fan up and never turn my head, so they can't see. Oh, I wouldn't do anything indecorous for the world! Mrs. Wiggles is all ready to speak; I know it by the way she wriggles on her seat, just as if she were sitting on a pin. She's a sweet woman. Did you know she had those moles of hers taken out by electricity? It improves her appearance so much! Mrs. Wiggles (*as a lady rises and addresses the Chair*). . . . Mrs. Dufferin, do you second Mrs. Wiggles's motion . . . (*Rises*). It is moved and seconded that the vaudeville be postponed until our next meeting—I mean the discussion of the vaudeville— . . . Oh, they understand what I mean, Mrs. Martinet. Are you ready for the question? (*To lady addressing the Chair.*) Mrs. Graham. . . . I can hear a buzzing in my ear all the time. And don't you think it perfectly distracting the way they go on? I don't see why she's so down on vaudevilles. They made eight hundred— . . . Call her to order? Why, Mrs. Martinet, I couldn't do such a thing! . . . *Must I?* . . . Mrs. Graham, I'm very sorry but you're out of order; you can't talk about the vaudeville, only about postponing it. . . .

There, I know she's cross, and I don't blame her; and she was so nice to me at my last party—lent me three dozen napkins and spoons, and her coachman to call the carriages. She's ever so obliging, but a little quick. . . . Mustn't tell her she was out of order? But you *told* me— . . . Ladies, the Choir feels faint, and must ask to sit down a few minutes; the secretary will take the Chair.



Ode to a London Fog

Roll on, thick haze, roll on!
 Through each familiar way
 Roll on!
 What though I must go out to-day?
 What though my lungs are rather queer?
 What though asthmatic ills I fear?
 What though my wheeziness is clear?
 Never you mind!
 Roll on!

Roll on, thick haze, roll on!
 Through street and square and lane
 Roll on!
 It's true I cough and cough again;
 It's true I gasp and puff and blow;
 It's true my trip may lay me low;
 But that's not your affair, you know.
 Never you mind!
 Roll on!

—Anonymous

My Young Un



'M PETE. An' I'm a newsboy. This story ain't writ by me, coz I can't write. Nor I can't read, so if anything's took down wrong, it won't be my fault.

"A gentleman in one of our offices says to me: 'You tell me the story of your young un, and' I'll take it down, and git it printed.' An' he says to begin at the werry beginnin', w'en I fust seed my young un—a little chap wot I foun' arter his father died, an' he hadn't nothin' but a fiddle in the world. When I fust goes up to him in the Park down to City Hall, and asks him to play, he takes his stick an' pulls it acrost an' acrost the strings, an' makes the wust n'ise ye ever heerd in yer life. He felt so took down when I laughed that I asked him, serious, to keep at it, till he says, lookin' up inter my face dreful disappointed, 'They's awful n'ises, ain't they?' I says, 'Wal, no; I've heerd the cats make ten times wus ones nor that. I guess it'll come some time if ye keep a tryin',' an' it cheered him heaps.

"So he hugged up his fiddle an' we started down to the corner. An' I says, 'W'ere air ye goin'?' An' he says, 'Noweres.' An' I says, 'Don't ye live noweres?' An' he says, 'No.' An' I says they wasn't no use in it, fur he couldn't no more take keer of hisself than a baby ken, an' he'd have to live with me. An' he says, 'Will *you* take care o' me?' An' I says, 'Yes, I will.' An' that's the way he come to be my young un.

"I axed him wot was his name, an' I can't tell yer it, fur it was one o' them blamed furrin names, an' I couldn't never get it right, so I allus called him jes 'Young Un.' An' he axed me wot was my name, an' I telled him, 'Pete,' an' then we knowed each other.

"'W'ere do ye live, Pete?' he says; an' I says, 'Wal, I live roun'—jes about roun'—here, I guess. Ye see, I moved this mornin'. An' he says, 'W'ere did ye move to?' An' that was a stunner. I warn't a newsboy then, ye know; I was on'y a loafer. But I seed a airy; so I says, 'Wal, we'll wait till all the lights is put out downstairs in this house, an' then we'll live here ter night.

But we mus' go fust an' git our bed afore it's dark,' I says. So we walks roun' to a lot w'ere they was buildin', an' he waits wile I digs out the bed from under a pile o' stones. Yer see, I had to bury it in the mornin's fur fear o' rag-pickers, 'cause it was a werry good bed, an' comf'table, specially in aries. Wot was it? It was a ole piece o' carpet wot I foun' in front of a house wunst arter some people moved away from it, and it was ez long ez—ez long ez *you* air, sir, an' longer, too. I takes it under my arm, an' the young un hols on to my other han' an' we finds the airy agin. W'en it's all dark we goes down under the steps, an' I rolls up the carpet kind o' loose, an' tells him ter crawl inside it. 'Will ther' be room fur the fiddle, too?' he says; 'cos, if ther' won't, I don't mind, I ken sleep outside, Pete.' An' he looks so worried that I sings out, 'Of *course*, ther' will! De yer think I'd leave the fiddle out ter cotch his death o' cold an' be laid up an' tooken to the orspital?' An' that makes him laugh, an' then he crawls in fust, an' I crawls in last, an' then theer we was, all three of us, squeeged up comf'table together.

"This was a long time ago, afore I was a newsboy, w'en I was tryin' to sot up a broom at the crossin's; but brooms was hard to git. We tried all next day beggin' an' on'y got two cents, an' we was so cold an' hungry that I says to young un' 'Let's begin again in the mornin', an' let's have a treat to-night.' So we did; an' we had reg'lar good fun goin' to a shop to *buy* our supper, 'stead o' beggin' it. I makes him an' the baker woman laugh axin' her to guv me 'the most she can of anything for two cents.' An' I tell ye wot, she was a jolly woman, too, for she guv us a lot o' bread, an' then she told us to hold on a bit, an' she went into another room an' bringed us out in her apron a lot o' splendid stale goodies an' some ellegant bits o' sugar wot was broke off a real weddin' cake. She did somethin' else, too. W'en the young un looked up at her an' says, 'You's good!' an' tuk hold of her gownd, she stooped down suddent, an' *she put her two arms roun' him, an' kissed him!* An' he dropped his fiddle—think o' that! He *dropped his fiddle*, wot he never let go of night or day afore. An' he put his arms roun' her neck an' hid his face agin

her. An' she says to me, 'Be good to him, for he's littler nor you.' An' he sings out, 'He is good to me! They ain't nobody so good as Pete in the whole world! Then he catches hold o' me an' we picks up the fiddle, and the woman opened the door for us, an' tells us not to forgit weer the shop is, but to come to her w'en we's stuck an' can't git no supper. But I don't know wot made her stan' at the door an' cry whilst she was lookin' arter us. We didn't do nothin' to make her cry. An' I don't know wot made the young un cry nuther. An'—bust me! I don't know wot made *me* 'most up an' cry, too. I wonder wot it was?

The night afore Chrismus we was sleepin' down to B. F. Harriman & Co.'s in a big packin' box full o' straw, wot they'd left on the pavement, an' he says to me, 'Pete, ain't this the night Santy Klaus comes an' puts things in children's stockin's wot's hung up in the chimbley?' An' I says, 'I've heerd somethin' 'bout it, but I don't much b'lieve it, an' I never tried it.' An' he says, 'Pete, do ye think he'd come to this box ef we hanged up stockin's to the top of it? Will ye let's try, Pete?' An' I says, 'Weer's the stockin's?' An' that was a stunner. An' he says, 'O, yes; we ain't got none. An' you ain't got no shoes, nuther, Pete. Ain't yer feet cold?' he says. 'Ain't my feet cold? Didn't I kick a shindy in a place in the gutter weer it was frozed, to let him see if my feet was cold? I got him laughin' so he mos' choked hisself. Then he says, 'I tell ye, Pete—let's hang up my shoes—one for you an' one for me—an' let's *see* if he'll come.' So, I says there wasn't no harm in tryin', an' I hung 'em up by the strings fas' to two nails wot stuck out.

"Nights is awful long w'en ye try to keep awake. But I was boun' to do it, an' I did till 'mos' mornin', when I knowed it wasn't no use. Fust I counted all the lamps I could, then I counted all the windies, an' then I fixed my eye on a big star, an' every time he winked at me I winked back ag'in to him. Then I beat chunes on the box to the young un's breathin'—for they was somethin' that creaked kinder in his chist, an' I could beat the chunes real easy, on'y I had to do it soft, for fear o' wakin' him. Wunst I thought mebbly it was true wot I'd heerd 'bout his leavin' empy the stockin's of bad

children; but he might a left *my* shoe empty an' I'd b'lieved on him; but if he thought my young un was bad anyways, jes' let him or anyone else say a word agin that young un, an' I'll—I'll—wal, just you let 'em try it—that's all!

"I never thought of his bein' so awful sorry next mornin', or I'd a done *somethin'*—but w'en he waked up an' seen the shoes a-swingin' there with nuthin' in 'em, an' I says, a-kickin up my heels an' laughin' 'It's all a sell, young un!' his face kinder shook itself all over, an' he says, with the creakin' in his wice, '*Then, we's forgot!* Then they ain't nobody to look arter us! They wouldn't be nobody to take keer of me, Pete, if you got lost!' An' then he bust. I tell ye, I never in all my life had to kick up so many shindies, an' laugh so hard, as I had to that time, to make that young un stop a-bustin'; an' he didn't stop a-shakin' his face an' squeegein the tears back inter his eyes, not till I thought o' *somethin'*. I jumps up an' says, 'Look'e here! We didn't do it fair!' 'Do ye s'pose, Pete,' he says, 'it's bein' shoes an' not stockin's 'd make a difference?' 'No,' I says, 'but I guess Ole Santy has too much to do to git it all done in one night, an mebbly if we hang the shoes out agin to-night, he'll come!' Ye'd ought to seen his face shine up w'en I says that. '*Do ye think so, Pete?*' he says; an' I says, square out, 'Yes, I *do!*' an' I never lied sech a lie since I was borned. But I didn't keer for anything but to comfort him, an' I made up my mind that I was goin' to have *somethin'* in that theer shoe of his that night, if I had to tell a whopper.

"So I tuk him to a ole musicianger wot lived up in a attic, an' wot got to teachin' him a little sometimes how to play a chune on the fiddle, an' I left him theer w'ile I went out by myself to look for *somethin'*. I tell ye, I stud at the crossin's an' watched the people with bundles to see if they'd drop *somethin'*, an' I kep' my eye on people to see if I couldn't git a cent somehow. An' wunst a lady dropped a ball an' a w'istle, an' w'en she didn't know it, an' I picked 'em up, it seemed as if I *couldn't* give 'em back. I follered her a good ways, feelin' an' feelin' 'em, an' lookin' an' lookin' at 'em, roun' an' roun', an' thinkin' how tickled the young un 'd be with 'em. But I jest happened to think wot if he

foun' out that I put 'em in his shoe, an' axed me weer did I git 'em. W'en I thought of that, I walked as fast as I could, an' guv 'em back to the lady. I looked at her *werry* sharp, but she never guv me nuthin'. An' nobody never guv me nothin', an' I had to take home the young un's supper, wot I begged at last, an' nothin' else. There he was a-waitin' for me. 'It's 'mos' night, Pete,' he says, 'an' it'll soon be time to hang up the shoes agin, won't it?' An' he was feelin' so glad that he couldn't stop a-talkin'. 'You's walked a long ways to-day, Pete,' he says; 'have ye had a good time 'thout me?' An' I says I'd had a jolly good time.

"Arter supper, I piled him into the box agin an' hung up the shoes. I waited till he was to sleep, an' then I went off agin to hunt. But I watched an' watched, an' I waited an' waited, an' I couldn't find nothin' at all but a leetle piece of a branch wot was broke off from a Christmas tree. It warn't no bigger nor my hat, but I tuk it home, an' w'en I got theer an' seen the young un sleepin' soun' an' kinder laughin' in his sleep, as if he seen Ole Santy Klaus with a whole bundle o' toys for him; an' w'en I looked at on'y the leetle green thing in my hand, I come nigh bustin' myself. But he moved, so I jest stuck the branch into his shoe an' crept into the straw alongside o' him.

"I didn't sleep *werry* much, an' I woke up fust in the mornin', an' I waited for him to wake, 'spectin' he'd bust agin w'en he seed his shoe an' nothin' but the green thing in it. But wot do ye think he did? He waked up, an' he seed it, and he jumped right up an' sung out, a-shiverin' an' laughin', 'O Pete! Look! It is true! They is a Santa Klaus! See! He had to go all roun' everywhere, an' w'en he got to you an' me, he hadn't only this left. He put it into my shoe, but he meant it for you, too. It's a sign, Pete; it's a *sign*. We *ain't* forgot. They is *somebody someweers* to take keer of us!"

"That's wot he b'lieved, an' he allers stuck to it, an' kep' the green thing buttoned up in his jacket. An' he kep' it till we got stuck on account of his bein' took sick, an' went to the baker-woman's an' she kep' us an' put him into a bed, an' wouldn't let us go, but she an' me took care of him. An' the musicianger come *werry*

often to see him, an' learn him the chunes. An' he makes me sit on the bed aside of him. 'For,' he says, 'I wants you, Pete; an' I wants you to put yer head down here, on the pillow, close to mine.' So I does it, an' I hears him say: 'You's werry tired, Pete. I guess you's walked a hundred miles for me. An' oh, ain't it good, Pete, to be on a *bed?—a real bed!*' An' then he says, werry soft, 'Pete! *I feels somebody a-takin' keer of us!* Do you feel 'em?' An' I axes him, 'Is it the woman, young un?' An' he says, 'No.' An' I axes, 'Is it the musicianger?' An' he says, 'No, Pete. They's werry good, but I feels *somebody else, too.* I don't know who it is, but I thinks I'm finding 'em out, an' I'll know werry soon, Pete—werry soon, indeed.'

"An' they is one thing wot is queer: he says that so often that I kinder gets to b'lieve somethin', too. I don't know wot it is, 'cept that *it ain't* anything 'bout Santy Klaus; but I believe *someethin'.* An' I's sure of it, one mornin', w'en he's sittin' up in bed, an' the woman's there, an' the musicianger's helpin' him to hold the fiddle, for he's learned a chune at last, an' he wants to play it to me. He plays it werry soft, an' feeble, an' shaky, an' he has to stop sometimes to rest, but he plays it, an' he won't guv it up till he comes to the end of it. Then he says: 'Pete, that's my chune, an' it's name is Home, Sweet Home. I used to think it meant home weer me an' fader an' this fiddle lived, an' here weer the woman lives, but it ain't—it's someweers else. An' Pete,' he says, huggin' of his fiddle, 'you must keep my Christmas tree till—till—'

"You see, sir, the little chap was set on it that he was a-goin'—but he didn't go. A week from that day he took a turn, and mended faster'n he'd gone down. But he was allus kind o' saint-wise arter that, and kind o' got me to bein' so blamed putikular agin doin' wrong things that—that—well, you see, sir, it's led me inter good, honest, steady bizness, and I don't look upon lyin' same as I used to, nohow. As fur the young un hisself, sir, he was coaxed away agin his will an' my own, by the musicianger who's been a-teachin' an' doin' so well by him, that, if you'll believe me, sir, he's soon goin' into a orkistry, my young un is."

—Abridged—St. Nicholas.

Chiquita*

BY BRET HARTE.

Beautiful! Sir, you may say so. Thar isn't her match
 in the country;
 Is thar, old gal,—Chiquita, my darling, my beauty?
 Feel of that neck, sir,—thar's velvet! Whoa! steady,—
 ah, will you, you vixen!
 Whoa! I say. Jack, trot her out; let the gentleman
 look at her paces.

Morgan!—she ain't nothin' else, and I've got the papers
 to prove it.
 Sired by Chippewa Chief, and twelve hundred dollars
 won't buy her.
 Briggs of Toulumne owned her. Did you know Briggs
 of Toulumne?
 Busted hisself in White Pine, and blew out his brains
 down in 'Frisco?

Hedn't no savey, had Briggs. Thar, Jack! that'll do,—
 quit that foolin'!
 Nothin' to what she kin do, when she's got her work
 cut out before her.
 Hosses is hosses, you know, and likewise, too, jockeys
 is jockeys:
 And 't ain't ev'ry man as can ride as knows what a hoss
 has got in him.

Know the old ford on the Fork, that nearly got Flani-
 gan's leaders?
 Nasty in daylight, you bet, and a mighty rough ford in
 low water!

* From "Complete Poems." Houghton, Mifflin & Co.,
 Boston.

Well, it ain't six weeks ago that me and the Jedge and
his nevey
Struck for that ford in the night, in the rain, and the
water all round us.

Up to our flanks in the gulch, and Rattlesnake Creek
just a-bilin'.
Not a plank left in the dam, and nary a bridge on the
river.
I had the gray, and the Jedge had his roan, and his
nevey, Chiquita;
And after us trundled the rocks jest loosed from the top
of the canon.

Lickity, lickity, switch, we came to the ford, and Chi-
quita
Buckled right down to her work, and, afore I could yell
to her rider,
Took water jest at the ford, and there was the Jedge
and me standing,
And twelve hundred dollars of hoss-flesh afloat, and
a-driftin' to thunder!

Would ye b'lieve it? That night, that hoss, that 'ar
filly, Chiquita,
Walked herself into her stall, and stood there, all quiet
and dripping:
Clean as a beaver or rat, with nary a buckle of harness,
Just as she swam the Fork,—that hoss, that 'ar filly,
Chiquita.

That's what I call a hoss! and—What did you say? Oh,
the nevey?
Drowned, I reckon,—leastways, he never kem back to
deny it.
Ye see, the derved fool had no seat, ye couldn't have
made him a rider;
And then, ye know, boys will be boys, and hosses—well,
hosses is hosses!

Jim*

BY BRET HARTE.

Say there! P'r'aps
Some on you chaps
Might know Jim Wild?
Well,—no offense:
Thar ain't no sense
In gittin' riled!

Jim was my chum
Up on the Bar:
That's why I come
Down from up yar,
Lookin' for Jim.
Thank ye, sir! *You*
Ain't of that crew,—
Blest if you are!

Money? Not much:
That ain't my kind;
I ain't no such.
Rum? I don't mind,
Seein' it's you.

Well, this yer Jim,—
Did you know him?
Jes' 'bout your size;
Same kind of eyes;—
Well, that is strange:
Why, it's two year
Since he came here,
Sick, for a change.

* From "Complete Poems." Houghton, Mifflin & Co.,
Boston.

Well, here's to us:
Eh?
The h—— you say!
Dead?
That little cuss?

What makes you star',
You over thar?
Can't a man drop
'S glass in yer shop
But you must r'ar?
It wouldn't take
D——d much to break
You and your bar.

Dead!
Poor—little—Jim!
Why, thar was me,
Jones, and Bob Lee,
Harry and Ben,—
No-account men:
Then to take *him*!

Well, thar— Good-by—
No more, sir—I—
Eh?
What's that you say?
Why, dern it!—sho!—

No? Yes! By Joe!
Sold!
Sold! Why, you limb,
You ornery,
Derned old
Long-legged Jim.

The Faithful Lovers

BY SIR F. C. BURNAND.

I'd been away from her three years—about that—
And I returned to find my Mary true;
And when I questioned her, I did not doubt that
It was unnecessary so to do.

'Twas by the chimney-corner we were sitting—
“Mary,” said I, “have you been always true?”
“Oh, yes,” she said, just pausing in her knitting,
“I don't think I've unfaithful been to you;
But for these three years past I'll tell you what
I've done: then say if I've been true or not.

“When first you left, my grief was uncontrollable,
Alone I mourned my miserable lot;
And all who saw me thought me inconsolable,
Till Captain Clifford came from Aldershot;
To flirt with him amused me while 'twas new;
I don't call that unfaithfulness. Do you?

“The next—oh! let me see—'twas Frankie Phipps,
I met him at my uncle's—Christmas-tide;
And 'neath the mistletoe, where lips meet lips—
He gave me his first kiss”—and here she sighed;
“We stayed six weeks at uncle's—how time flew!
I don't call that unfaithfulness. Do you?

“Lord Cecil Fossmote—only twenty-one—
Lent me his horse. Oh, how we rode and raced!
We scoured the downs—we rode to hounds—such fun!
And often was his arm around my waist—
That was to lift me up and down. But who
Would count that as unfaithfulness? Do you?

“Do you know Reggy Vere? Ah, how he sings!
We met—'twas at a picnic. Oh, such weather!
He gave me—look, the first of these two rings,
When we were lost in Cliefden woods together.
Ah, what a happy time we spent, we two?
I don't call that unfaithfulness. Do you?

"I've yet another ring from him. D'ye see
 The plain gold circlet that is shining here?"
 I took her hand: "Oh, Mary! Can it be
 That you—" "Well, yes—that I am Mrs. Vere—
 I don't call that unfaithfulness. Do you?"
 "No," I replied, "for I am married, too."



Indecision

Do I love her?
 Dimpling red lips at me pouting,
 Dimpling shoulders at me flouting;
 No, I don't!

Do I love her?
 'Prisoned in those crystal eyes
 Purity forever lies;
 Yes, I do!

Do I love her?
 Little, wild and wilful fiction,
 Teasing, torturing contradiction;
 No, I don't!

Do I love her?
 With kind acts and sweet words she
 Aids and comforts poverty;
 Yes, I do!

Do I love her?
 Quick she puts her cuirass on,
 Stabs with laughter, stings with scorn;
 No, I don't!

Do I love her?
 No! Then to my arms she flies,
 Filling me with glad surprise;
 Ah, yes, I do!

—Anonymous.

My Old Friend

BY ARTHUR C. BENSON.

It seems the world was always bright
With some divine unclouded weather,
When we, with hearts and footsteps light,
By lawn and river walked together :

There was no talk of me and you,
Of theories with facts to bound them,
We were content to be and do,
And take our fortunes as we found them.

We spoke no wistful words of love,
No hint of sympathy and dearness,
Only around, beneath, above,
There ran a swift and subtle nearness.

Each inmost thought was known to each
By some impetuous divination :
We found no need of flattering speech,
Content with silent admiration.

I think I never touched your hand,
I took no heed of face or feature,
Only, I thought on sea or land
Was never such a gracious creature.

It seems I was not hard to please,
Where'er you led I needs must follow ;
For strength you were my Hercules,
For wit and lustre my Apollo.

The years flew onward : stroke by stroke
They clashed from the impartial steeple,
And we appear to other folk
A pair of ordinary people.

One word, old friend : though fortune flies,
If hope should fail—till death shall sever—
In one dim pair of faithful eyes
You seem as bright, as brave as ever.

My Last Duchess

(Ferrara.)

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive. I call
That piece a wonder, now: Fra Pandolf's hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
Will't please you sit and look at her? I said
"Fra Pandolf" by design: for never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none put by
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a glance came there; so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
Her husband's presence only, called that spot
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps
Fra Pandolf chanced to say, "Her mantle laps
Over my lady's wrist too much," or "Paint
Must never hope to reproduce the faint
Half-flush that dies along her throat:" such stuff
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
For calling up that spot of joy. She had
A heart—how shall I say?—too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed: she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, 'twas all one! My favor at her breast,
The dropping of the daylight in the West,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace—all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
Or blush, at least. She thanked men—good! but
thanked

The Speaker

Somehow—I know not how—as if she ranked
 My gift of a nine-hundred-year-old name
 With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
 This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
 In speech—(which I have not)—to make your will
 Quite clear to such an one, and say, "Just this
 Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss
 Or there exceed the mark"—and if she let
 Herself be lessoned so, not plainly set
 Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,
 —E'en then would be some stooping; and I choose
 Never to stoop. Oh, sir, she smiled, no doubt,
 Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without
 Much the same smile? This grew; I gave com-
 mands;

Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
 As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll meet
 The company below, then. I repeat,
 The Count your master's known munificence
 Is ample warrant that no just pretence
 Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
 Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
 At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
 Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,
 Taming a sea-horse thought a rarity,
 Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me?



The Bat

Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!
 How I wonder what you're at!
 Up above the world you fly,
 Like a tea-tray in the sky.

—*Lewis Carroll.*

Jim Bludso of the Prairie Bell

BY JOHN HAY.

Wall, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
 Becase he don't live, you see;
 Leastways, he's got out of the habit
 Of livin' like you and me.
 Whar have you been for the last three year
 That you haven't heard folks tell
 How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks
 The night of the Prairie Bell?

He weren't no saint—them engineers
 Is all pretty much alike—
 One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill,
 And another one here, in Pike.
 A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
 And an awkward hand in a row;
 But he never funk'd, and he never lied—
 I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had—
 To treat his engine well;
 Never be passed on the river;
 To mind the pilot's bell;
 And if ever the Prairie Bell took fire—
 A thousand times he swore
 He'd hold her nozzle ag'in the bank
 Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip,
 And her day come at last—
 The Movastar was a better boat,
 But the Belle she *wouldn't* be passed.
 And so she came tearin' along that night—
 The oldest craft on the line—
 With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
 And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she clared the bar,
 And burnt a hole in the night,
 And quick as a flash she turned, and made
 For that willer-bank on the right.

The Speaker

There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled
 out,
 Over all the infernal roar,
 "I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
 Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin'
 boat

Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
 And they all had trust in his cussedness,
 And knowed he would keep his word.
 And, sure's you're born, they all got off
 Afore the smokestacks fell—
 And Bludso's ghost went up alone
 In the smoke of the Prairie Bell.

He weren't no saint, but at jedgment
 I'd run my chance with Jim,
 'Longside of some pious gentlemen
 That wouldn't shook hands with him.
 He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing—
 And went for it thar and then;
 And Christ ain't a-going to be too hard
 On a man that died for men.



Life

Life! I know not what thou art,
 But know that thou and I must part;
 And when, or how, or where we met
 I own to me's a secret yet.

Life! we've been long together
 Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
 'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
 Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear;
 Then steal away, give little warning,
 Choose thine own time;
 Say not "Good-night," but in some brighter
 clime
 Bid me "Good-morning."

—Mrs. A. L. Barbauld.

Little Breeches

BY JOHN HAY.

I don't go much on religion,
I never ain't had a show;
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,
On the handful o' things I know.
I don't pan out on the prophets,
And free-will, and that sort o' thing;
But I b'lieve in God and the angels
Ever sence one night last spring.

I came into town with some turnips,
And my little Gabe came along:
No four-year-old in the country
Could beat him for pretty and strong,
Peart and chipper and sassy,
Always ready to swear and fight,
And I'd learnt him to chaw terbacker,
Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow came down like a blanket
As I passed by Taggert's store;
I went in for a jug of molasses,
And left the team at the door.
They scared at something and started,
I heard one little squall,
And hell-to-split over the prairie
Went team, Little Breeches and all.

Hell-to-split over the prairie!
I was almost froze with skeer;
But we roused up some torches,
And sarched for 'em far and near.
At last we struck hosses and wagon,
Snowed under a soft white mound,
Upsot, dead beat; but of Little Gabe
No hide nor hair was found.

The Speaker

And here all hope soured on me
 Of my fellow-critter's aid:
 I just flopped down on my marrow-bones,
 Crotch deep in the snow, and prayed.
 By this the torches was played out,
 And me and Israel Parr
 Went off for some wood to a sheepfold
 That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last, and a little shed
 Where they shut up the lambs at night.
 We looked in and saw them huddled thar,
 So warm and sleepy and white,
 And thar sot Little Breeches and chirped,
 As peart as ever you see:
 "I want a chaw of terbacker,
 And that's what's the matter of me."

How did he git thar? Angels.
 He could never have walked in that storm.
 They jist scooped down and toted him
 To whar it was safe and warm.
 And I think that saving a little child,
 And fotching him to his own,
 Is a derned sight better business
 Than loafing around the throne.



A Dilemma

Lady, when I behold the roses sprouting
 Which, clad in damask mantles, deck the arbors,
 And then behold your lips where sweet love harbors,
 My eyes present me with a double doubting:
 For, viewing both alike, hardly my mind supposes
 Whether the roses be your lips or your lips the roses.

—Anonymous.

Oh, No*

BY MRS. HUGH BELL.



WAS a young girl once—not so very long ago—a *very* shy young girl. I smile now as I think of the agonies of timidity and embarrassment which I used to go through every day—every hour almost—with such inadequate cause! When I first “came out”—when I began to go to balls, receptions, afternoon teas, garden parties—positively every one who came to speak to me was a fresh source of terror—another alarming incarnation of society, before whom I felt more utterly speechless and awkward than words can describe. My very heart used to quail when I saw good-natured friends of my mother’s come up to me, out of sheer kindness, I am sure, to make small talk to me—when some courtly young man would advance to put my cup down, or some still more polite youth invite me to dance—I was pleased, of course—but oh! the sufferings I underwent! I was so shy on these occasions that I could absolutely utter no word—and the more I tried to think of something to say the more utterly did speech, thought, intelligence and everything else appear to have departed from me! At last, unable to bear it any longer, I confided my sorrows to my mother one evening, as we were going out to a ball, and asked her to help me. “My dear Violet,” she said, smiling, “girls of seventeen are not expected to be very eloquent—if you can listen agreeably when people talk to you, and make some trifling rejoinder every now and again, that will do quite well for the present.”

“But that is exactly my difficulty—I can’t think of any rejoinder—I am so shy, all my ideas go away the moment people speak to me!”

“But surely you can think of saying, *Oh, yes*—or *Oh, no*—as the case may be—that is not a great effort of imagination!”

* From “Chamber Comedies.” Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

"But I should never know which to say—I should invariably say *Yes* when it ought to have been *No*. If I only had *one* answer that would always do, then I shouldn't have to think about it at all."

"Well, I am not sure that it would be a good plan always to answer *Yes* to everything that is said to you—you might find it inconvenient sometimes!"

"Then I will say *Oh, no*—that can never commit me to anything."

"Very well," said my mother, laughing—"you had better try it to-night, and see how it succeeds!"

So, thus provided with a fund of conversation, I arrived at the ball a little happier in my mind than I generally felt on these occasions, but still with some misgivings, as usual. We were received in the drawing-room by our hostess, Mrs. Fenwick, one of the kindest-hearted women in the world, who was at once anxious to find me a host of partners. "Now, my dear, you've come prepared to enjoy yourself. I hope—you don't mean to sit by your mother all the evening, as some strait-laced young ladies I know do?"

"Oh, no!"

"You must let me introduce a great many partners to you."

"Oh, no!"

(*Deprecatingly.*)

"Nonsense—of course I shall—there is my nephew just arriving—Arthur, you know Miss Graham—Violet, I need not introduce Captain Gosset to you."

"Oh, no!"

"May I have the pleasure of a waltz? or is your card quite full?"

"Oh, no!"

"That is delightful—let us have a turn now, before the room is too crowded"—and off we went. "I don't think I have ever had a better waltz in my life," he said as we left off. "I won't ask you if you have enjoyed it too—that would be conceited of me!"

"Oh, no!"

"We have not met for such ages—I was wondering if I should ever see you again—not since that day at Maidenhead, have we?"

"Oh, no!"

"How delicious it was on the river in the evening—and what a splendid little canoe that was I rowed you in! Nothing so jolly as a canoe, is there?"

"Oh, no!"

"I dare say, though, you've been on the river hundreds of times since, and have forgotten all about that day?"

"Oh, no!"

"What a pity—there is the end of the waltz—you must give me another presently—let me see, there is No. 4—give me No. 9 and No. 13—may I put my name down for those—you don't think that will be too many?"

"Oh, no!"

"It isn't enough, I think!"

"Oh, n——"

(Checks herself.)

"Let us go out on to the balcony—or are you afraid of being too cold?"

"Oh, no!"

I don't know how long we remained on the balcony—I am afraid a long time. Presently Lucy Fenwick came out, with Mr. Le Marchant—by the way, I believe it was settled when they were children, by their mothers, that Lucy was to marry her cousin, Arthur Gosset, when they grew up—people say that Mrs. Fenwick is very anxious, now, to bring it about. I don't care about Lucy very much—she talks and giggles so much, no one knows what she is going to say next. "What, Violet! is this where you are?" she cried. "Mrs. Graham has been wondering what had become of you—is this where you have been all the evening?"

"Oh, no!"

"She says it is more than half an hour since she has seen you!"

"Oh, no!" I said indignantly as I rose.

"This is our dance, I believe, No. 9," Captain Gosset said, as we stepped back into the room.

"Oh, no!" I said, incredulously, rather horrified at finding that actually *four* dances had passed while we were on the balcony.

"Indeed it is, I assure you," he said; "don't let us waste any more of this delicious music . . . not so nice as it was before—too many people now—let us go on to the balcony again!"

"Oh, no!"

"That is very cruel of you—mind you don't forget that you have promised me No. 13."

"Oh, no!"

By the time No. 13 came round, I was quite tired out with dancing, and, besides, the room was so hot and crowded one could hardly move. So Captain Gosset suggested that instead of dancing we should go into the conservatory, which was delightfully cool, and quite empty. "Jolly place, a conservatory!" he said—"fountains splashing, Chinese lanterns burning—flowers smelling—and—all that! no place like it when you want to talk, is there?"

"Oh, no!"

After this remark, however, Captain Gosset relapsed into silence, instead of at once breaking into the irresistible eloquence he had led me to expect—and we both sat for some minutes contemplating the fountains, the flowers and the Chinese lanterns—which at last appeared to have the desired effect—for he suddenly said, "Miss Graham!—Violet—do you mind me calling you Violet?"

"Oh, no!"

"I am going to India next month—it may be years before I see you again——"

"Oh, no!" I said reassuringly.

"I cannot leave England without speaking to you, without telling you of my love—for you must know, you must have seen what I feel for you—have you not guessed it long ago?"

"Oh, no!"

"Nay, I am sure you have! Violet—could you, would you endure the idea of going out to India?"

"Oh, no!"

(*Decidedly.*)

"What—you would not? But surely you must care a little for me—you could not have been to me as you have been, if you did not feel something more for me than friendship?"

"Oh, no!"

"Think over what I have said, then—do you reject the idea at once—give me a little hope! I am not displeasing to you, am I?"

"Oh, no!"

"Do you dislike a soldier's life?"

"Oh, no!"

"My darling! how happy you would make me——"
At this moment Mrs. Fenwick appeared in the doorway.

"What, Violet, my dear child! are you not afraid of a chill, sitting in this cold place?"

"Oh, no!"

"Have you had any supper?"

"Oh, no!"

"Arthur, how neglectful of you—do take Miss Graham in to supper." And so we went into the supper-room, where there was an immense crowd, and where Lucy Fenwick kindly insisted on giving me her seat, between two female friends of her mother's—and after supper we went home. Captain Gosset went to India the next month. You will ask whether I ever went there, too? Oh, no! Time and absence, new friends and fresh scenes, turned the current of his thoughts, and brought healing to his grief. His heart did not break—neither did mine. He is now, I believe, happily married—so am I—so is Lucy Fenwick—and we are none of us so foolish, or as shy, as we were ten years ago—Oh, *no!!*



An Epitaph

BY GEORGE JOHN GAYLEY.

A lovely young lady I mourn in my rhymes;
She was pleasant, good-natured and civil (sometimes);
Her figure was good; she had very fine eyes,
And her talk was a mixture of foolish and wise.
Her adorers were many, and one of them said:
"She waltzed rather well—it's a pity she's dead."

High Low! Jack and the Baby

BY HOMER CROY.

(From the National Monthly.)



ACK and I came down to Wildewood College in our auto—of course, if you have to know the whole truth, etc., it was Jack's older brother's machine, but we always called it ours. But that's neither here nor there. When we reached dear, old Wildewood—how an alumna of four years does love to refer to her alma mater as dear, old—all the girls (girls isn't frivolous when you speak of your former classmates) were there in readiness for the great ceremony. As we whizzed by Nell Bracken, Theodosia Gates and Billee Epperly on the street I just stood up in our machine and waved at them as if something had gone wrong, I was so glad to see them. Then I held up Wilma for them to see, for all the doings and celebration were over her. Wilma kicked and squirmed with all her eleven months of might, but the girls threw kisses and called back that she was wonderful.

Jack said for me to sit down and not to forget that we were married and staid. I told him that he didn't properly appreciate the honor of being the father of a class baby. He said that it was lots of trouble, but I knew that he was just as proud as I was.

At the campus arch I ran in with Wilma, gave her to the housekeeper to take to the nursery; then flew up to the reception room of Rho Delta. Everybody was there, and everybody had on streamers of pink and white—our class colors—and everybody laughed and talked at once and had a good time. It was like an informal reception in heaven. Everybody congratulated me on being the mother of the class baby, and kissed me. It was our first meeting, and it had been four years since we had laid aside our mortar boards. When we thought of that we kissed again.

"Can't we bring the darling up now and begin our loving?" asked Theodosia Gates.

"No," answered Billee Epperly, "we haven't time, and besides we'd muss her all up, and she must look her very, very best at the unveiling. Wait till after the ceremony. I want ten whole minutes myself."

"But she hasn't been feeling very well the last few days," I said, "so she may look just a bit cross."

"No, she won't," said somebody, then someone said that no one ever guessed I'd be the first one married and the mother of the class baby. Then everybody kissed me.

Two of the girls went downstairs to dress Wilma in the pink and white creation, while I sat down and talked to everybody at once.

Just as the clock in the dormitory tower wheezed out twelve, the procession formed at the chapel door and marched to the middle of the campus. I clung to Jack's arm and felt just as nervous as I did when we were married.

Everybody was there. Mrs. Deworth, president of Wildewood College, was out in her Ph. D. gown; all the teachers were there, and everybody. Jack was the only man, because he was the father. He looked nervous, too.

Billee Epperly was the president of our senior class, and she was to hold Wilma up and put her on the revolving pedestal when the solemn words were said. A circle of pots of flowers, interlaced with ribbons, hedged Billee in; she sat on the ground out of sight beside the pedestal. Nell Bracken had planned it all.

As we gathered in a circle I felt like crying, and nobody smiled at all. It was all solemn and silent.

Mrs. Deworth stepped forward, and all took hold of hands, and circled around singing our class song. Theodosia Gates, as the circle dropped hands, unrolled her poem. Theodosia was the official class poet, and had had verses in the magazines.

In the silence, while Theodosia straightened the leaves of her manuscript, I could hear Wilma cooing contentedly away in her bower of flowers. I did hope that

Billee would see that her face was clean when she rose up with her. But I could trust Billee if anybody.

Theodosia dropped the folds of her black gown, shook the tassel of her four-cornered cap, and began:

"Borne of the winds, gift of the gods,
A dimpled face now greets our view—"

Billee slowly arose, and placed the class baby on the pedestal. Then majestically she turned it around in rhythm to Theodosia's flowing lines. It was perfectly done, and my heart went out in thanks to Billee. Slowly the pedestal swung around.

I gasped, and caught at Jack's hand.

I had never seen that baby before!

It had a cruelly snubbed nose and black eyes. Wilma had the bluest eyes.

"Jack, Jack," I whispered hoarsely, "whose baby is that?"

He let his eyes swing to its face, then over its embryonic and variegated dress.

He shook his head.

"But it isn't ours," I insisted.

"No, I guess not," answered he hesitatingly.

"Of course it's not," I whispered emphatically.

Mrs. Deworth rested her hand lightly on the child's head. "In my official capacity as president of Wilde-wood College, I now——"

"Jack, Jack," I trembled, "this must be stopped—that isn't Wilma."

"Of course it's not. But they must have some baby. They seem pretty well satis——"

"Jack," I burst in, "stop them quick!"

"Maybe we had best let it go—they'll never know the difference!"

"Shame on you, Jack. Shame. Wilma may be kidnapped!"

Jack straightened up, and paled.

"Ah—um——" he began, as if addressing the chair, "I beg your pardon for interrupting, but there seems to have been a mistake somewhere, or—that is—something

has happened. She—it isn't our baby. I have never seen it before!"

Mrs. Deworth jerked her hand away.

"It was the only one in the nursery," spoke up Billee, on the defensive.

A hubbub ran around.

"She's kidnapped," I said decisively.

With one common impulse everybody turned and hastened up the quad. Jack and I led. Straight to the nursery we flew.

It was empty, a red dress hanging on a nail. "That's not Wilma's" I exclaimed.

Everybody scattered, running from one room to another. Jack and I rushed frantically from the parlor to the basement, high, low—everywhere.

We came to a room and Jack threw open the door. It was the laundry. We entered.

There, sitting in the middle of the floor, was a child. Over its face were smears and streaks of molasses and dirt, while it was cooing comfortably away picking feathers off one molasses covered hand only to get them stuck on the other.

"It's Wilma," I exclaimed.

The laundress appeared. "Yes, I allers keeps 'em quiet that way," she explained. "Never hurts 'em."

"That's my baby. What do you mean?" I demanded.

The laundress drew up. "Well, you went and took my baby and rigged it up without ever askin' me, and left this—this—thing out in the hall for me to look after. An' my busy day, too. I hain't no time to set down on Thursdays and sing lullabys to strange brats."

I glowered at her, but Jack was more practical. Taking out his handkerchief he began rubbing off the molasses coating, and plucking out the feathers.

Then we heard the girls coming down the hall, talking excitedly. Jack sprang to the door and locked it. The girls twisted at the knob and demanded entrance.

"How can I get out of here?" he asked of the laundress. She pointed to a small side door. "To the alley."

Jack gathered up Wilma in his arms.

"What are you going to do?" I asked, a hand on his sleeve.

"Make my get-away. Do you think I am going to let them—all those girls—see her looking like this? Never. I am going to my sister's and have her washed up. The doings can wait till I get back."

"But what shall I tell them?"

"Anything you want to—till I get back—that she fell down the coal hole—or was kidnapped by a tall, mysterious woman in black, and that I am out after her."

He dodged out the door, and running across the street, he climbed into our auto and whizzed away.



A Woman's Education

MRS. MALAPROP SPEAKS

Observe me, Sir Anthony. I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning: I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman. For instance, I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or algebra, or simony, or fluxions, or paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning; neither would it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments. But, Sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice. Then, sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts; and as she grew up, I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries; but, above all, Sir Anthony, she should be mistress of orthodoxy, that she might not mis-spell, and mis-pronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do; and likewise that she might reprehend the true meaning of what she is saying. This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know; and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.

—By *Richard Brinsley Sheridan*, from *The Rivals*.

My Wife and Child

HENRY R. JACKSON.

The tattoo beats—the lights are gone,
 The camp around in slumber lies;
 The night with solemn pace moves on,
 The shadows thicken o'er the skies;
 But sleep my weary eyes hath flown,
 And sad, uneasy thoughts arise.

I think of thee, oh, dearest one,
 Whose love my early life hath blest—
 Of thee and him—our baby son—
 Who slumbers on thy gentle breast.
 God of the tender, frail and lone,
 Oh, guard the tender sleeper's rest.

And hover gently, hover near,
 To her whose watchful eye is wet—
 To mother, wife—the doubly dear,
 In whose young heart have freshly met
 Two streams of love so deep and clear
 And clear her drooping spirits yet.

Whatever fate those forms may show,
 Loved with a passion almost wild—
 By day—by night—in joy or woe—
 By fears oppressed, or hopes beguiled,
 From every danger, every foe,
 Oh, God! protect my wife and child!

Now, while she kneels before Thy throne,
 Oh, teach her, ruler of the skies,
 That, while by thy behest alone,
 Earth's mightiest powers fall or rise,
 No tear is wept to Thee unknown,
 No hair is lost, no sparrow dies!

That Thou canst stay the ruthless hands
 Of dark disease, and soothe its pain;
 That only by Thy stern command
 The battle's lost, the soldiers slain—
 That from the distant sea or land
 Thou bring'st the wanderer home again.

The Speaker

And when upon her pillow lone
Her tear-wet cheek is sadly prest,
May happier visions beam upon
The brightening current of her breast,
No frowning look nor angry tone
Disturb the Sabbath of her rest.



Polonius to Laertes

Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame!
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for. There, my blessing with thee!
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in,
Bear 't that th' opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all; to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell; my blessing season this on thee!

Hamlet Prince of Denmark—Act I. Scene III.

Self-Independence

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Weary of myself, and sick of asking
What I am, and what I ought to be,
At the vessel's prow I stand, which bears me
Forwards, forwards, o'er the starlit sea.

And a look of passionate desire
O'er the sea and to the stars I send;
"Ye, who from my childhood up have claimed me,
Calm me, ah, compose me to the end!

"Ah, once more," I cried, "ye stars, ye waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew;
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you!"

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
O'er the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night air came the answer—
"Wouldst't thou be as these are? Live as they.

"Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things without them
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

"And with joy the stars perform their shining,
And the sea its long moon silver'd roll;
For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting
All the fever of some differing soul.

"Bounded by themselves, and unregardful
In what state God's other works may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
These attain the mighty life you see."

O, air born voice! long since, severely clear,
A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear—
"Resolve to be thyself; and know that he
Who finds himself loses his misery!"

The Paradox of Time

BY AUSTIN DOBSON

Time goes on, you say? Ah, no,
Alas, Time stays, we go;
Or else, were this not so,
What need to chain the hours,
For youth were always ours?
Time goes, you say? Ah, no!

Ours is the eyes deceit
Of men whose flying feet
Lead through some landscape low;
We pass, and think we see
The earth's fixed surface flee;
Alas! Time stays—we go!

Once, in the days of old,
Your locks were curling gold,
And mine had shamed the crow;
Now, in the self-same stage,
We've reached the silver age;
Time goes, you say? Ah, no!

Once, when my voice was strong,
I filled the woods with song
To praise your "rose" and "snow;"
My bird that sung is dead;
Where are your roses fled?
Alas! Time stays—we go!

See in what traversed ways,
What backward delays
The hopes we used to know;
Where are our old desires—
Ah! where those vanished fires?
Time goes, you say?—ah, no!

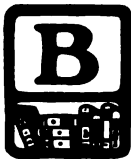
How far, how far, O sweet,
The past behind our feet

Lies in the even-glow!
Now, on the forward way,
Let us fold hands and pray;
Alas! Time stays—we go!



Old Mr. Rabbit*

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.



BRER RABBIT en Brer Fox wuz like some chilluns w'at I knows un," said Uncle Remus, regarding the little boy, who had come to hear another story, with an affectation of great solemnity. "Bofe un um wuz allers atter wunner nudder, a-prankin' en a-pester'n 'roun', but Brer Rabbit did had some peace, kaze Brer Fox done got skittish 'bout puttin' de clamp on Brer Rabbit.

"One day, w'en Brer Rabbit, en Brer Fox, en Brer Coon, en Brer B'ar, an a whole lot un um wuz clearin' up a new groun' fer ter plant a roas'n'year patch, de sun 'gun ter git sorter hot, en Brer Rabbit he got tired; but he didn't let on kaze he 'fear'd de balance un um'd call 'im lazy, en he keep on totin' off trash en pilin' up bresh, twel bimeby he holler out dat he gotter brier in his han' en den he tak'n slip off en hunt fer cool place fer ter res'. Atter w'ile he come 'crosst a well wid a bucket hangin' in it.

"Dat look cool,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'en cool I speck she is. I des 'bout git in dar en take a nap,' en wid dat in he jump, he did, en he ain't no sooner fix hisse'f dan de bucket 'gun ter go down."

* From "Uncle Remus—His Songs and Sayings." D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"Wasn't the Rabbit scared, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy.

"Honey, dey ain't bin no wusser skeer'd beas' since de worril begin dan dish yer same Brer Rabbit. He fa'rly had a ager. He know whar he cum f'um, but he dunner whar he gwine. Dreckly he feel de bucket hit de water, en dar she sot, but Brer Rabbit he feel mighty still, kaze he dunner w'at minnit gwineter be de nex'. He des lay dar en shuck en shiver.

"Brer Fox allers got one eye on Brer Rabbit, en w'en he slip off fum de new groun', Brer Fox he sneak atter 'im. He know Brer Rabbit wuz atter some projick er nudder, en he tuck'n crope off, he did, en watch 'im. Brer Fox see Brer Rabbit com to de well en stop, en den he see 'im jump in de bucket, en den, lo en beholes, he see 'im go down outer sight. Brer Fox wuz de mos' 'stonish Fox dat you ever laid eyes on. He sot off dar in de bushes en study en study, but he don't make no head ner tails ter dis kinder bizness. Den he say ter hisse'f, sezee:

"'Well, ef dis don't bang my times,' sezee, 'den Joe's dead en Sal's a widder. Right down dar in dat well Brer Rabbit keep his money hid, en ef 'tain't dat den he done gone en' 'skiver'd a gole-mine, en ef 'tain't dat, den I'm a gineter see w'at's in dar,' sezee.

"Brer Fox crope up little nigher, he did, en lissen, but he don't year no fuss, en he keep on gitting nigher, en yit he don't hear nuthin'. Bimeby he git up close en peep down, but he don't see nuthin' en he don't year nuthin'. All dis time Brer Rabbit mighty nigh skeer'd outen his skin, en he fear'd fer ter move kaze de bucket might keel over en spill him out in de water. W'ile he sayin' his pra'r's over like a train er kyars runnin', ole Brer Fox holler out:

"'Heyo, Brer Rabbit! Who you wizzitin' tdown dar?' sezee.

"'Who? Me? Oh, I'm des a-fishin', Brer Fox,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. 'I des say ter myse'f dat I'd sorter sprize you all wid a mess er fishes fer dinner, en so here I is, en dar's de fishes. I'm a-fishin' fer suckers, Brer Fox,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

" 'Is dey many un um down dar, Brer Rabbit?' sez Brer Fox, sezee.

" 'Lots un um, Brer Fox; scoze en scoze un um. De water is naturally live wid um. Come down en he'p me haul um in, Brer Fox,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

" 'How I gwineter git down, Brer Rabbit?'

" 'Jump inter de bucket, Brer Fox. Hit'll fetch you down all safe en soun'.

" Brer Rabbit talk so happy en talk so sweet dat Brer Fox he jump in de bucket, he did, en ez he went down co'se his weight pull Brer Rabbit up. W'en dey pass one nudder on de half-way groun', Brer Rabbit he sings out:

" ' Good-by, Brer Fox, take keer yo' cloze,
Fer dis is de way de worril goes;
Some goes up en some goes down,
You'll git ter de bottom all safe en soun,' "

" W'en Brer Rabbit got out, he gallop off en tole de fokes w'at de well b'long ter dat Brer Fox wuz down in dar muddyin' up de drinkin' water, en den he gallop back ter de well, en' holler down ter Brer Fox:

" ' Yer come a man wid a great big gun—
W'en he haul you up you jump en run.' "

" What then, Uncle Remus? " asked the little boy, as the old man paused.

" In des 'bout half n'our, honey, bofe un um wuz back in de new groun' wukkin des like dey never heer'd er no well, ceppin' dat eve'y now'n den Brer Rabbit'd bu'st out in er laff, en ole Brer Fox, he'd git a spell er de dry grins. "

* As a Northern friend suggests that this story may be somewhat obscure, it may be as well to state that the well is supposed to be supplied with a rope over a wheel, or pulley, with a bucket at each end.

A Man's Requirements

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Love me, sweet, with all thou art,
Feeling, thinking, seeing;
Love me in the lightest part,
Love me in full being.

Love me with thine open mouth
In its frank surrender;
With the vowing of thy mouth,
With its silence tender.

Love me with thine azure eyes,
Made for earnest granting;
Taking color from the skies—
Can Heaven's truth be wanting?

Love me with their lids, that fall
Snow-like at first meeting;
Love me with thine heart, that all
Neighbors then see beating.

Love me with thine hand, stretched out
Freely, open-minded;
Love me with thy loitering foot—
Hearing one behind it.

Love me with thy voice, that turns
Sudden faint above me;
Love me with thy blush, that burns
When I murmur, *Love me!*

Love me with thy thinking soul,
Break it to love-sighing;
Love me with thy thoughts, that roll
On through living, dying.

Love me in thy gorgeous airs,
 When the world has crown'd thee;
 Love me, kneeling at thy prayers,
 With the angels round thee.

Love me pure, as musers do,
 Up the woodlands shady;
 Love me gayly, fast and true,
 As a winsome lady.

Through all hopes that keep us brave,
 Further off or nigher,
 Love me for the house and grave,
 And for something higher.

Thus, if thou wilt prove me, dear,
 Woman's love no fable,
 I will love *thee*—half a year,
 As a man is able.



Cupid and Campaspe

Cupid and my Campaspe play'd
 At cards for kisses; Cupid paid:
 He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
 His mother's doves, and team of sparrows;
 Loses them too; then down he throws
 The coral of his lip, the rose
 Growing on's cheek (but none knows how);
 With these, the crystal of his brow,
 And then the dimple on his chin;
 All these did my Campaspe win:
 And last he set her both his eyes—
 She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
 O Love! has she done this to thee?
 What shall, alas! become of me?

—J. Lyly.

“Fuzzy-Wuzzy” *

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

We've fought with many men acrost the seas,
 An' some of 'em was brave an' some was not:
 The Paythan an' the Zulu an' the Burmese;
 But Fuzzy was the finest o' the lot.
 We never got a ha'porth's change of 'im;
 'E squatted in the scrub an' 'ocked our 'orses,
 'E cut our sentries up at *Suakim*,
 An' 'e played the cat an' banjo with our forces.

So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the
 Sowdan;
 You're a pore benighted 'eathen, but a first-class
 fightin' man;
 We gives you your certifikit, an' if you want it
 signed,
 We'll come an' 'ave a romp with you whenever you're
 inclined.

We took our chanst among the Kyber 'ills,
 The Boers knocked us silly at a mile,
 The Burman guv us Irriwaddy chills,
 An' a Zulu *impi* dishd us up in style:
 But all we ever got from such as they
 Was pop to what the Fuzzy made us swaller;
 We 'eid our bloomin' own, the papers say,
 But man for man the Fuzzy knocked us 'oller.

Then 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' the missis and
 the kid;
 Our orders was to break you, an' of course we went
 an' did.
 We sloshed you with Martinis, an' it wasn't hardly
 fair;
 But for all the odds agin you, Fuzzy-Wuz, you
 bruk the square.

* Song of the first Soudan expedition. Fuzzy—a Dervish, follower of El Mahdi. Impi—Zulu regiment in battle array.

'E 'asn't got no papers of 'is own,
'E 'asn't got no medals nor rewards,
So we must certify the skill 'e's shown
In usin' of 'is long two-'anded swords:
When 'e's 'oppin' in an' out among the bush
With 'is coffin-'eaded shield an' shovel-spear.
A 'appy day with Fuzzy on the rush
Will last a 'ealthy Tommy for a year.

So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' your friends
which is no more,
If we 'adn't lost some messmates we would 'elp you
to deplore;
But give an' take's the gospel, an' we'll call the bar-
gain fair,
For if you 'ave lost more than us, you crumpled
up the square!

'E rushes at the smoke when we let drive,
An' before we know, 'e's 'ackin' at our 'ead;
'E's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive,
An' 'e's generally shammin' when he's dead.
'E's a daisy, 'e's a ducky, 'e's a lamb!
'E's a injia-rubber idiot on a spree,
'E's the on'y thing that doesn't care a damn
For the Regiment o' British Infantry.

So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the
Sowdan;
You're a pore benighted 'eathen, but a first-class
fightin' man;
An' 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with your 'ayrick
'ead of 'air—
You big black boundin' beggar—for you bruk a
British square.

Lying

BY THOMAS MOORE.

I do confess, in many a sigh,
My lips have breath'd you many a lie,
And who, with such delights in view,
Would lose them for a lie or two?
Nay—look not thus, with brow reproving:
Lies are, my dear, the soul of loving!
If half we tell the girls were true,
If half we swear to think and do,
Were aught but lying's bright illusion,
The world would be in strange confusion!
If ladies' eyes were, every one,
As lovers swear, a radiant sun,
Astronomy should leave the skies,
To learn her lore in ladies' eyes!
Oh, no!—believe me, lovely girl,
When nature turns your teeth to pearl,
Your neck to snow, your eyes to fire,
Your yellow locks to golden wire,
Then, only then, can heaven decree
That you should live for only me,
Or I for you, as night and morn,
We've swearing kiss'd, and kissing sworn.

And now, my gentle hints to clear,
For once, I'll tell the truth, my dear!
Whenever you may chance to meet
A loving youth, whose love is sweet,
Long as you're false, and he believes you,
Long as you trust and he deceives you,
So long the blissful bond endures;
And while he lies, his heart is yours.
But, oh! you've wholly lost the youth
The instant that he tells you truth!

If

Oh, if the world were mine, Love,
I'd give the world for thee!
Alas! there is no sign, Love,
Of that contingency.

Were I a king—which isn't
To be considered now—
A diadem had glistened
Upon thy lovely brow.

Had fame with laurels crowned me—
She hasn't up to date—
Nor time nor change had found me
To love and thee ingrate.

If death threw down his gage, Love,
Though life is dear to me,
I'd die, e'en of old age, Love,
To win a smile from thee.

But being poor we part, Dear,
And love, sweet love, must die—
Thou wilt not break thy heart, Dear;
No more, I think, shall I.

—James Jeffries Roche.



Antony's Description of Brutus

Julius Caesar—Act V. Scene V.

This was the noblest Roman of them all;
All the conspirators save only he
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

Beware !

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

I know a maiden fair to see,
Take care!
She can both false and friendly be,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She has two eyes, so soft and brown,
Take care!
She gives a side-glance and looks down,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

And she has hair of a golden hue,
Take care!
And what she says it is not true,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She has a bosom as white as snow,
Take care!
She knows how much it is best to show,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She gives thee a garland woven fair,
Take care!
It's a fool's-cap for thee to wear,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

Elopement*

BY BEN KING.

I'm out at the home of my Mary—
Mary so young and so fair;
But her father and mother
And sister and brother
And all of the family are there.

I'm now on the sofa with Mary—
Mary with bright, golden hair;
But her father and mother
And sister and brother
And all of the family are there.

I'm away up the river with Mary,
Picnicking in the cool air;
But her father and mother
And sister and brother
And all of the family are there.

I'm in the surf bathing with Mary;
Her form is beyond compare;
But her father and mother
And sister and brother
And all of the family are there.

I'm down at the parson's with Mary;
It's rather a private affair;
But her father and mother
And sister and brother
Well—none of the family are there.

*From "Ben King's Verse," Forbes & Co., Chicago. Reprinted by special permission.

The Speaker

America*

We came to birth in battle; when we pass,
 It shall be to the thunder of the drums.
 We are not one that weeps and saith *Alas*,
 Nor one that dreams of dim millenniums.
 Our hand is set to this world's business,
 And it must be accomplished workmanly;
 Be we not stout enough to keep our place,
 What profits it the world that we be free?
 Not with despite for others, but to hold
 Our station in the world inviolate,
 We keep the stomach of the men of old
 Who built in blood the bastions of our fate.
 We know not to what goal God's purpose tends;
 We know He works through battle to His ends.

—Richard Hovey.



An Appeal

Oh, is there not one maiden breast
 Which does not feel the moral beauty
 Of making worldly interest
 Subordinate to sense of duty?
 Who would not give up willingly
 All matrimonial ambition
 To rescue such a one as I
 From his unfortunate position?

Oh, is there not one maiden here
 Whose homely face and bad complexion
 Have caused all hopes to disappear
 Of ever winning man's affection?
 To such a one, if such there be,
 I swear by Heaven's arch above you—
 If you will cast your eyes on me—
 However plain you be—I'll love you!

—W. S. Gilbert.

* From "Along the Trail." Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

The Blind Boy

BY C. CIBBER.

O say what is that thing call'd Light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy;
What are the blessings of the sight,
O tell your poor, blind boy!

You talk of wondrous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make
Whene'er I sleep or play;
And could I ever keep awake
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy;
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.



The Difficulty

(Translated by James Freeman Clarke.)

About my Darling's lovely eyes
I've made no end of verses;
About her precious little mouth,
Songs, which each verse rehearses;
About my Darling's little cheek,
I wrote a splendid sonnet;
And—if she only had a heart,
I'd write an ode upon it.

—*Heinrich Heine.*

Christmas at the Trimble*

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

Monologue, by Mrs. Trimble.

"Why, howdy, Mis' Blakes—howdy, Mis' Phemie—howdy, all. Good-mornin', Mr. Lawson. I see yo' sto'e is fillin' up early. Great minds run in the same channel, partic'larly on Christmas Eve.

"My old man started off this mornin' befo' day, an' soon ez he got out o' sight down the Simpkinsville road I struck out for Washin'ton, an' here I am. He thinks I'm home seedin' raisins. He's gone for my Christmus gif', an' I'm put to it to know what tremenjuss thing he's a-layin' out to fetch me—thet takes a cotton-wagon to haul it. I always did like to git things too big to go in my stockin'. What you say, Mis' Blakes? Do I hang up my stockin'? Well, I reckon. I hadn't quit when I got married, an' I think that's a poor time to stop, don't you? Partic'larly when you marry a man twice-t yo' age, an' can't convince him thet you're grown, noways. Yas, indeedy, that stockin' goes up to-night—not mine, neither, but one I borry from Aunt Jane Peters. I don't wonder y' all laugh. Aunt Jane's foot is a yard long ef it's a' inch, but I'll find it stuffed to-morrer mornin'. An' it'll take me a good hour to empty it, for he always puts a lot o' devilment in it. We have a heap o' fun over it, though.

"He don't seem to know I'm grown, an' I know I don't know he's old.

"Listen to me runnin' on, an' you all nearly done yo' shoppin'. Which do you think would be the nicest to give him, Mr. Lawson—this silver card-basket, or that Cupid vase, or——?

*Abridged from "Moriah's Mourning and other Half-Hour Sketches." Harper & Brothers, New York.

"Y'all needn't to wink. I seen you, Mis' Blakes. Ef I was to pick out a half dozen socks for him like them you're a-buyin' for Mr. Blakes, how much fun do you suppose we'd have out of it? Not much. I'd just as lief 'twasn't Christmus—an' so would he—though they do say his first wife give him a bolt o' domestic once-t for Christmus, an' made it up into night-shirts an' things for him du'in' the year. Think o' it. No, I'm a-goin' to git him somethin' thet's got some git-up to it, an'—an' it'll be either—that—Cupid vase—or, lordy, Mr. Lawson, don't fetch out thet swingin' ice-pitcher. I glimpsed it quick ez I come in the door, an', sez I, 'Get thee behind me, Satan,' an' turned my back on it immejiate. Ain't it a beauty? Seems to me they couldn't be a more suitable present for a man—only he don't never drink ice-water.

"How much are them willer rockers, Mr. Lawson? I declare that one favors my ol' man ez it sets there, even without him in it. Nine dollars? That's a good deal for a pants-tearin' chair, seems to me, which them willers are, the last one of 'em, an' I'm a mighty poor hand to darn. Jest let me lay my stitches in colors, in the shape of a flower, an' I can darn as well as the next one, but I do despise to fill up holes jest to be a-fillin'. Yes, ez you say, them silver-mounted brier-wood pipes is mighty purty, but he smokes so much ez it is, I don't know ez I want to encourage him. Besides, it seems a waste o' money to buy a Christmus gif' thet a person has to lay aside when company comes in, an' a silver-mounted pipe ain't no politer to smoke in the presence o' ladies than a corncob is. An' as for w'en we're by ourselves—shucks.

"Ef you don't mind, Mr. Lawson, I'll stroll around through the sto'e an' 'see what you've got while you wait on some o' them thet know their own minds. I know mine well enough. *What I want is that swingin' ice-pitcher*, an' my judgment tells me thet they ain't a more suitable present in yo' sto'e for a settled man thet has built hisself a residence an' furnished it complete the way *he* has; but of co'se 'twouldn't never do. I always think how I'd enjoy it when the minister called. I wonder what Mr. Lawson thinks o' me back here a-talkin'

to myself. I always like to talk about the things I'm buyin'. That's a mighty fine saddle-blanket, indeed it is. He was talkin' about a new saddle-blanket the other day. But that's a thing a person could pick up almost any day, a saddle-blanket is. A' ice-pitcher now—

"Say, Mr. Lawson, lemme look at that tiltin'-pitcher again, please, sir. I jest want to see ef the spout is gold-lined. Yes, so it is—an' little holes down in the throat of it, too. It cert'nly is well made; it cert'nly is. I s'pose them holes is to strain out grasshoppers or anything thet might fall into it. That musician thet choked to death at the barbecue down at Pump Springs last summer might 'a' been livin' yet ef they'd had sech ez this to pass water in, instid o' that open pail. *He's* got a mighty keerless way o' drinkin, out o' open dip-pers, too. No tellin' what he'll scoop up some day. They'd be great safety for him in a pitcher like this—ef I could only make him see it.

"Sir? Oh, yes, I saw them saddle-bags hangin' up back there, an' they are fine, mighty fine, ez you say, an' his are purty near wo'e out; but, Lordy, I don't want to buy a Christmus gif' thet's hung up in the harness-room half the time. What's that you say? Won't you all never git done a-runnin' me about that side-saddle? You can't pleg me about that. I got it for his pleasure, ef it was for my own use, an', come to think about it, I'd be jest reversin' the thing on the pitcher. It would be for his use an' my pleasure. I wish I could see my way to buy it for him. Both goblets go with it, you say—an' the slop bowl? It cert'n'y is handsome—it cert'n'y is. An' it's expensive: nobody could accuse me o' stintin' 'im. Wonder why they didn't put some polar bears on the goblets, too. They'd 'a' had to be purty small bears, but they could 'a' been cubs, easy.

"I don't reely believe, Mr. Lawson, indeed I don't, thet I could find a mo' suitable present for him ef I took a month, an' I don't keer what he's a-pickin' out for me this minute, it can't be no handsomer'n this. Th' ain't no use—I'll haf to have it—for 'im. Jest

charge it to him, please, an' now I want it marked. I'll pay cash for the markin'. An' I want his full name. Have it stamped on the iceberg right beside the bear—'Ephraim N. Trimble.' No, you needn't spell out the middle name. I should say not. Ef you knew what it was you wouldn't ask me. Why, it's Nebuchadnezzar. It'd use up the whole iceberg. Besides, I couldn't never think o' Nebuchadnezzar there an' not a spear o' grass on the whole lan'scape. You needn't to laugh. I know it's silly, but I always think o' sech ez that. No, jest write it—'Ephraim N. Trimble, from his wife, Kitty.' Be sure to put in the Kitty, so in after years it'll show which wife give it to him. Of co'se, them thet knew us both would know which one. Mis' Mary Jane wouldn't never have approved of it in the world. Why, she used to rip up her old crocheted tidies an' things an' use 'em over in bastin' thread, so they tell me. She little drempt' who she was a-savin' for, poor thing. She was buyin' this pitcher then, but she didn't know it. But I keep a-runnin' on. Go on with the inscription, Mr. Lawson. What have you got? 'From his wife, Kitty'—what's the matter with 'affectionate wife'? You say 'affectionate' is a purty expensive word? But 'lovin'' 'll do jes' ez well, an' it comes cheaper, you say? An' plain 'wife' comes cheapest of all? An' I don't know but what it's no' suitable, anyhow—at his age. Of co'se, you must put in the date, an' make the 'Kitty' nice an' fancy, please. Better put in the 'lovin'', I reckon, an' put it in capitals—they don't cost no more, do they? Well, good-bye, Mr. Lawson. I reckon you'll be glad to see me go. I've outstayed every last one thet was here when I come. Well, good-bye! Have it marked immejiate, please, an' I'll call back in an hour. Good-bye again!"

At the Hairdresser's*

BY MAY ISABEL FISK

(She enters, hurriedly, one of the small curtained apartments. She is breathing hard, and her countenance betrays her agitation.)

Good gracious!—I'm so out of breath, I was afraid I would be late for my appointment. And you are the only one in this whole establishment who can marcel properly. And I do hope that uppish young person at the desk hears me, and takes it to herself, too! The last time I was here a friend called me up on the 'phone, and she never let me know till it was too late to have tea, and so it was very important. She gave as an excuse that I was in the middle of a shampoo, and couldn't talk in the 'phone. It wouldn't have mattered at all—it doesn't run in—I've often done it before. I *had* intended to give her that back comb you said had gone out of style, and that hurts my head so I can't wear it, anyway. I won't, now; I'll give it to my sister. I wanted to make her a little present; nothing that she would hesitate to accept. That's a good idea.

Just pull the curtains a little closer—that woman in the next place is staring in at me. At least I can't see her, but I know she is—they all do. Wait a moment. Let me see who it is.

Why, it's Minnie Rogers! How do you do? You're the last person I expected to see here. I never knew you, you had your hair done. . . . Oh, I didn't mean that—I meant it never looks—looks—as though it had been! . . . No, no—I didn't mean that, either. What I was trying to say is—*was*—it never looks as though it had been touched—artificial, you know. . . . Mine? Why, my dear, it must be this strong light—you can't see anything clearly, it's so bright. I never, *never* put a thing

*Abridged from "Harper's Magazine."

on it. The last place I had it shampooed the girl let something fall in the water that made it look queer; but it wasn't anything—nothing that changed it at all. I was awfully angry about it at the time, but it's worn off since.

Where do you think I just came from? . . . The lunatic asylum? Now, if I thought you really— Of course, I know you didn't. Still, it was a pretty good guess, even if you didn't mean it. The hospital. . . . No, no—there's nothing the matter with me. It's Carrie Douglas—she's been for five weeks without moving on her back! And all on account of charity! . . . Well, if you will just let me get in a word edgewise I'll tell you all about it.

I had to walk through the most terrible streets, and those dirty little urchins made faces with their mouths at me! Excuse me from any more sick friends. Naturally I only went for a very good reason—I wanted to get her dressmaker's address—you know, she's never in, whether she's out or not. I knew I'd find her this way. I really don't like her at all. She's the kind of a woman who never looks you straight in the eye unless your back is turned. And even then you can't be too sure. Not that I care at all. . . . You know, she just got crazy over charity. I never did believe in it myself. She had a lot of time she didn't know what to do with—I mean, between luncheons and calls and things that really matter—so she thought she would take up charity to amuse herself with. And that's always the way I find it, too—just when you think you're going to have the most fun it never turns out right. . . .

Where did I leave off?—Oh, yes—well, the family she picked out to be charitable with weren't the right ones at all. They were so ungrateful and so dirty, and didn't thank her one bit, and there were so many sets of twins all about the same age, she said, and they would put their sticky fingers right on her best clothes, and when she spoke about baths, they insulted her horribly—I couldn't begin to repeat it! And when she told them how uplifting it would be to have a few beautiful things about, if only a cluster of flowers in a graceful vase—it would have such an effect in moulding the children's

characters—why, they almost threw her downstairs. In fact, that was the way she was hurt. Coming out of the hallway she caught her heel in the ruffle on her underskirt—her husband always fought against her high heels—and she fell. The doctor said if she had been a bit more fatally hurt she wouldn't have lived. Or something like that. She's through with charity forever! She said when they picked her up she was absolutely speechless with fright, and only had strength enough to whisper, "Take me home." People with accidents always say that, don't they?

. . . Margaret? Oh, yes, she's gone to Havana, I believe—I never can remember whether it's an island or a State—anyway, she's gone to one of them. She's gone for a rest. I saw Dick the other day, and he looks as though he was enjoying her rest more than she is! . . . Oh, I suppose so—men are all alike, only he's more so than most. Really, though, she has the strangest kind of insomnia—every time she falls asleep it wakes her up! She says it's very dangerous and perfectly new. Her doctor hasn't named it yet—she's the first one to have it. You know, she always would get ahead of anyone else. Some people call her clever, but I say it's just spiteful! You see, my Katie is third cousin to her sister's cook, and they are very friendly; so there is really nothing that goes on in her house I don't know about, though, of course, I never encourage listening to servants' gossip. But, my dear, you may believe me or not, but some of the tales I've heard fairly made my blood stand on end!

Oh, my dear, another most awful piece of news I've just heard and was able to tell poor Carrie at the hospital—Mrs. Darrell's little boy was bitten by a dog, and they think he was mad. . . . No, I don't mean annoyed—the dog—hydrophobia—. . . No, it hasn't taken yet, but think it may any moment. It will be so much harder on Ethel than anything quiet—they say it's noisy—and she is so calm and hates any kind of disturbance. He's such a badly behaved child, too. Every time she tells him to "don't" he goes right off and does it! . . . Yes, it's awfully sad. . . . Now, do go over and see poor Carrie, and try to cheer her up. I won't say she

isn't trying her best to get well as fast as she can, but that young doctor I saw over there certainly is *fascinating*. I think I'll go over and see her again to-morrow. We ought to do all we can to make the time pass pleasantly for her. . . . All right. Good-bye.

Didn't know I knew her? Yes, indeed, we've been friends for years, though I'm not very fond of her. Oh, no, I simply wouldn't—I wouldn't think of such— . . . It's not really a dye—But I don't see— . . . Tell me about it. . . . Oh-h-h—simply restores it to its natural color? But my hair is—was—dark brown. To make it red wouldn't restore it—that would be dy— . . . Oh-h-h, you can restore it to any color you like. Oh, I see. Well, suppose I—I mean, I have a friend, her hair is dark brown, like my hair was—is—and she had it bleached, and now it's almost back to its first color. Let me think—yes, that was the first color. Well, suppose she wanted to have it—er—restored red, would it hurt her hair any? . . . Make it grow all the better? Oh, dear, I would like it; but my husband—he's so suspicious. He can't help it—it's his business—he's a lawyer. You couldn't fool him.

I don't mean one of those terrible dishonest lawyers. He doesn't do divorces or any kind of criminals like that—no kind of law that isn't nice. He promised me he wouldn't before we were married. Of course, he wouldn't even if he hadn't—hadn't promised, I mean. If he didn't think one of his patients—whatever you call them—was in the right, he wouldn't think of taking the case. I suppose you must have heard of him—he has a big black and gold sign on Broadway. . . . Haven't you, really?

. . . No, I don't like the way you have done my hair at all—I knew the moment you started you were getting it all wrong, but I thought I wouldn't say anything till you had finished it. You'll have to take it all down and put it up again!

Mother's Nap*

A MONOLOGUE BY THE MAIDEN AUNT

BY FRANCES BENT DILLINGHAM

"Elizabeth, listen to this: "A woman should take at least one hour a day and shut herself away from her family in order to rest and refresh herself. In so doing, she will add not only to her health and youth, but to her husband's and children's happiness.' You look ten years older than you are, Elizabeth, and Tom and the children don't think any more of you because you sacrifice yourself so. I don't believe you ever take a nap, and that baby wakes you up at five o'clock in the morning; you said so yourself.

"Yes, I know you haven't had anybody you could trust the children with, but now I've come you can leave them with me. Why, of course, I can manage them! No, it wouldn't tire me a bit; you know I take things easy. Go right up to your room now. Yes, now! The baby's playing with his blocks; he won't notice. Nothing will happen. Yes, I know Mary's busy; I shan't need her. Don't stop to look after things. It says here, 'Seize the moments!' Now seize them and go. That's a good girl; you look rested already, thinking of it.

"I'm so glad she's going to have a rest. Perhaps I shouldn't have said that about ten years—Goodness! I thought you were lying down! Not let him put anything in his mouth? Why, of course not. Do go, and don't look in at this door for one good hour.

"It's funny how she thinks nobody can— If she isn't calling! What is it? You'll never get laid down. Yes, I hear. No, I won't let it blow on his head. I never saw such a woman!

"Yes, Bobby, come right in. Here's aunty. No, your mamma is away; tell aunty what you want. Your fish-line? Ask Mary. What if she is ironing? The idea of having a nurse-maid that irons the whole week! Bobby, Bobby, see here! It must be in the hall closet. Well,

*Abridged from "The Century Magazine."

then it's in the kitchen—or down cellar—or out in the shed—or on the piazza. Are you sure you didn't leave it in the yard? Bobby, Bobby, don't go upstairs; it isn't in your mother's room. Because I know it isn't. If you'll let that fish-line go now, I'll give you five cents to buy some candy. That's a good boy; aunty and you—Bobby, Bobby, don't go upstairs!

"I ought to have locked the door on him. What a noise! It's those twins. Come in here, children, quietly, and let aunty see. No, your mamma isn't here. Don't stand in the doorway and scream so loud. I can hear if you talk lower. Oh, you don't both of you want the green mallet. Give it to aunty, and Jack can take the pink one and Jessie the blue one. Well, if there isn't a pink one, take the red one. How silly of you to want the same one, if you are twins! Your mamma wouldn't like to have you make such a noise. Look out, don't be rude. Give it to me at once. No, mamma can't come.

"That's Bobby coming downstairs. Come in and shut the door! Never mind where you got the fish-line, Bobby. I don't care if your mother did know. There they go. I couldn't hold both of them, and they'd have started the baby to crying if I had locked them in. How good the baby is! Little sweetness! Is he having a happy time on the floor? How they do bump that mallet downstairs; but they're laughing. I suppose they woke up their mother—if she was asleep. Does baby want aunty to play with him? So she will.

"Oh, what is the matter now? Just a minute, baby. Why, Janet, how your finger bleeds! Blood always makes me faint. Did you cut it? No, I can fix it nicely, dear; your mamma is resting. You don't want her. Aunty's got a nice, clean rag. Yes, it is soft. Don't cry so, or you'll make the baby cry. Aunty'll kiss it. Keep still! My kisses are just as good as your mother's. No, it isn't deep. Hold still, so I can see. No, you can't go to mamma. The string isn't too tight. There's no need of dancing about so, Janet. There, you've knocked over the baby's blocks and stepped on his hand!

"There, baby, come to aunty. Did Janet hurt him?

Aunty'll kiss him and rock him. He knows I won't walk with him; of course he expects that with his mother. There, it feels better, doesn't it? Aunty'll kiss it again. Oh, Janet's gone upstairs. Do stop, baby! 'Sh! 'Sh! Does he want aunty to walk with him? So she will. Why don't you stop crying? You're not hurt all that. I wonder if he's swallowing anything—a pin, perhaps. How he screams!

"Goodness, Tom! Why, what made you come so early? It's nothing; he's only crying. Oh, Elizabeth's lying down. No, it isn't a headache. No, she isn't sick. Just resting—resting; trying to get a little nap—if he hasn't gone straight upstairs looking worried! It's no use to call Mary; she's ironing. Oh, but he's heavy! 'Sh! 'Sh! I wish his mother—

"Why, Elizabeth, are you awake? Yes, you can take him if you want to. Have you been gone an hour? Only thirty minutes! Who would believe it! I'm afraid you didn't get much sleep."



Prayer Before Agincourt

O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts;
 Possess them not with fear; take from them now
 The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
 Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O Lord!
 O! not to-day, think not upon the fault
 My father made in compassing the crown.
 I Richard's body have interred anew,
 And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
 Than from it issu'd forced drops of blood.
 Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
 Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
 Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
 Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
 Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do:
 Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
 Since that my penitence comes after all,
 Imploring pardon.

—*King Henry Fifth.*

Additional Monologues

The following monologues will be found in the numbers of "The Speaker" given after the title:

	No.	Page
BILL, THE LOKIL EDITOR, Field.....	1	12
THE CUSHVILLE HOP, King.....	1	21
SONNY'S CHRISTENIN', Stuart.....	1	22
HOW SHE WENT INTO BUSINESS, Harris..	1	28
COOM, LASSIE, McIlvane.....	1	43
THE PHOTOGRAPH, Dunbar.....	1	67
THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER, Poe	1	70
NINE, NINETTE, NINON, Weatherby.....	1	77
MR. DOOLEY ON THE GRIP.....	1	85
IN THE TOILS OF THE ENEMY, Wood.....	2	139
THE TELLTALE HEART, Poe.....	2	148
THE BURGOMASTER'S DEATH.....	2	163
THE SHAVE-STORY, Cooke.....	3	169
THE MOO-COW-MOO, Cooke.....	3	200
BROTHER WOLF AND THE HORNED CAT- TLE, Harris	3	201
AN INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP, Browning	3	251
MY COLLEGE EXAMINATION, B. Washington	3	255
BUD'S FAIRY TALE, Riley.....	3	262
FRANCAIS VILLON ABOUT TO DIE, Swain.	4	323
MY RIVAL, Kipling.....	4	327
IMPH-ON, Nicholson	4	328
DAS KRIST KINDEL, Riley.....	5	75
HIRAM FOSTER'S TURKEY, Kiser.....	5	77
I WANT TO GO TO MORROW.....	7	207
MY STAR, Browning.....	7	251
DON'T YOU? Cooke.....	7	252
JOHN GRAHAM, Lorimer.....	7	256
DA 'MERICANA GIRL, Daly.....	8	295
AT DANCING SCHOOL.....	8	299
THE OLD BOYS IN THE DANCE.....	8	358
SALLY ANN'S EXPERIENCE.....	8	369
WHISPERIN' BILL, Bacheller	8	376
BEDOUIN LOVE SONG, Taylor.....	8	380
A NAUTICAL EXTRAVAGANZA, Irwin.....	9	7
THE WEE TAY-TABLE, Bullock.....	9	87
TWIGGS AND TUDENS, Riley.....	11	200
DA SWEETA SOIL, Daly.....	11	217
WHEN PAW WAS A BOY, Kiser.....	11	258
THE SEPTEMBER GALE, Holmes.....	12	310
COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD, Tennyson	12	330

	No.	Page
IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL, Tennyson	12	334
THE RAVEN, Poe.....	12	340
EVOLUTION, Smith	12	394
MR. DOOLEY ON LAWYERS, Dunne.....	13	5
CHEER UP, HONEY, Dowd.....	13	33
THE MARTYR, Oliver.....	13	36
WHEN PAPA HOLDS MY HAND, Gillilan....	13	52
BASEBALL, Irwin	13	92
THE HON. GASOLENE, Irwin.....	13	95
ALLA FOR ROSA, Daly.....	13	107
A SIMILAR CASE.....	15	270
ALONE, Burdette	15	277
THE BAFFLED CHAMPION, Nesbit.....	15	283
A FO'CAS'LE BALLAD, Waterman.....	15	285
DON'T, Waterman	15	291
DA COMICA MAN, Daly.....	15	301
THE BOAST OF A VIRTUOUS MAN, Kiser..	15	315
BOBBIE'S EXCHANGE, Bangs.....	15	324
A LULLABY, McClusky.....	15	326
WATCHIN' THE SPARKIN', Brooks.....	15	337
IF I CAN BE BY HER, King.....	15	339
THE TRAIN MISSER, Riley.....	15	344
WHEN DE OLD FOLKS IS GONE, Riley.....	15	345
MOTHER'S ALMANAC	15	375
PRAYIN' FOR RAIN, Stanton.....	16	387
HOW I SPOKE THE WORD, Stanton.....	16	391
CHICKEN, Grilley	16	393
JOHNNY'S HIST'RY LESSON, Waterman....	16	395
HEAR THE DRUMS MARCH BY, Carleton....	16	421
A PAIR OF PLATONICS, Ferrett.....	16	454
THE SOLID LADY VOTE, Irwin.....	17	9
MR. DOOLEY ON CHRISTMAS GIFTS, Dunne	17	25
TO THE UNKNOWN GODDESS, Kipling.....	17	110
SHOEING A BRONCO, Nye.....	17	115

The Speaker

Volume V, No. 3.

Whole No. 19

Personal Liberty

BY WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.



THE liquor dealers, recognizing that their very obvious pecuniary interest would lessen the weight of any argument which they might publicly advance, are making their fight under cover of organizations purporting to represent those who use liquor. Many well-meaning men have been misled into believing that every attempt to lessen the evils of intemperance is a "fanatical attack" on "personal liberty."

It is time the phrase "personal liberty" were defined.

What is meant by "personal liberty?"

Does it mean that a person has a right to drink in any quantity, at any time, and in any place, no matter what injury he may inflict upon others? If not, with whom rests the right to fix limitations?

A drunken man is a menace to the lives and property of those about him; have his neighbors no right to protect themselves?

A drunkard robs his wife and children, and he may finally make his family and himself a charge upon society; has society no right to protect itself?

The saloon is next-of-kin to the brothel and the gambling hall; it is a rendezvous for the criminal element and the willing tool of the corrupt politician; has not the body politic a right to protect itself from the demoralization which the saloon works?

The right to drink does not necessarily include the right to demand the establishment of a saloon. The right to drink is sufficiently protected by any arrangement that permits the reasonable use of liquor under rea-

sonable conditions; and it must be remembered that the right to drink, like any other right, can be forfeited. Nothing is more sacred than the right to life, and yet one may forfeit his right to life if he uses it in such a way as to threaten the life of another. So, the man who drinks to excess may forfeit the right to drink; even the moderate drinker may forfeit the right to drink in moderation if, not content with reasonable regulation, he insists that liquor shall be sold under conditions that constitute a menace to the home and the State.

The man who desires to drink moderately ought to join with those who seek to reduce the evils of drink to the lowest possible point, instead of allying himself with those who ignore the evils of intemperance and resist every effort put forth for the protection of society.



A Wasted Life

BY WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.



WOULD not say that the taking of a glass of liquor as a beverage is necessarily a sin, but that it is unwise. An international congress held at London last July, in which twenty-five nations participated, declared the use of alcohol injurious to the race; and this conclusion will hardly be disputed except by those who find a pecuniary profit in cultivating an appetite for strong drink.

Drinking is an expensive habit, and the money expended on liquor could be expended more profitably on other things. One is appalled at the nation's bill for whiskey, beer and wine. Money is not only expended for that which satisfieth not, but for that which is likely to leave the person the worse for the drinking. Even moderate drinking brings no real benefit to the drinker to compare in value with the money expended.

But even if one could afford to spend money on liquor—if any one can under any circumstances afford to use money in such a way—there is a danger that ought to restrain a cautious and prudent person; namely, that the habit grows, imperceptibly it is true, but surely. The ranks of the drunkards are replenished from the ranks of the moderate drinkers, and all of those who at last reached the point where they were unable to withstand the temptation began drinking with entire confidence in their ability to control their appetite. No one who has ever watched a young man go down the time-worn path from tipping to the gutter can fail to understand the great risk that one takes when he begins to use liquor at all.

Why take the risk? What advantage is to be gained? When a fireman loses his life in an attempt to save the inmates of a building, we call him a hero. We recognize his business as hazardous, but it is a hazard that he takes for the benefit of others. The man who risks being consumed by a burning appetite takes the risk unnecessarily and without recompense. No hero's crown rewards his life; there are no rescued ones to sing his praises. If we only recognized that the tragedy of a wasted life is even more pathetic than death in a conflagration, a more earnest appeal would be made to the young to beware of the cup.



After Midnight*

BY REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

How many acts are there in a tragedy? Five, I believe. Then look upon the Tragedy of Drink.

ACT I.—Young man starting from home. Parents and sisters weeping to have him go. Wagon passing

* From "The Abominations of Modern Society," published by Adams, Victor & Co., New York.

over the hills. Farewell kiss thrown back. Ring the bell, and let the curtain drop.

ACT II.—Marriage altar. Bright lights. Full organ. White veil trailing through the aisle. Prayer and congratulations, and exclamations of, "How well she looks!" Ring the bell, and let the curtain drop.

ACT III.—Midnight. Woman waiting for staggering steps. Old garments stuck into the broken window-pane. Many marks of hardship on the face. Biting of the nails of bloodless fingers. Neglect, cruelty, disgrace. Ring the bell, and let the curtain drop.

ACT IV.—Three graves in a very dark place. Grave of a child who died from lack of medicine. Grave of wife who died of a broken heart. Grave of husband and father who died of dissipation. Plenty of weeds, but no flowers. O, what a blasted heath with three graves! Ring the bell, and let the curtain drop.

ACT V.—A destroyed soul's eternity. No lights; no music; no hope! Despair coiling around the heart with unutterable anguish. Blackness of darkness forever.

Woe! Woe! Woe! I cannot bear longer to look. I close my eyes at this last act of the tragedy. Quick! Quick! Ring the bell, and let the curtain drop.



God alone knows how much heaven loses when a young man takes his first drink.

If one wants to get in a crooked path just follow the direction of a corkscrew.

Putting screens in the saloon doors is one of the devil's ways of trying to hide his face.

The devil is never far away when preachers quarrel about water and keep still about whiskey.

If there is any of his work that the devil is well satisfied with, it must be the drunkard's home.

—*The Ram's Horn.*

What Men Fight For



Y dear friends, men have fought, bled and died, but not for beer. Arnold Winkelried did not throw himself upon the Austrian spears because he was ordered to close his saloon at nine o'clock. William Tell did not hide his arrow under his vest to kill the tyrant because the edict had gone forth that the free-born Switzer should not drink a keg of beer every Sunday. Freedom did not shriek as Kosciusko fell over a whiskey barrel. Warren did not die that beer might flow as the brooks murmur, seven days a week. Even the battle of Brandywine was not fought that whiskey might be free. No clause in the Declaration of Independence declares that a Sunday concert garden, with five brass horns and one hundred kegs of beer, is the inalienable right of a free people and the corner-stone of good government.

Tea—mild, harmless, innocent tea; the much-sneered-at temperance beverage, the feeble drink of effeminate men and good old women—tea holds a higher place, it fills a brighter, more glorious page, and is a grander figure in the history of the United States, than beer. Men like tea, my friends, but they hurled it into the sea¹ in the name of liberty, and they died rather than drink it until they made it free. It seems to be worth fighting for, and the best men in the world fought for it. The history of the United States is incomplete with tea left out. As well might the historian omit Faneuil Hall and Bunker Hill as tea. But there is no story of heroism or patriotism with rum for its hero.

The battles of the world, friends, have been fought for grander things than free whiskey. The heroes who fall in the struggles for rum fall shot in the neck, and their martyrdom is clouded by the haunting phantoms of the jim-jams. Whiskey makes men fight, it is true, but they usually fight other drunken men. The champion of beer does not stand in the temple of fame; he stands in the police court. Honor never has the delirium tremens, glory does not wear a red nose, and fame blows a horn, but never takes one.

—Robert J. Burdette.

Control of Liquor Traffic

BY FRANK J. HANLY.



PERSONALLY, I have seen so much of the evils of the traffic in the last four years—so much of its economic waste, so much of its physical ruin, so much of its mental blight, so much of its tears and heartache, that I have come to regard the business as one that must be held and controlled by strong and effective laws. I bear no malice toward those engaged in the business, but I hate the traffic. I hate its every phase. I hate it for its intolerance. I hate it for its arrogance. I hate it for its hypocrisy. I hate it for its cant and craft and false pretences. I hate it for its commercialism. I hate it for its greed and avarice. I hate it for its sordid love of gain at any price. I hate it for its domination in politics. I hate it for its corrupting influence in civic affairs. I hate it for its incessant effort to debauch the suffrage of the country; for the cowards it makes of public men. I hate it for its utter disregard for law. I hate it for its ruthless trampling of the solemn compacts of State constitutions. I hate it for the load it straps to labor's back; for the palsied hands it gives to toil; for its wounds to genius; for the tragedies of its might-have-beens. I hate it for the human wrecks it has caused. I hate it for the almshouses it peoples; for the prisons it fills; for the insanity it begets; for its countless graves in Potter's fields. I hate it for the mental ruin it imposes upon its victims; for its spiritual blight; for its moral degradation. I hate it for the crimes it has committed. I hate it for the homes it has destroyed. I hate it for the hearts it has broken. I hate it for the malice it has planted in the hearts of men; for its poison, for its bitterness, for the dead sea fruit with which it starves their souls.

I hate it for the grief it causes womanhood—the scald-

* Peroration of speech of Gov. Hanly, of Indiana at the State Republican Convention, April 1, 1908.

ing tears, the hopes deferred, the strangled aspirations, its burden of want and care.

I hate it for its heartless cruelty to the aged, the infirm and the helpless, for the shadow it throws upon the lives of children, for its monstrous injustice to blameless little ones.

I hate it as virtue hates vice, as truth hates error, as righteousness hates sin, as justice hates wrong, as liberty hates tyranny, as freedom hates oppression.

I hate it as Abraham Lincoln hated slavery. And as he sometimes saw in prophetic vision the end of slavery and the coming of the time when the sun should shine and the rain should fall upon no slave in all the republic, so I sometimes seem to see the end of this unholy traffic, the coming of the time when, if it does not wholly cease to be, it shall find no safe habitation anywhere beneath "Old Glory's" stainless stars.



Truth About the Liquor Curse*

BY FRANK J. HANLY.



FROM these walls the truth concerning this mighty conflict against intoxicants shall be sent forth to make men free. These giant presses, many-tongued and vibrant, shall declare it. The wickedness of the traffic shall be laid bare. Its economic waste shall be made clear. Its wrongs to womanhood and its injustice to childhood shall be exposed—exposed until the people shall see it with the blood upon its knotted hands.

Let them speak the truth, aye, let them speak it—speak it—

* At the Dedication of the Printing Plant of the Anti-Saloon League of America.

The Speaker

Until the poverty the traffic creates shall cease to be;
Until the pauperism it produces shall disappear;
Until the crime it impels shall be no longer laid upon
the souls of men;

Until the insanity it begets shall cloud their intellects
no more.

Let them speak it—

Until murder shall stop its riot and arson its carnival;
Until jails and prisons shall be emptied of their vic-
tims;

Until almshouses and hospitals shall be no longer
needed to house the defectives it creates.

Let them speak it—

Until the race shall stand freed of its curse;
Until fathers shall cease to neglect their offspring;
Until mothers need fear no more for the children they
bear;

Until childhood shall be robbed no longer of its birth-
right—the right to a few happy, cloudless years, to a
well-regulated home, to wholesome food, to a moral en-
vironment, to educational advantages, to parental care,
affection and direction, to a fair chance to develop phys-
ical strength, mental power and moral stamina, to a
square deal from every man and woman beneath the flag.

Let them speak it—

Until a venal press shall be shamed into speech;
Until the public conscience shall cry out;
Until the Nation shall hear, and hearing be convinced;
Until politicians of every party shall hear and fear;
Until halting statesmen shall be stirred into action.

Let them speak it—

Until this corrupter of boys, this ravisher of girls, this
despoiler of homes shall stand condemned, with sentence
of death pronounced upon it.

Aye, let them speak it—speak it—

Until this Republic shall become a saloonless land,
this flag a stainless flag!

Confessions of a Moderate Drinker*

ANONYMOUS.



CANNOT say that I drifted into drinking habits, for there was no habit about it. Like many men who drink, sometimes I took a good deal—though I did not get drunk—and sometimes I got out of the way of taking anything at all. But drinking with a crowd was one of my diversions. I soon got over my prejudice against “gilded gin palaces,” and learned to like cocktails and nearly every other form of alcohol. But the use of such beverages had not become habitual with me. It was not a necessity, merely a luxury, which I enjoyed keenly—for its association more than for itself—and which I did not abuse. “It is not the use but the abuse that is evil,” I used to tell myself, quoting a character in one of Dr. Weir Mitchell’s books.

Later, however, while living at clubs and dining out frequently, I got into the way of consuming more or less alcohol every day. I took it as a matter of course. I remained a moderate drinker, a somewhat more moderate one, in fact, as I grew older, and certainly a much wiser one as to indigestible mixtures. No cause is helped by lying about it. Nine out of ten moderate drinkers do not fill drunkards’ graves. They remain moderate drinkers, or stop entirely. I may as well say, once for all, that I have never been completely under the influence of alcohol in my life. Such is not the moral of these confessions.

But I have a moral, or else I would not make them, which may also be valuable. At any rate, it is more applicable to the vast majority who, like me, have been daily moderate drinkers for years, and complacently consider themselves sensible in this matter.

* Abridged from *McClure's Magazine*.

I do not hesitate to affirm that what I had been doing all these years was (*physically speaking only*) worse than if I had got thoroughly drunk once in a while, like some of my friends, and the rest of the time remained, like them, "on the water-wagon." Daily drinking is almost invariably harmful. The average liver and nervous system can assimilate only a certain rather small amount of alcohol each twenty-four hours. For some years I had been giving mine just a little more than was good for them, practically every day. As a matter of fact, in the majority of cases the great evil of moderate drinking is moderate drinking.

I was not permanently injured, for I woke up, in time, as to what was the matter with me. Of course, I was loath to admit it. I persisted in calling my gout rheumatism, and, even when obliged to call it gout, I accused certain ancestors. My nervousness I attributed to overwork—which to some extent was also just. But when a famous physician, a good friend and club-mate of mine, said with calm authority, "The trouble with you is that you drink too much," then I saw at last that I should have to call a halt. He knew more about alcohol—and about me, too—than I did.

I was amused, and I was angry also. A sensible man of my sort a victim of drink, after all! It was absurd. But it seemed to be true.

Well, I might now boast a bit of how severe the struggle was, how bravely I fought, and how I triumphantly conquered, showing what a strong will I have. But, as a matter of fact and personal history, that was not the way of it at all. I stopped drinking. I did not enjoy the process, but it was *not* hard. The "terrible craving" one always hears of was conspicuous for its absence. The deprivation was inconvenient, unpleasant, a great nuisance. I caught my subconscious self looking forward to a drink at the end of a hard day just as a woman looks forward to her cup of afternoon tea. But I doubt if it were any harder for me to leave off my form of stimulation than for the average tea-drinker to leave off his or hers.

Nor should it be supposed that I am an exception. So many men are waking up to the folly of alcohol as a

daily beverage that every third or fourth friend I run across nowadays, in the half dozen clubs I frequent in town and in the country, is "on the water-wagon." In more than one of these clubs the falling off in the bar receipts is becoming a serious financial consideration. I take pains to question these friends about it, and almost without exception the answer is the same: "No, it wasn't hard at all after I made up my mind to it."

It should be borne in mind that I am not dealing with confirmed drunkenness, drinking that has become an organic necessity. Inebriety is a disease, as much so as tuberculosis, and must be so considered and treated. I am dealing with the custom of drinking as it is practiced by the great majority of men who drink at all. And, for that very reason, I think that testimony like mine should be suggestive and valuable. I have absolutely no prejudice against the custom; and yet, though I never abused it, socially speaking, I do not hesitate to declare that moderate drinking does not pay.

I have tried it. I know. No one can tell me anything about its joys and satisfactions. I have also tried total abstinence. As a consequence, I feel better, sleep better, work better, enjoy life more, and have increased my usefulness as a citizen.

Drinking is a pleasure that may be innocent, but must be paid for, like sitting up late to play bridge or to finish a novel; a recreation with something to be said for it, like speeding an automobile, exciting, but dangerous; an indulgence, like overwork, which sometimes seems necessary, but is seldom worth the price. Drinking does not pay.



The question of providing counter attraction of the saloon rightly belongs to the school, the church, the popular lecture, the night and trade schools, the trade unions, the private clubs and organizations, and the thousand and one forms of social enjoyment open to healthful society. It is the saloon that, for economic ends, has usurped this ground and that tends to run sociability into vice.—*Harry S. Warren.*

"Shang"*

BY RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD.

This article of Mr. Child's is not fiction, but a faithful history of an ex-roadhouse keeper who lives near Providence, Rhode Island.



SHANG " is somebody in himself. It is best for one who would possess all the knowledge in the world to know where "Shang" Bailey lives. But "Shang," who lived sinfully enough—let him or the "sports" tell it—is not a circumstance to "Shang's" boon companion, to wit—"Shang" Bailey's Conscience. Bad as "Shang" may have been, and good as his Conscience may be, of neither would we write, except for the remarkable fact that they live together, or in fact ever came together at all. When the Conscience walked into "Shang's" vile old resort, which had earned many dollars and a reputation from Block Island to Chelsea as one of the "regulars" among roadhouses, and when the Conscience unannounced threw its arms about "Shang's" neck after all those years, then it became a matter of national importance! If the Conscience had come to "Shang" when he was sick, or poor, or when business was bad, then, too, what would there have been to say? ("But," points out the gray-haired old reprobate, "Shove" Walsh, who still runs the wheel at a little place which you can see from the Rhode Island State House, "who ever heard of anybody's having a conscience while the fun and the money lasted?")

The side door of the sulky roadhouse opens, and a great-framed man, gaunt, and six-six in stockings, stands upon the steps. This is "Shang" himself. In one huge hand he holds an unfolded newspaper and looks out across the wind-swept field over a pair of dark-framed eyeglasses. There are no diamond studs in his shirt, the coat upon his long frame is not either loud or new.

* Abridged from *Collier's Weekly*.

From behind him sounds no clink of glasses, no light laughter; under the trees stands no smart and vulgar trap, with cigarette stumps on the floor and a sprig of pussy willow in the horses' bridles. At no window appears a face tired of artificial light. The good old bad old days have gone. "Shang" stands alone, shabby beside his shabby, sullen house. Without a slap upon his back, without a genial blasphemy at his ear, the associates of fifty years exchanged—for Conscience. What a bargain! What a bargain to be made when vice paid dividends! What a bargain to be made by such a man!

"Shang" will tell of his prosperity, of his saloons in Philadelphia, of the hold that liquor business has on politics, of days of driving fine horses and buying diamonds for his personal adornment, of his coming to Rhode Island, of the purchase of this roadhouse where he now sits, of how this very place still reeks with the ghosts of years of vulgar Bacchanalia, with the old laughter and tears, dragging of feet, wild joy and coughs of despair. He points with his long and whitened forefinger out the window to the old stable. "There was horses and vehicles a-plenty out yonder a while ago."

"All gone—all gone!" One would think he was speaking of so many devils incarnate. "That was before the Change. It costs me just \$300 a year to live now."

So he speaks of it—"the Change." For after all the years, "Shang" Bailey's Conscience, which had wandered about the world looking for "Shang," walked in one evening when the dry snow was whisking across the meadows in the cavort of the wind, and, reaching across the bar, took "Shang" Bailey by his wrist!

The roadhouse-keeper at that moment had just finished counting his cash. His great body was bent over the day-book, his hand was raised above it, about to make the entry. And yet that entry was never made!

So "Shang" will say, so say those who saw, so is the fact. An impartial mind, reviewing the man's history, will not find in it anything to prepare him for a sudden religious fervor. Better by far to explain the matter by recalling the little flicker of the bar lamps. Was this not "Shang" Bailey's Conscience that, unseen, stirred the reek? Was it not the long lost Conscience that

caught him in its bronze grasp? "I cannot say," repeats "Shang" Bailey. "Everything was going well with me at the time. Vice paid! I cannot say."

Someone asked him that night in a strident voice if he was not going to figure up the receipts. For a moment the roadhouse was very still. The wind outside complained of its homelessness. "No," said "Shang" slowly, "I'm never going to sell another drop of liquor so long as I live!"

They thought it was a joke, but he has kept his word. What training had he for keeping it, what reason for so doing? With what personality did he bargain with the remnants of his honor? ("His friend his Conscience," answers "Shove" Walsh, with a wicked wink.)

Good or bad as a friend, his Conscience has been loyal. It has never left his side since the memorable 27th of February. The day after it came it caused the roadhouse-keeper to have inserted in all the Providence papers this simple card: "Shang Bailey's is Closed."

"Shang" found out what it meant to stop selling liquor. The news that he had ceased to open his doors to the drunken money, that must always spend itself, travelled like wireless through the "world." Day came and day went. No one stopped at the old resort. At the window "Shang" saw an automobile streak by without a diminution of its lithe speed. One of the old guard, who sat in the back seat, waved his hand and bellowed his derisive laughter into the chill air of early spring. He had seen Bailey, but not that other—the Conscience.

"Shang" in these days of loneliness would have liked to take a sip or two himself. It had been his habit to drink much, often, long, vigorously. He had been all the way from the Arkansas Hot Springs to the "Cure" in a New England town, and the "Treatment" in that other place, and the "institute" in Wherenot, then back again; he had indulged in all the luxuries of a battle with his yearning, but only now, when his Conscience, with all the obliging solicitude of a friendly prig, knocked the glasses out of his hand, did he forego, for appreciable period, the triumphs and defeats of the cup. With liquor he had wrestled; now suddenly withdrawing from the contest with a victory, he takes no credit to himself. "I could not drink," he will say.

Now he was sitting, now standing, now pacing up and down, like a dog trying to sleep in summer sunshine in spite of the sting of countless flies. He stopped before the framed licenses which hung above the bar. They had cost him four hundred dollars. Now he reached up, tore them down impatiently and sent them flying to destruction.

Day came and day went. There was a stock of liquor on hand. It was necessary to be rid of it; necessary to sell it. He negotiated. The trade was almost completed. "Excuse me," interrupted his Conscience, "but I think you said you would never sell a drop of liquor so long as you lived."

"That's right," said "Shang" Bailey, "I did." And he took his liquor out on to the road and poured it upon the ground, bottle after bottle. "You are crazy," said the passing neighbor. "I can see no signs of it," said "Shang" Bailey, "and what is more—" He was about to utter one of the good old full-mouthed oaths, but his lips closed into a smile. "I tried hard to keep one bottle of something very choice," he will say. "But it would not do. Later in the day I went and got that, too." It gurgled out into the ruts with the rest. In a few days he tore the bar down. The nails shrieked and complained as the boards came loose. With the bar went the gambling devices.

He felt better now. Yet the place seemed sad and strange, like Beranger's garret. It was lonely—haunted only by the echoes of footsteps and the memories of ancient revels. "Shang" Bailey's was Closed! No longer did the hired piano-player and the salaried singer of coon songs come to welt the air with their pounding melodies. He thought of selling the house and its lands. For the road business it was worth much, for a farm very little. Well, it was not his business how the buyer used it. His income had ceased, his chosen profession—or shall we call it art?—attained after years of ambition, had been renounced. He must provide for himself. But when the place was finally sold away, Bailey had put restrictions against its use for his old business. His Conscience had drawn up the deed.

The Downfall of Conway*

BY JOHN TROTWOOD MOORE.



EDWARD CONWAY, of Cottontown, Tennessee, was of aristocratic descent, and was once a wealthy man. His love of drink had wasted his patrimony, until his eighteen-year-old daughter, Helen, found herself forced to work in the mill to support her father, herself and her younger sister, Lily.

All the next week Helen went to the mill early—she wanted to go. She wanted to earn more money and keep Lily out of the mill. And she went with a light heart, because for the first time in her life since she could remember her father was sober. Helen's earnings changed even him. There was something so noble in her efforts that it uplifted even the drunkard. In mingled shame and pride he thought it out: Supported by his daughter—in a mill and such a daughter! He arose from it all white-lipped with resolve: "*I will be a Conway again!*" He said it over and over. He swore it.

It is true he was not entirely free from that sickening, sour, accursed smell with which she had associated him all her life. But that he was himself, that he was making an earnest effort, she knew by his neatly brushed clothes, his clean linen, his freshly-shaved face, his whole attire, which betokened the former gentleman.

"How handsome he must have been when he was once a Conway!" thought Helen.

He kissed his daughters at the breakfast table. He chatted with them, and though he said nothing about it, even Lily knew that he had resolved to reform.

After breakfast Helen left him, with Lily sitting on her father's lap, her face bright with the sunshine of it:

"If papa would always be like this"—and she patted his cheek.

* From "The Bishop of Cottontown." Copyright, The John C. Winston Co., Philadelphia.

Conway started. The very intonation of her voice, her gesture, was of the long dead mother.

Tears came to his eyes. He kissed her: "Never again, little daughter, will I take another drop."

She looked at him seriously: "Say with God's help—" she said simply. "Mammy Maria said it won't count unless you say that."

Conway smiled. "I will do it my own self."

But Lily only shook her head in a motherly, scolding way.

"With God's help, then," he said.

It was the middle of Saturday afternoon, and all the week Edward Conway had fought against the terrible thirst which was in him. Not since Monday morning had he touched whiskey at all, and now he walked the streets of the little town saying over and over to himself: "I am a Conway again."

He had come to town to see Jud Carpenter about the house which had been promised him—for he could not expect to hold Millwood much longer. With his soberness some of his old dignity and manhood returned, and when Carpenter saw him, the Whipper-in knew instinctively what had happened.

He watched Edward Conway closely—the clear eye, the haughty turn of his head, the quiet, commanding way of the man sober; and the Whipper-in frowned as he said to himself:

"If he keeps this up, I'll have it to do all over."

And yet, as he looked at him, Jud Carpenter took it all in—the weakness that was still there, the terrible, restless thirst which now made him nervous, irritable, and turned his soul into a very tumult of dissatisfaction.

Carpenter, even as he talked to him, could see the fight which was going on; and now and then, in spite of it and his determination, he saw that the reformed drunkard was looking wistfully toward the barroom of Billy Buch.

And so, as Jud talked to Edward Conway about the house, he led him along toward the barroom. All the time he was complimenting him on his improved health, and telling how, with help from the mill, he would soon be on his feet again.

At the bar door he halted:

"Let us set down here an' res', Majah, sah; it's a good place on this little porch. Have somethin'? Billy's got a mighty fine bran' of old Tennessee whiskey in there."

Jud watched him as he spoke and saw the fire of expectancy burn in his despairing eyes.

"No—no—Carpenter—no—I am obliged to you—but I have sworn never to touch another drop of it. I'll just rest here with you." He threw up his head, and Jud Carpenter saw how eagerly he inhaled the odor which came out of the door. He saw the quivering lips, the tense straining of the throat, the wavering eyes, which told how sorely he was tempted.

It was cool, but the sweat stood in drops on Edward Conway's temple. He gulped, but swallowed only a dry lump, which immediately sprang back into his throat again and burned as a ball of fire.

"No—no—Carpenter," he kept saying in a dazed, abstracted way—"no—no—not any more for me. I've promised—I've promised."

And yet even while saying it his eyes were saying: "For God's sake—bring it to me—quick—quick." Jud arose and went into the bar and whispered to Billy Buch. Then he came back and sat down and talked of other things. But all the time he was watching Edward Conway—the yearning look—turned half pleadingly to the bar—the gulpings which swallowed nothing.

Presently Jud looked up. He heard the tinkle of glasses, and Billy Buch stood before them with two long toddies on a silver waiter. The ice tinkled and glittered in the deep glasses—the cherries and pineapple gleamed amid it and the whiskey—the rich red whiskey!

"My treat—an' no charges, gentlemen! Compliments of Billy Buch."

Conway looked at the tempting glass for a moment in the terrible agony of indecision. Then remorse, fear, shame, frenzy, seized him.

"No—no—I've sworn off, Billy—I'll swear I have. My God, but I'm a Conway again"—and before the words were fairly out of his mouth he had seized the glass and swallowed the contents.

It was nearly dark when Helen, quitting the mill im-

mediately on its closing, slipped out of a side door to escape Richard Travis and almost ran home across the fields. Never had she been so full of her life, her plans for the future, her hopes, her pride to think her father would be himself again.

"For if he will," she whispered, "all else good will follow."

Just at the gate she stopped and almost fell in the agony of it all. Her father lay on the dry grass by the roadside, unable to walk.

She knelt by his side and wept. Her heart then and there gave up—her soul quit in the fight she was making.

With bitterness which was desperate she went to the spring and brought water and bathed his face. Then when he was sufficiently himself to walk she led him, staggering, in and up the steps.

Jud Carpenter reached the mill an hour after dark. He sought out Richard Travis and chuckled, saying nothing.

Travis was busy with his books, and when he had finished he turned and smiled at the man.

"Tell me what it is?"

"Oh, I fixed him, that's all."

Then he laughed.

"He was sober this morning, and was in a fair way to knock our plans sky-high—as to the gal, you know. Reformed this mornin', but you'll find him good and drunk to-night."

"Oh," said Travis, knitting his brows thoughtfully.

"Did you notice how much brighter, an' sech, she's been for a day or two?" asked Jud.

"I notice that she has shunned me all day," said Travis, "as if I were poison."

"She'll not shun you to-morrow," laughed Jud. "She is your's—for a woman desperate is a woman lost—" and he chuckled again as he went out.

The Liquor Sellers Psalm of Life

BY PHEBIE DODD.

Tell me not in wild orations
That the business I am in,
Is, of all men's occupations,
Most depraved and full of sin.

Life is real, and Gold and Silver
Are the things that count with men;
Money's king; we must get money.
What's the difference how or when?

"Illegal traffic?" Bosh and nonsense!
Read that License; read it well.
This whole Government behind it
Gives me perfect right to sell.

What if women broken-hearted
Pray that God may let them die?
What if mothers weep, and children—
Drunkards' children moan and cry?

What if beer and rum and whiskey
Crowd men into prison cells,
Robbing them of all their manhood,
Sending them to drunkards' hells?

Lives of rich men all remind me
I can get there just the same,
With a bank account behind me
What care I for fame or name?

As to all your moral questions
I have only this to say:
There's my License, bought and paid for,
Stamped with Uncle Sam's O. K.

Courage

(At a large dinner party, where there were present distinguished foreign and American statesmen, Mr. Colfax, then Vice-President of the United States, declined to take *wine*, whereupon a Senator, who had already taken too much, exclaimed, sneeringly, across the table, "Colfax dare not drink!" "You are right," he answered, "I dare not!")

"I dare not!" were those cowardly words
That startled that brilliant, distinguished throng,
As they fell from the lips of one single man,
Who dared to do right and feared to do wrong?

"I dare not!" Did he know the power
Of one fatal glass to bring sorrow and tears—
To rouse a thirst that had slumbered long,
When the pledge had been kept, aye, even for years?

"I dare not!" I might learn the terrible truth,
That my act had tempted another to-day;
We all have some influence, for good, or for ill,
To guide them aright or lead them astray.

"I dare not!" When I hear the wail of distress
Sweeping o'er my loved land like the wild, surging wave,
When the terrible doom of thousands I see,—
A drunkard's home—a drunkard's grave.

"I dare not!" Oh, that this brave reply
Might roll through the land in thunder tone strong—
A noble example teaching others to say
In temptation's dark hour, I dare not do wrong!

'Tis he is the coward who proves false to his vows,
To his manhood, his honor, for a laugh or a sneer;
'Tis he is the hero who stands firm, though alone,
For the truth and the right without flinching or fear!

Then dare to do right, though the whole world deride,
When tempted may this motto be your shield of might.
The world ever honors true courage in man,
Then ne'er be afraid or ashamed to do right.

The Bottle of Hell-Fire*

BY HOLMAN DAY.



AM MURDOCK, a guide and deer hunter of Northern Maine, swore off, and kept himself sober for a year. Then he took the forty-mile canoe trip from his cabin to the nearest town and entered the tavern.

The landlord was smoking in front of his barrel stove in the big common room. Murdock strode in and drove his palm hard down on the landlord's shoulder.

"Give me a bottle full of hell-fire, Seth," he gritted.

"I thought ye swore off about a year ago," mumbled the publican, blinking up at him and edging his back away from another blow. Then, with the desperate man's eyes burning into him redly, he shuffled away and brought the liquor.

A half-hour later a hoarse voice was bellowing a woods' chorus in the big room. Murdock sat there, his bottle under his arm, his eyes wild, his face blotchy red, his wits galloping under the bitter lash of the cheap liquor. The song was one of the old North Branch chanteys:

"Oh, fam'ly man, oh, fam'ly man, why ever did ye come,
A-sailin' in a puddin' bowl acrost a sea o' rum?
Your wife she is a-waitin' a-waitin' at your door;
You'd better start for home ag'in and don't come here no more."

"Won't you go to bed, Sam?" quavered the landlord at last. "You don't look as though you'd been havin' your share o' sleep lately."

"Oh, I ain't never goin' to sleep no more," the man stuttered, thickly. "I'm the great horned owl of the big woods. I ain't goin' to sleep. I'm goin' owlin'."

He went stumbling out and away into the darkness, his pack on his back, his gun dragging from his loose grasp, his bottle under his arm. He took the trail back along the tote-road from Onawa toward the woods.

It was in the gray of morning that he reached the river

* From "The 'Code' in Larrigan Land," by Holman Day, Everybody's Magazine, March, 1908.

where he had left his canoe. The little hostelry of Tim o' the Carry was silent and locked, but he drove open the front door with the butt of his rifle and stamped in, roaring.

"I'm the great horned owl of the Sysladobsis," he shouted. "I'm out owlin'. Yo, ho!"

A disheveled man, whom his half-stupid, blinking gaze recognized as one of the game wardens of the section, staggered out from an inner room. His speech, too, was thick, and he had the leer of drunkenness in his eyes. Moreover, he was a man who had been at Sysladobsis with his hand out for hush money—and had been indignantly repulsed.

"You'd better let honest men sleep, you—you infernal poacher, you," snarled the warden.

"Poacher!" roared Murdock.

"Yes, and I've got the evidence," retorted the other. "There ain't been a summer for ten years that you ain't fed your city loafers on deer in closed time. That's how you've been makin' your money, you renegade. I've been waitin' till the right time to tell you what I think of you, Sam Murdock. Now I've got the evidence, and when you're done payin' fines there won't be so much money due you from the savings-bank. You're a cheap thief—stealin' from your State."

Murdock raised his rifle, as though the sudden affront gave him excuse to vent the fury that had been boiling in him for so many hours. The other leaped forward and grasped the barrel in an iron clutch. Then they began to wrestle to and fro across the room, in a struggle that was grimly silent, for Murdock wore soft moccasins and the other was in his bare feet, as he had come from bed.

"Billings," at last Murdock gasped, "I don't want to hurt ye, come to think of it. I ain't naturally no fighter. Wait! Wait! I don't want to hurt ye. It's jest because something has happened to make a devil of me that I talked back to ye. Let me go, now. I ain't safe to fool with."

"Let you go and let you shoot me because I've got evidence against you?" squalled the warden. "Not so you'd notice it, Sam Murdock."

Tim o' the Carry had come into the room, rubbing his eyes and expostulating.

The Speaker

"Catch him behind, Tim," commanded the officer. "He's a poacher and I'm arrestin' him. And it's ten years for tryin' to shoot me. Grab him, Tim."

From the tail of his dull eye Murdock saw the man edging behind to seize him.

"The world is ag'in me—you're all ag'in me," he screamed. "I'll show ye! I ain't goin' to be abused by the whole world."

Driven to fury by the onset of the two upon one, with a violent twist he forced the butt of the rifle suddenly upward and rushed the officer back into a corner of the room.

The man stumbled over a bench and they fell, Murdock above. At the same instant the rifle, clutched in the hands of both, barked, and the officer shrieked like a woman.

Tim o' the Carry pulled Murdock away by the heels. The other lay moaning, his shirt smoldering just above his groin.

"You've killed that man! You've shot him!" gulped the landlord.

For a little while Murdock stood in the middle of the floor, teetering back and forth, scrubbing his rough hand across his eyes. He seemed to be awaking slowly. The man on the floor writhed and was silent.

"He's a dead one!" squealed Tim. "You're drunk. You've done a killin'."

Murdock, holding his head aside like one who is afraid to look on a grisly spectacle, groped for his rifle, seized it, and rushed out of doors. He began to weep with the loud blubberings of a half-grown boy, wailing over and over:

"I didn't mean to—I didn't mean to!"



Don't You Believe It

The devil is dead, some people have said,
With a very self-satisfied smile;
But I meekly replied, Who then since he died
Is doing his work all the while?

—*The Ram's Horn.*

The Cause of Temperance.

BY J. B. GOUGH.

Our cause is a progressive one. I have read the first constitution of the first temperance society formed in the State of New York in 1809, and one of the by-laws stated: "Any member of this association who shall be convicted of intoxication shall be fined a quarter of a dollar, except such act of intoxication shall take place on the Fourth of July, or any other regularly appointed military muster." We laugh at that now; but it was a serious matter in those days; it was in advance of the public sentiment of the age. The very men who adopted that principle were persecuted. They were hooted and pelted through the streets, the doors of their houses were blackened, their cattle mutilated. The fire of persecution scorched some men so that they left the work. Others worked on, and God blessed them. They worked hard. They lifted the first turf—prepared the bed in which to lay the corner-stone. They laid it, amid persecution and storm. They worked under the surface; and men almost forgot that there were busy hands laying the solid foundation far down beneath.

By and by they got the foundation above the surface, and then began another storm of persecution. Now we see the superstructure—pillar after pillar, tower after tower, column after column, with the capitals emblazoned with "Love, truth, sympathy and goodwill to men." We do not see its beauty yet; we do not see the magnificence of its superstructure yet, because it is in course of erection. Scaffolding, ropes, ladders, workmen ascending and descending, mar the beauty of the building; but, by and by, when the hosts who have labored shall come up over a thousand battlefields waving with bright grain never again to be crushed in the distillery—through vineyards, under trellised vines, with grapes hanging in all their purple glory, never again to be pressed into that which can debase and degrade mankind—when they shall come through orchards, under trees hanging thick with golden, pulpy fruit, never to be turned into that which can injure and debase—when they shall come up to the

The Speaker

last distillery and destroy it; to the last stream of liquid death and dry it up; to the last weeping wife and wipe her tears gently away; to the last child and lift him up to stand where God meant that child and man should stand; to the last drunkard and nerve him to burst the burning fetters and make a glorious accompaniment to the song of freedom by the clanking of his broken chains—then, ah! then will the copestone be set upon it, the scaffolding will fall with a crash, and the building will stand in its wondrous beauty before an astonished world. Loud shouts of rejoicing shall then be heard, and there will be joy in heaven, when the triumphs of a great enterprise usher in the day of the triumphs of the cross of Christ.



The Cause of Woe

At first all drunkards were moderate drinkers.
 Old men are drunkards, because young men drink.
 While the saloon door is open, every home is in danger.
 When the saloon dies, the devil will put on deep mourning.

It is not the last drink that makes the drunkard, but the first.

The devil makes every string pull toward the saloon, from hunger to politics.

The devil don't care how much we pray against the saloon, if we stop at that.

The liquor traffic can be improved when the devil can be made ashamed of himself.

One of the men of whom the devil is surest is the moderate drinker who thinks he is safe.

There are people who repeat the Lord's Prayer every day who have never thrown an ounce of their weight against the liquor traffic.

Make it right to sell whiskey, and it can not be proven that anything else is wrong.

—*The Ram's Horn.*

Mitigating Circumstances

BY J. G. HOLLAND

Among the various reasons assigned by those interested in procuring the commutation of the sentence pronounced upon a convicted murderer in this city, for demanding the executive clemency, we did not see one which was really stronger than any other. It is strange that this was overlooked by both the parties opposing each other in this movement. In a letter to the Governor we find the statement that the murderer was drunk when he inflicted the fatal blow upon his victim. Granting that this was the case, the question arises as to the responsibility for this man's drunkenness. To a great and criminal extent the responsibility undoubtedly rested upon him; but has it occurred to the community which so loudly calls for protection against murderous ruffianism, that it has consented to the existence of those conditions which all history has proved make murderous ruffianism certain? There is no reasonable doubt that every murderer now confined committed his crime under the direct or indirect influence of alcoholic drinks. Either under the immediate spur of the maddening poison, or through the brutality engendered by its habitual use, the murderous impulse was born. It is reasonably doubtful whether one of these criminals would have become a criminal if whiskey had been beyond his reach.

Now, who is to blame for establishing and maintaining all the conditions of danger to human life through murder? Why, the very community that complains of the danger, and calls for the execution of the murderers. So long as rum is sold at every street corner, with the license of the popular vote, men will drink themselves into brutality, and a percentage of those thus debasing themselves will commit murder. The sun is not more certain to rise in the morning than this event is to take place under these conditions. Fatal appetites are bred under this license. Diseased stomachs and brains are produced under it by the thousand. Wills are broken down and become useless for all purposes of self-restraint. And all this is done, let it be remembered, with the consent of the community, for a certain price in money, which the community appropriates as a revenue.

Then, when this license produces its legitimate results—results that always attend such license, and could have been distinctly foreseen in the light of experience—the community lifts its hands in holy horror, and clamors for the blood of the murderer in order to secure its own safety. It never thinks of drying up the fountain. It is easier to hang a man than shut up a grog-shop. It is easier to dry up a life than a revenue. It is easier to choke a prisoner than a politician.

We are not pleading for any murderer's life; but we have this to say: that so long as the sources of drunkenness are kept open, the killing of a murderer will have very little effect in staying the hand of murder, and securing the safety of human life. If this is what we are after in seeking the execution of the extreme penalty of the law, our object will be reached. We have this further to say, that a community knowing that the traffic in alcoholic liquors is sure to produce murders, and to render society unsafe, becomes virtually an accomplice before the fact of murder, and, therefore, responsible for all the dangers to itself that lie in the murderous impulse.



About the Saloon

You may think your head is level
But no matter what you think,
You are voting for the devil
When you vote to license drink.

The devil and the saloonkeeper are always pulling on the same rope.

The man who drinks a little drinks too much.

The man who makes a business of drinking will soon drink for a business.

The devil has both arms around the man who feels confident that moderate drinking won't hurt him.

—*The Ram's Horn.*

The Good Fellow

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

We wonder if "The Good Fellow" ever mistrusts his goodness, or realizes how selfish, how weak, how unprincipled, and how bad a fellow he truly is. He never regards the consequences of his acts as they relate to others, and especially those of his family friends. Little fits of generosity towards them are supposed to atone for all his misdeeds, while he inflicts upon them the disgraces, inconveniences and burdens which attend a selfishly dissolute life. The invitation of a friend, the taunts of good-natured boon companions, the temptations of jolly fellowship, these are enough to overcome all his scruples, if he has any scruples, and to lead him to ignore all the possible results to those who love him best, and who must care for him in sickness and all the unhappy phases of his selfish life.

The Good Fellow is notoriously careless of his family. Any outside friend can lead him whithersoever he will—into debauchery, idleness, vagabondage. He can invite him into disgrace, and he goes. He can tempt him into any indulgence which may suit his vicious whims, and, regardless of wife, mother, sister, who may be shortened in their resources so as legitimately to claim his protecting hand—regardless of honorable father and brother—he will spend his money, waste his time, and make himself a subject of constant and painful anxiety to those who alone care a straw for him. What pay does he receive for this shameful sacrifice? The honor of being considered a "Good Fellow," with a set of men who would not spend a cent for him if they should see him starving, and who would laugh over his calamities. When he dies in the ditch, as he is most likely to die, they breathe a sigh over the swill they drink, and say, "after all, he was a Good Fellow."

Give us the bad fellow, who stands by his personal and family honor, who sticks to his own, who does not "treat" his friends while his home is in need of the money he wastes, and who gives himself no indulgence of good fellowship at the expense of duty! A man with whom the approving smile of a wife, or mother, or sister, does not weigh more than a thousand crazy bravos of boon companions, is just no man at all.

The Temperance Question

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching. How many of them? Sixty thousand! Sixty full regiments, every man of which will, before twelve months shall have completed their course, lie down in the grave of a drunkard! Every year during the past decade has witnessed the same sacrifice; and sixty regiments stand behind this army ready to take its place. It is to be recruited from our children and our children's children. "Tramp, tramp, tramp"—the sounds come to us in the echoes of the footsteps of the army just expired; tramp, tramp, tramp—the earth shakes with the tread of the host now passing. Tramp, tramp, tramp, comes to us from the camp of the recruits. A great tide of life flows resistlessly to its death. What in God's name are they fighting for? The privilege of pleasing an appetite, of filling sixty thousand homes with shame and sorrow, of loading the public with the burden of pauperism, of crowding our prison-houses with felons, of detracting from the productive industries of the country, of ruining fortunes and breaking hopes, of breeding diseases and wretchedness, of destroying both body and soul in hell before their time.

The prosperity of the liquor interest, covering every department of it, depends entirely on the maintenance of this army. It cannot live without it. It never did live without it. So long as the liquor interest maintains its present prosperous condition, it will cost America the sacrifice of sixty thousand men every year. The effect is inseparable from the cause. The cost to the country of the liquor traffic is a sum so stupendous that any figures which we should dare to give would convict us of trifling. The amount of life absolutely destroyed, the amount of industry sacrificed, the amount of bread transformed into poison, the shame, the unavailing sorrow, the crime, the poverty, the pauperism, the brutality, the wild waste of vital and financial resources, make an aggregate so vast—so incalculably vast—that the only wonder is that the American people do not rise as one

man and declare that this great curse shall exist no longer.

Meantime, the tramp, tramp, tramp sounds on—the tramp of sixty thousand yearly victims. Some are besotted and stupid, some are wild with hilarity and dance along the dusty way, some reel along in pitiful weakness, some wreak their mad and murderous impulses on one another, or on the helpless women and children whose destinies are united to theirs, some stop in wayside debaucheries and infamies for a moment, some go bound in chains from which they seek in vain to wrench their bleeding wrists, and all are poisoned in body and soul, and all are doomed to death. Wherever they move, crime, poverty, shame, wretchedness and despair hover in awful shadows. There is no bright side to the picture. We forget there is just one. The men who make this army get rich. Their children are robed in purple and fine linen, and live upon dainties. Some of them are regarded as respectable members of society, and they hold conventions to protect their interests! Still the tramp, tramp, tramp goes on!



Drink and Drunkards

The sins that pay their rent promptly are the last ones we want to give up.

God's side is never the whiskey side.

A drunkard's throat has no bottom to it.

One moderate drinker is worth more to the devil than a dozen drunkards.

If no drunkard can go to heaven, what is to become of the drunkard maker?

There are men who starve their children to help the brewer fatten his horses.

Make it right to sell whiskey and you cannot prove that it is wrong to kill.

The most dangerous saloonkeeper is the one who most successfully conceals the fact that the devil is his business partner.

—*The Ram's Horn.*

The Effects of Intemperance

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The sufferings of animal nature occasioned by intemperance, my friends, are not to be compared with the mortal agonies which convulse the soul. It is an immortal being who sins and suffers; and as his earthly house dissolves, he is approaching the judgment-seat in anticipation of a miserable eternity. He feels his captivity, and in anguish of spirit, clanks his chain and cries for help. Conscience thunders, remorse goads, and as the gulf opens before him, he recoils, and trembles, and weeps, and prays, and resolves, and promises, and reforms, and "seeks it yet again;" again resolves, and weeps, and prays, and "seeks it yet again!"

Wretched man! he has placed himself in the hands of a giant, who never pities, and never relaxes his iron gripe. He may struggle, but he is in chains. He may cry for release, but it comes not; and lost! lost! may be inscribed upon the door-posts of his dwelling.

In the meantime, these paroxysms of his dying moral nature decline, and a fearful apathy, the harbinger of spiritual death comes on. His resolution fails, and his mental energy and his vigorous enterprise; and nervous irritation and depression ensue. The social affections lose their fullness and tenderness, and the conscience loses its power, and the heart its sensibility, until all that was once lovely and of good report retires, and leaves the wretch abandoned to the appetite of a ruined animal.

In this deplorable condition, reputation expires, business falters and becomes perplexed, and temptations to drink multiply, as inclination to do so increases, and the power of resistance declines. And now the vortex roars, and the struggling victim buffets the fiery wave with feeble stroke and waning supplication, until despair flashes upon his soul, and with an outcry that pierces the heavens, he ceases to strive, and disappears.

The Power of Habit

BY JOHN B. GOUGH.



REMEMBER riding toward the Niagara Falls, and I said to a gentleman near me.

"What river is that, sir?"

"The Niagara River," he replied.

"Well," said I, "it is a beautiful stream—bright, smooth and glassy. How far off are the rapids?"

"About a mile or two."

"Is it possible that only a mile or two from us we shall find the water in such turbulence as I presume it must be near the falls?"

"You will find it so, sir."

And so I found it; and that first sight of the Niagara I shall never forget. Now launch your bark upon the Niagara River; it is bright, smooth, beautiful and glassy; there is a ripple at the bow; the silvery wake you leave behind you adds to your enjoyment; down the stream you glide; you have oars, mast, sail and rudder, prepared for every contingency, and thus you go out on your pleasure excursion. Some one cries out from the bank:

"Young men, ahoy!"

"What is it?" he asks.

"The rapids are below you."

"Ha! ha! we have heard of the rapids below us," laughs the man, "but we are not such fools as to get into them; when we find we are going too fast to suit our convenience, then hard up the helm and steer to shore; when we find we are passing a given point too rapidly, then we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail, and speed to land."

"Young men, ahoy!" comes the voice again.

"What is it?"

"The rapids are below you."

"Ha! ha! we will laugh and quaff; all things delight us; what care we for the future? No man ever saw it. 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' We will enjoy life while we may, and catch pleasure as it flies. This is the time for enjoyment; time enough to steer

The Speaker

out of danger when we find we are sailing too swiftly with the stream."

"Young men, ahoy!"

"What is it?"

"The rapids are below you. Now see the water foaming all around you!—see how fast you go! Now hard up the helm!—quick! quick!—pull for your very lives!—pull till the blood starts from your nostrils and the veins stand like whipcords upon the brow! Set the mast in the socket; hoist the sail!"

Ah! it is too late. Shrieking, cursing, howling, blaspheming, over you go; and *thousands thus go over every year by the power of evil habits*, declaring, "When I find out that it is injuring me, then I will give it up." The power of evil habit is deceptive and fascinating, and the man by coming to false conclusions argues his way down to destruction.



O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil! O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts! To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange! Every inordinate cup is unblest, and the ingredient is a devil.—*Othello. Act II, Scene III.*

The Luck of the Bogans*

BY SARAH ORNE JEWETT.



MIKE BOGAN was a middle-aged man, and he and his wife looked somewhat elderly as they went to their pew in the broad aisle on Sunday morning. Danny usually came too, and the girls, but Dan looked contemptuous as he sat next his father and said his prayers perfunctorily. Sometimes he was not there at all, and Mike had a heavy heart under his stiff best coat. He was richer than any other member of Father Miles' parish, and he was known and respected everywhere as a good citizen. Even the most ardent believers in the temperance cause were known to say that little mischief would be done if all the rumsellers were such men as Mr. Bogan. He was generous, and in his limited way public spirited. He did his duty to his neighbor as he saw it. Everyone used liquor more or less, somebody must sell it, but a low groggery was as much a thing of shame to him as to any man. He never sold to boys, or to men who had had too much already. His shop was clean and wholesome, and in the evening, when a dozen or more of his respectable acquaintances gathered after work for a social hour or two and a glass of whiskey to rest and cheer them after exposure, there was not a little good talk about affairs from their point of view, and plenty of honest fun.

"Whisper now!" said Jerry one night, poking his great head closer to his friend, "the divil of all them young fellows is young Dan Bogan, Mike's son. Sorra a bit o' good is all his schoolin', and Mike's heart'll be soon broke from him. I see him goin' about wid his nose in the air. He's a pritty boy, but the divil is in him, an' 'tis he ought to have been a praste wid his chances and Father Miles himself tarkin and tarkin wid him, tryin' to make him a glory of pride to his people after all they did for him. There was niver a spade in his hand to touch the ground yet. Look at his poor

* Abridged from the story in "Scribner's Magazine."

father now! Look at Mike, that's grown old and gray since winther time." And they turned their eyes to the bar to refresh memories with the sight of the disappointed face behind it.

There was a rattling at the door-latch just then, and loud voices outside; and as the old men looked, young Dan Bogan came stumbling into the shop. Behind him were two low fellows, the worst in the town. They had all been drinking more than was good for them, and for the first time Mike Bogan saw his only son's boyish face reddened and stupid with whiskey. It had been an unbroken law that Dan should keep out of the shop with his comrades; now he strode forward with an absurd travesty of manliness and demanded liquor for himself and his friends at his father's hands.

Mike staggered, his eyes glared with anger. His fatherly pride made him long to uphold the poor boy before so many witnesses. He reached for a glass, then he pushed it away—and with a quick step reached Dan's side, caught him by his collar and held him.

The angry man pointed his son's companions to the door, and after a moment's hesitation they went skulking out, and father and son disappeared up the stairway. Dan was a coward, he was glad to be thrust into his own bedroom upstairs, his head was stupid, and he muttered only a feeble revenge. Several of Mike Bogan's customers had kindly disappeared when he returned trying to look the same as ever; but one after another the great tears rolled down his cheeks. He never had faced despair until now; he turned his back to the men, and fumbled aimlessly among the bottles on the shelf. Some one came in, unconscious of the pitiful scene, and impatiently repeated his order to the shopkeeper.

"God help me, boys; I can't sell more this night," he said, brokenly. "Go home now, will ye, and lave me to myself."

They were glad to go, though it cut the evening short. Jerry Bogan bungled his way last with his two canes. "Sind the b'y to say," he advised, in a gruff whisper. "Sind him out wid a good captin now, Mike, 'twill make a man of him yet."

A man of him yet! Alas, alas, for the hopes that had been growing so many years. Alas for the pride of a

simple heart, alas for the day Mike Bogan came away from sunshiny old Bantry, with his baby son in his arms for the sake of making that son a gentleman.

Winter had fairly set in, but the snow had not come, and the street was bleak and cold. The wind was stinging men's faces and piercing the wooden houses. A hard night for sailors coming on the coast—a bitter night for the poor people everywhere.

From one house and another the lights went out in the street where the Bogans lived. At last there was no other lamp than theirs, in a window that lighted the outer stairs. Sometimes a woman's shadow passed across the curtain and waited there, drawing it away from the panes a moment as if to listen the better for a footstep that did not come. Poor Biddy had waited many a night beside this. Her husband was far from well; the doctor said that his heart was not working right, and that he must be very careful; but the truth was that Mike's heart was almost broken by grief. Dan was going the downhill road, he had been drinking harder and harder, and spending a great deal of money. He had smashed more than one carriage and lamed more than one horse from the livery stables, and he had kept the lowest company in vilest dens.

There was a sound in the street at last, but it was not of one man's stumbling feet, but of many. Biddy was stiff with cold, she had slept long, and it was almost day. She rushed with strange apprehension to the doorway, and stood with the flaring lamp in her hand at the top of the stairs. The voices were suddenly hushed. "Go for Father Miles!" said somebody in a hoarse voice; and she heard the words. They were carrying a burden; they brought it up to the mother who waited. In their arms lay her son stone dead; he had been stabbed in a fight; he had struck a man down who had sprung back at him like a tiger. Dan, little Dan, was dead; the luck of the Bogans, the end was here, and a wail that pierced the night and chilled the hearts that heard it was the first message of sorrow to the poor father in his uneasy sleep.

"Is my son dead, then?" asked Mike Bogan of Bantry, with a piteous quiver of the lip, and nobody spoke. There was something glistening and awful about his pleasant Irish face. He tottered where he stood, he

caught at a chair to steady himself. "The luck o' the Bogans, was it?" and he smiled strangely; then a fierce hardness came across his face, and changed it utterly. "Come down! come down!" he shouted, and snatching the key of the shop went down the stairs himself with great sure-footed leaps. What was in Mike? Was he crazy with grief? They stood out of his way, and saw him fling bottle after bottle and shatter them against the wall. They saw him roll one cask after another to the doorway, and out into the street in the gray light of morning and break through the staves with a heavy axe. Nobody dared to restrain his fury—there was a devil in him, they were afraid of the man in his blinded rage. The odor of his carefully chosen stock of whiskey and gin filled the cold air. Some of them would have stolen the wasted liquor if they could, but no man there dared to step forward; and it was not until the tall figure of Father Miles came along the street, and the patient eyes that seemed always keeping vigil, and the calm voice with its flavor of Bantry brogue, came to Mike Bogan's help, that he let himself be taken out of the wretched shop and away from the spilt liquors to the shelter of his home.



Sobriety*

Vice-Admiral Beresford, of the English navy, has said: "I do not believe that alcohol in any form has ever done or will do anyone any good. I am now sixty years old, and since I have entirely given up wine, spirits and beer, I find I can do as much work, or more, physically and mentally, than I could do when I was thirty."

Moltke, himself an abstainer, said: "Beer is a far more dangerous enemy to Germany than all the armies of France." The President of the United States, the Hon. William H. Taft, when Secretary of War, said: "With hardly an exception, the men who are incapacitated first during the preliminary activities of any

* From "America Sober," by Samuel J. Barrows. Published in "The Outlook," February 20, 1909.

campaign are the drinkers. The same is true in every effort of life which demands the best energy of a man. To the man who is actively engaged in responsible work, who must have at his command the best that is in him, at its best—to him I would, with all the emphasis that I possess, advise and urge, leave drink alone—absolutely. He who drinks is deliberately disqualifying himself for advancement. Personally I refuse to take such a risk. I do not drink.”

Sir Frederic Treves, Surgeon in Ordinary to the King, in describing the relief column that moved on to Ladysmith, said: “The first who dropped out were the drinkers, and they dropped out as clearly as if they had been labeled with a big letter on their backs.”

The modern athlete cannot afford to indulge, especially if he is a member of an athletic team and is obliged to play up to the abstainer’s standard of efficiency. The manager of a baseball team said: “A boozier is out of the question now on any baseball team, and that is understood.”



Appeal for Temperance

BY HENRY W. GRADY.

My friends, hesitate before you vote liquor back into Atlanta, now that it is shut out. Don’t trust it. It is powerful, aggressive and universal in its attacks. To-night it enters an humble home to strike the roses from a woman’s cheek, and to-morrow it challenges this Republic in the halls of Congress. To-day it strikes a crust from the lips of a starving child, and to-morrow levies tribute from the Government itself. There is no cottage in this city humble enough to escape it—no palace strong enough to shut it out. It defies the law when it cannot coerce suffrage. It is flexible to cajole, but merciless in victory. It is the mortal enemy of peace and order. The despoiler of men, the terror of women, the cloud that shadows the face of children, the demon that has dug more graves and sent more souls unshrived to judgment than all the pestilences that have wasted life since God sent the plagues to Egypt, and all the wars since Joshua

stood beyond Jericho. O, my countrymen! loving God and humanity, do not bring this grand old city again under the dominion of that power. It can profit no man by its return. It can uplift no industry, revive no interest, remedy no wrong. You know that it cannot. It comes to ruin, and it shall profit mainly by the ruin of your sons or mine. It comes to mislead human souls and crush human hearts under its rumbling wheels. It comes to bring gray-haired mothers down in shame and sorrow to their graves. It comes to turn the wife's love into despair and her pride into shame. It comes to still the laughter on the lips of little children. It comes to stifle all the music of the home and fill it with silence and desolation. It comes to ruin your body and mind, to wreck your home, and it knows that it must measure its prosperity by the swiftness and certainty with which it wrecks this work.



The Snakes*

BY EUGENE FIELD.

These are the snakes that Rowdy saw :
 Some were green and some were white,
 Some were black as the spawn of night ;
 Some were yellow ;
 And one big fellow
 Had monstrous blotches of angry red,
 And a scarlet welt on his slimy head ;
 And other snakes that Rowdy saw
 Were of every hue
 From pink to blue,
 And the longer he looked the bigger they grew !

An old he-snake with a frowzy head
 Was one of the snakes that Rowdy saw,
 This old he-snake he grinned and leered
 When he saw that Rowdy was afeared ;
 And he ran out his tongue in frightful wise

* From "Sharps and Flats," published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

As he batted his fireless dead-fish eyes;
And he lashed his tail
In the moonlight pale,
And he tickled his jaw with his left hind paw—
Did this old he-snake that Rowdy saw!

These hideous snakes that Rowdy saw
Wriggled and twisted
Wherever they listed,
Straightway glided
Or ambled one-sided.

There were some of those things
That had fiery wings—
Yes, some of the snakes that Rowdy saw
Hummed round in the air
With their eye-balls aglare
And their whiskers aflame;
And they hissed their approval of Rowdy's despair!

And some of the snakes that Rowdy saw
Had talons like bats,
And looked like a cross between buzzards and rats!
They crawled from his boots, and they sprawled on the
floor;
They sat on the mantel and perched on the door,
And grinned all the fiercer the louder he swore!

Out, out of his boots
Came the damnable brutes—
These murdersome snakes that Rowdy saw!
Strange cries they uttered,
And poison they sputtered
As they crawled or they fluttered
This way and that
Their venom they spat,
Till Rowdy had doubts as to where he was at.

They turned round his legs, and encircled his waist;
His arms and his neck and his breast they embraced;
They hissed in his ears, and they spat in his eyes,
And with their foul breaths interrupted his cries.
Blue serpents and green,
Red, yellow and black,
Of as hideous mien

The Speaker

As ever was seen,
Girt him round, fore and back,
And higgling,
And wriggling,
With their slimy and grimy preponderance they bore
Rowdy down to the floor. He remembers no more.



The Poor Men's Club*

"All baggage," said the representative, "is at the risk of the owner in this world. I am for equal laws." The meaning of all that he said was, that his constituents loved their drams, and if he voted to shut up the "poor men's clubs," the poor men would vote him out of his seat.

Yet whoever has seen a gin-palace in London understands what the honorable representative meant. The poor, jaded, famished sad man or woman emerges from the squalor and gloom and chill of the slum which is called home, and there, at the corner of the busy, bustling street, a blaze of light and warmth and society and comfort, is the splendid palace. Vaguely the poor wanderer feels that he is the gloomy squalor that he has left, and that the dram will transform him into this magnificence and ease.

The temptation is enormous. It has a thousand subtle allies in the appetites and imagination. Its consequences cannot be tolerated; how can they be avoided? It is very plausible and pretty to call a grog-shop the poor man's club; but follow the poor man home, good Mr. Representative, and say upon your honor whether you think that the husband and father may rightfully stupefy himself into a forgetfulness of the woes which his stupefaction makes inconceivably sharper for his family! If it is the poor man's club, it is also the poor woman's. Let them comfort themselves at their club—and if the children starve and freeze, what then?

* From "Editor's Easy Chair," Harper's Magazine, January, 1870.

Kid McDuff's Girl*

BY JACOB RIIS.



HE clinking of glasses and the shuffle of cowhide boots on the sanded floor outside grew louder, and was muffled again as the door leading to the bar was opened and shut by a young woman. She lingered doubtfully on the threshold a moment, then walked with unsteady step across the room toward the corner where the corpse sat. The light that struggled in from the gloomy street fell upon her and showed that she trembled, as if with the ague. Yet she was young, not over twenty-five; but on her heavy eyes and sodden features there was the stamp death had just blotted from the other's face with the memory of her sins. Yet, curiously blended with it, not yet smothered wholly, there was something of the child, something that had once known a mother's love and pity.

"Poor Kid," she said, stopping beside the body and sinking heavily in a chair. "He will be sorry, anyhow."

"Who is Kid?" I asked.

"Why, Kid McDuff! You know him? His brother Jim keeps the saloon on — Street. Everybody knows Kid."

"Well, what was she to Kid?" I asked, pointing to the corpse.

"His girl," she said, promptly. "An' he stuck to her till he was pulled for the job he didn't do; then he had to let her slide. She stuck to him, too, you bet.

"Annie wasn't no more nor thirteen when she was tuk away from home by the Kid," the girl went on, talking as much to herself as to me. The policeman nodded in his chair. "He kep' her the best he could, 'ceptin' when he was sent up on the Island the time the gang went back on him. Then she kinder drifted. But she was all right agin he come back and tuk to keepin' bar for his brother Jim. Then he was pulled for that

* From "The Children of the Poor," by Jacob A. Riis, published by Scribners, New York.

Bridgeport skin job, and when he went to the pen, she went to the bad, and now——”

Here a thought that had been slowly working down through her besotted mind got a grip on her strong enough to hold her attention, and she leaned over and caught me by the sleeve, something almost akin to pity struggling in her bleary eyes.

“Say, young fellow,” she whispered hoarsely, “don’t spring this too hard. She’s got two lovely brothers. One of them keeps a daisy saloon up on Eighth Avenue. They’re respectable, they are.”

Then she went on telling what she knew of Annie Noonan, who was sitting dead there before us. It was not much. She was the child of an honest shoemaker who came to this country twenty-two or three years before from his English home, when Annie was a little girl of six or seven. Before she was in her teens she was left fatherless. At the age of thirteen, when she was living in an East Side tenement with her mother, the Kid, then a young tough, qualifying with one of the many gangs about the Hook for the penitentiary, crossed her path. Ever after she was his slave, and followed where he led.

The path they trod together was not different from that traveled by hundreds of young men and women to-day. By way of the low dives and “morgues” with which the East Side abounds, it led him to the Island and her to the street. When he was sent up for the first time, his mother died of a broken heart.

He found his girl a little the worse for rum and late hours than when he left her, but he “took up” with her again. He was loyal at least. This time he tried, too, to be honest. His mother’s death had shocked him to the point where his “nerve” gave out. His brother gave him charge of one of his saloons, and the Kid was “at work” keeping bar, with the way to respectability, as it goes on the East Side, open to him, when one of his old pals, who had found him out, turned up with a demand for money. He was a burglar, and wanted a hundred dollars to “do up a job” in the country. The Kid refused, and his brother came in during the quarrel that ensued, flew into a rage, and, grabbing the thief by the

collar, threw him into the street. He went his way shaking his fist and threatening vengeance on both.

It was not long in coming. A jewelry store in Bridgeport was robbed, and two burglars were arrested. One of them was the man "Jim" McDuff had thrown out of his saloon. He turned State's evidence and swore that the Kid was in the job, too. He was arrested and held in bail of ten thousand dollars. The Kid always maintained that he was innocent. His family believed him, but his past was against him. It was said, too, that back of the arrest was political persecution. His brother, the saloon-keeper, who mixed politics with his beer, was the under dog just then in the fight in his ward. The situation was discussed from a practical standpoint in the McDuff household, and it ended with the Kid going up to Bridgeport and pleading guilty to theft to escape the worse charge of burglary. He was sentenced to four years' imprisonment. That was how he got into "the pen."

Annie, after he was put in jail, went to the dogs on her own account rather faster than when they made a team.

The night before she was with Fay in the saloon on the corner, when she complained that she did not feel well. She sat down in a chair and put her feet on another. In that posture she was found dead a little later, when her friend went to see how she was getting on.

"Rum killed her, I suppose," I said, when Fay had ended her story.

"Yes! I suppose it did."

"And you," I ventured, "some day it will kill you, too, if you do not look out."

The girl laughed a loud and coarse laugh.

"Me?" she said, "not by a jugful. I've been soaking it fifteen years and I am alive yet."

The dead girl sat there yet, with the cold, staring eyes, when I went my way. Outside the drinking went on with vile oaths. The dead wagon had been sent for, but it had other errands, and had not yet come around to Pell street.

Thus ended the story of Kid McDuff's girl.

Defeat for the American Saloon

BY FERDINAND COWLE IGLEHART.



HE revolt against the liquor traffic seems to be world-wide. The fight against it in Europe is nearly as fierce as it is in this country. Finland abolished intoxicants by a vote of its Parliament. Iceland adopted national prohibition in September last. The Duma of Russia ordered the removal of the royal eagle from the vodka bottles, and the substitution of the skull and cross-bones, the symbol of death, and the word poison written in large letters beneath them as a warning to the people. In Paris there are placards placed on the bulletin boards saying that "whoever puts alcohol in his mouth takes out his brains, his money, his health, his happiness." Government statistics in England show a decrease of thirty million dollars' worth of intoxicants in the consumption during the year 1908.

The temperance revolution in this country continues with unabated zeal. Eleven thousand saloons were put out of business during the year 1908. As many more in 1907, and at that rate of decrease it would require but twenty years to abolish all the saloons of the country.

About eighteen of the twenty millions of the people of the Southern States have already outlawed the saloon. In New York City alone there are one thousand more saloons than in all the fourteen Southern States, and it looks as though within the coming five years every State in that section would vote the saloon out of existence.

STRENGTH OF THE ECONOMIC ARGUMENT.

No great result can come from a small cause. There are powerful causes that are putting the saloon out of business. More and more the economic argument is in-

* From "Review of Reviews," May, 1909.

fluencing voters to abolish the saloon. The man who frequents the saloon is not so strong in body nor intellectually so keen, nor professionally or industrially so efficient as the man who does not. A man who has no scruples on the subject, but has good common sense, soon discovers that he is handicapped in the heated competition of life when he becomes a patron of the saloon.

The New York Central, the Lackawanna, the Pennsylvania, the Baltimore & Ohio, the Wabash, the Rock Island, the Great Northern, and other railroad systems have adopted the following rule: "The use of intoxicants by employees while on duty is prohibited. Their habitual use, or the frequenting of places where they are sold, is sufficient cause for dismissal." The Michigan State law will not permit a man who is not an abstainer to have anything to do with the running of trains. The premium on temperance in railroad circles is so great that 25,000 employees of the Northwestern Railroad signed a pledge of total abstinence at one time.

Business houses generally discriminate against the drinker in the employment of men. The United States Commissioner of Labor sent a note of inquiry to 7,000 concerns employing labor; 5,363 of them responded that they took the drink question very much into account in hiring men, and that they had to be the more careful in selecting responsible help because the law held them liable for injuries caused by accident. The young man of ambition and hope who wants to get into a good place and succeed in it knows full well that he must stay away from the saloon. This business argument sends hundreds of thousands of employees into the ranks of those who are fighting the traffic.

The people paid last year a billion dollars for intoxicating drink, \$108,000,000 more than for all the necessities of life; and it is a protest against this colossal material waste and a desire to divert some of the drink money to better uses that has prompted many to vote no-license in the campaigns. The billion dollars paid over the counter for drink for the year is only about a half of the material damage the traffic causes, requiring institutions to be maintained by the public.

The Key's to Success*

BY EDWARD WILLIAM BOK.



GOOD health is the foundation of all possible success in life; affect the one and you affect the other. If a pleasure refreshes and elevates your mind and body, if you feel better for it next morning, that is a pleasure good for you. No other rule can be given. Only one point of self-indulgence do I wish this evening to dwell upon in a specific manner, and that is an indulgence in alcoholic liquors. It is rather can he do it than should he do it. Is it wise rather than is it wrong? And I say to him, plainly and directly, he cannot do it. I say this to every young fellow in this audience honestly from my own observation and experience as a mere boy who, when he started out, did not know exactly what position to take in this matter.

Some years ago there was in Brooklyn a boy about sixteen years old who began attending public dinners as a reporter. Wines were then more freely used at dinners than now. The first public dinner he was sent to report was a New England society banquet. He was extremely anxious to succeed, because it would mean other assignments. He had been brought up in his father's home with wine on the table, because in his native country, Holland, light wine is the common beverage and not an intoxicant. The decision which the young reporter had to make in Brooklyn that night was, therefore, not approached with prejudice. His common sense simply argued it out for him that if he drank liquors his mind might not be so clear to report the speeches he was sent there to take. And so he shielded his wine glasses—a practice which he has followed ever since.

The temporary exhilaration which is supposed to come from alcohol, either in diffused or concentrated form, is unnecessary to a young man in good health. Therefore it can do him absolutely no good. He does not need it, and not an ounce of better health will come to him by reason of it. But it may do him harm. The chances

*From "Modern Eloquence," published by John D. Morris & Co., Philadelphia.

are that it will. And no young man can afford to take a single risk or chance in the morning of a business career. He needs the unhampered use of all his powers, all his health, all his intellect and all his manners.



Winter Nights*

BY T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

Stop and look into the window of that pawnbroker's shop. Elegant furs. Elegant watches. Elegant scarfs. Elegant flutes. People stand with a pleased look gazing at these things; but I look in with a shudder, as though I had seen into a window of hell.

Whose elegant watch was that? It was a drunkard's watch.

Whose furs? Whose shoes? Whose scarf? They belonged to a drunkard's child!

If I could, I would take the three brazen balls hanging at the doorway, and clang them together until they tolled the awful knell of the drunkard's soul. The pawnbroker's shop is only one eddy of the great stream of municipal drunkenness.

Stand back, young man! Take not the first step in the path that leads here. Let not the flame of strong drink ever scorch your tongue. You may tamper with these things and escape, but your influence will be wrong. Can you not make a sacrifice for the good of others?

When the good ship London went down, the captain was told that there was a way of escape in one of the life-boats. He said: "No; I will go down with the rest of the passengers!" All the world acknowledged that heroism.

Can you not deny yourself insignificant indulgences for the good of others? Be not allured by the fact that you drink only the moderate beverage. You take only ale; and a man has to drink a large amount of it to become intoxicated. Yes; but there is not in all the city to-day an inebriate that did not begin with ale.

* From "The Abominations of Modern Society," published by Adams, Victor & Co., New York.

Flask, Bottle and Demijohn

BY T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

I sketch two men that you know very well. The first graduated from one of our literary institutions. His father, mother, brothers and sisters were present to see him graduate. They heard the applauding thunders that greeted his speech. They saw the bouquets tossed to his feet. They saw the degree conferred and the diploma given. He never looked so well. Everybody said, "What a noble brow! What a fine eye! What graceful manners! What brilliant prospects!" All the world opens before him and cries, "Hurrah! Hurrah!"

Man the second. Lies in the station-house to-night. The doctor has just been sent for to bind up the gashes received in a fight. His hair is matted, and makes him look like a wild beast. His lip is bloody and cut.

Who is the battered and bruised wretch that was picked up by the police and carried in drunk, and foul, and bleeding? Did I call him man the second? He is man the first! Rum transformed him. Rum transformed his prospects. Rum disappointed parental expectation.



The Curtain Lifted

BY T. DEWITT TALMAGE.



HO is that man fallen against the curbstone, covered with bruises and beastliness? He was as bright-faced a lad as ever looked up from your nursery. His mother rocked him, prayed for him, fondled him, would not let the night air touch his cheek, and held him up and looked down into his loving eyes, and wondered for what high position he was being fitted. He entered his life with bright hopes. The world beckoned

him, but the archers shot at him; vile men set traps for him, bad habits hooked fast to him with their iron grap-
ples; his feet slipped on the way; and there he lies. Who
would think that that uncombed hair was once toyed
with by a father's fingers? Who would think that those
bloated cheeks were ever kissed by a mother's lips?
Would you guess that that thick tongue once made a
household glad with its innocent prattle? Utter no
harsh words in his ear. Help him up. Put the hat over
that once manly brow. Brush the dust from that coat
that once covered a generous heart. Show him the way
to the home that once rejoiced at the sound of his foot-
step, and with gentle words tell his children to stand
back as you help him through the hall.

Who slew that man? Who blasted that home? Who
plunged those children into worse than orphanage—until
the hands are blue with cold and the cheeks are blanched
with fear, and the brow is scarred with bruises, and the
eyes are hollow with grief? Who made that life a
wreck, and filled eternity with the uproar of a doomed
spirit?

There are those whose regular business it is to work
this death. Not knowing what a horrible mixture it is,
men take it up and drink it down—the sacrificial blood,
the adder's venom, the death-froth—and smack their
lips and call it a delightful beverage.

Oh! if I had some art by which I could break the
charm of the tempter's bowl, and with mailed hand lift
out the long serpent of eternal despair, and shake out
its coils, and cast it down, and crush it to death!



Every woman who has a drunken husband knows that
the devil is still loose.

The devil's masterpiece is the drunkard's home.

Prove that there is no devil, and how can you explain
where whiskey came from.

The drunkard is a drunkard because the devil won't
let him be anything else.

—*The Ram's Horn.*

The Moderate Drinker*

BY T. A. DALY.

I honor more the merry wight
Who, though he curbs his appetite,
Still takes a social beaker,
Than any Prohibition crank
Who prates about the "water-tank."
I hate a temperance speaker.

So come lift up a brimming cup
To all who've wit to use it.
And let it be our boast that we
May use but not abuse it.

Kind Nature brings her gift of wine
That Thought may glow, that Wit may shine,
And shall we then reject her?
'Tis true the sodden sot's a beast,
But he's a death's-head at the feast
Who will not touch the nectar.

Once more lift up a brimming cup
To all who've wit to use it.
And let it be our boast that we
May use but not abuse it.

What need to men of common sense
Is any "total abstinence?"
There's shimplly nothin' to it.
What harm to use th' good ole stuff
If you (hic) shtop when you've enough?
That'sh way that I (hic) do it.

Whoopla! fill up a brimmin' cup
To all (hic) wit t' ushe it.
(Hic) let (hic) be ou' boash (hic) we
(Wow!!) ushe (whoop!) not (hic) 'buzhe it.

* From "Canzoni," published by Catholic Standard and Times
Pub. Co., Philadelphia.

The Rum Fiend's Portrait

BY T. DEWITT TALMAGE.



HIS foul thing gives one swing to its scythe, and our best merchants fall; their stores are sold, and they sink into dishonored graves.

Again it swings its scythe, and ministers of the gospel fall from the heights of Zion, with long-resounding crash of ruin and shame.

Some of your own households have already been shaken. Perhaps you can hardly admit it; but where was your son last night? Where was he Friday night? Where was he Thursday night; Wednesday night; Tuesday night; Monday night?

Nay, have not some of you in your own bodies felt the power of this habit? You think that you could stop? Are you sure you could? Go on a little further, and I am sure you cannot. I think, if some of you should try to break away, you would find a chain on the right wrist, and one on the left; one on the right foot, and another on the left. This serpent does not begin to hurt until it has wound round and round. Then it begins to tighten, and strangle, and crush, until the bones crack, and the blood trickles, and the eyes start from their sockets, and the mangled wretch cries: "Oh, heaven! oh, heaven! help! help!" But it is too late, and not even the fires of woe can melt the chain when once it is fully fastened.

I have shown you the evil beast. The question is, who will hunt him down, and how shall we shoot him? I answer, first, by getting our children right on this subject. Let them grow up with an utter aversion to strong drink. Take care how you administer it even as medicine. If you find that they have a natural love for it, as some have, put in a glass of it some horrid stuff, and make it utterly nauseous. Teach them as faithfully as you do the catechism, that rum is a fiend. Take them to the almshouse, and show them the wreck and ruin it works. Walk with them into the homes that have been scourged by it. If a drunkard hath fallen into a ditch,

take them right up where they can see his face, bruised, savage and swollen, and say: "Look, my son! Rum did that!" Looking out of your window at someone who, intoxicated to madness, goes through the street, brandishing his fist, blaspheming God, a howling, defying, shouting, reeling, raving and foaming maniac, say to your son: "Look; that man was once a child like you!" As you go by the grog-shop, let them know that that is the place where men are slain, and their wives made paupers, and their children slaves. Hold out to your children all warnings, all rewards, all counsels, lest in after days they break your heart and curse your gray hairs.



The Intemperate Husband

BY SPRAGUE.



IS, my friends, in the degradation of a husband by intemperance, where she who has ventured everything feels that all is lost. Who shall protect her when the husband of her choice insults and oppresses her? What shall delight her when she shrinks from the sight of his face and trembles at the sound of his voice? The hearth is indeed dark that he has made desolate. There, through the dull midnight hour, her griefs are whispered to herself; her bruised heart bleeds in secret. There, while the cruel author of her distress is drowned in distant revelry, she holds her solitary vigil, waiting yet dreading his return, that is only to wring from her by unkindness tears even more scalding than those she sheds over his transgression.

To fling a deeper gloom across the present, memory turns back and broods upon the past. The joys of other days come over her, as if only to mock her grieved and weary spirit. She recalls the ardent lover, whose graces won her from the home of her infancy; the enraptured father who bent with such delight over his new-born children; and she asks if this can be the same—this sunken being, who has now nothing for her but the sot's

disgusting brutality; nothing for those abashed and trembling children but the sot's disgusting example.

Can we wonder that, amid these agonizing moments, the tender cords of violated affection should snap asunder? That the scorned and deserted wife should confess, "there is no killing like that which kills the heart?" That though it would have been hard to kiss for the last time the cold lips of a dead husband, and lay his body forever in the dust, it is harder still to behold him so debasing life that even death would be greeted as mercy?

Had he died in the light of his goodness, bequeathing to his family the inheritance of an untarnished name and the example of virtues that should blossom for his sons and daughters from the tomb, though she would have wept bitterly indeed, the tears of grief would not have been also the tears of shame. She beholds him, fallen from the station he once adorned, degraded from eminence to ignominy; at home turning his dwelling to darkness and its holy endearments to mockery; abroad, thrust from the companionship of the worthy, a self-branded outlaw.



The Militant Church

BY SAMUEL DICKIE.



MILITANT Christianity, a Christianity on the warpath, a Christianity kind and loving and charitable and tolerant to evil-doers, but harsh and remorseless and intolerant toward evil-doing, a Christianity that believes in the all-conquering power of its Master and recognizes the imminence of His commands, a Christianity with supreme faith that right is might and with a courageous conviction of its own resistless power—that is the Christianity that in spite of cowards and dullards has done the work of past progress and must do the work that lies before us.

In the tremendous battle now raging between the forces that make for the world's uplift and for the

world's degradation, is the church bearing herself as the worthy and courageous champion of Christian principles? In the person of her ecclesiastical leadership, in her concern for the highest welfare of the race, in her attitude toward powerful organizations and systems that seek to destroy her influence and paralyze her usefulness, does the church occupy the position that the militant hosts of the Great Commander ought to be expected to occupy in these opening years of Christianity's twentieth century? Sadly, sorrowfully, with shame-faced humiliation, with tears in our hearts and tears in our voices, we must answer our own query with a reluctant but unqualified "No." Oh! what an apology for the church as she ought to be do we find in the church as she is. What a measureless—but let us hope not impassable—chasm separates the ideal from the actual.

The saloon, corrupt, corrupting, murderous, soul-destroying, hell-populating, is here by the express consent of the church, registered, not in convention assembled, but by the ballot of the Christian voter.

If the liquor traffic is what the church declares it to be, and if "it can never be legalized without sin," then every voter who unites in registering the popular consent to a continuation of the license policy is as clearly guilty before God as though he by his own unaided act had determined the whole case.

Though less than half our voting citizens are church members, yet when even a majority of our Christian citizens determine that no party on friendly terms with the rum traffic can have their support, victory is certain.



The Nation's Foe

Our children are in danger while the saloon stands.

When a man's tracks point toward the saloon, his back is toward heaven.

Many a man dies on the scaffold who wouldn't if there were no saloons.

It is still recorded in the Bible that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God.

Prove that there is no hell, and whiskey men will be about the first to throw up their hats.—*The Ram's Horn*.

Do Saloons Help Business?

BY C. W. TUCKETT.

Assistant State Attorney of Kansas City, Kansas. From an address delivered in Indianapolis, December 3, 1907.



IN the eighth day of June, 1906, there were two hundred and fifty-six saloons in our county, as open as the saloons in any high license city. There were two hundred gambling dens and more than sixty houses of social evil. On July third following there was not a saloon in the county, there was not a gambling den, and there was not a disorderly house.

I hold in my hand a letter from the Home City National Bank, saying that as a result of abolishing the saloons their business had increased forty-six per cent. I have a letter here from the savings bank, saying that not only had their business increased fifty per cent., but that seventy-five per cent. of the new customers were from the class that formerly spent all of their money for liquors. The president of the largest bank says that in the year after the saloons were closed the deposits had increased \$1,700,000. Adding to this the increase in other banks there is a grand total of two million dollars.

If a city, a county or a State can increase the business of its people and decrease the expenses, then those communities are on the road to wealth. In our county the closing of the saloons reduced the county expenses \$25,000 in the prosecution of criminals. During the time the saloons were open there never was a term of court that did not require from six to eight weeks to try the criminals. Since then no term has been more than three weeks, and one term we did not have a single criminal for trial. This month the same court opened its session, and it took three days to try the criminal cases. Before the saloons were closed the city fathers were wondering where to get money to build an extension to the jail. To-day the doors hang idly on their hinges; we have no use for the jails we have.

I have a letter from the police judge of our own city,

showing that day after day goes by without a single arrest in a city of over one hundred thousand people. Fifty thousand people gathered in the heart of the city during carnival week, and there were only four arrests. The men in charge stated it would have been impossible to have held it had the saloons been open.

The commissioner of the poor farm states that there has been a wonderful reduction in the sending of old people to the poorhouse. The sons and daughters are taking care of them instead. For the first time in twenty-five years the Associated Charities has not a burden greater than it can bear.

The directors of the Orphan's Home state that during the time the saloons were open the average number of children they had to care for was fifty-six. To-day they have twenty to care for, less than half the number they had when the saloons were open. Are these things of value to a city?

The largest dealer in shoes and footwear in our city, a man who was an anti-prohibitionist and ran for alderman on a wide-open platform, told me lately he had changed his mind and was a prohibitionist. He said not only had his business increased, but the great increase is in footwear for women and children. He said: "When the closing of saloons enables the women and children to have more shoes, I am in favor of the closed saloon."

Every saloon was closed on July third. Less than three months after that our public schools opened. In former years we had to employ from six to eight additional teachers by reason of the increase of population; but there was such a tremendous demand for admission to the public schools that we had to employ eighteen new teachers. I went to the teachers and said, "From whence comes this large demand for admission to our public schools?" I asked them to make a list, and the result was a list of six hundred boys and girls from twelve to eighteen years of age who attended the public schools last year for the first time. And they gave as a reason why they had not attended in former years the fact that they had to assist a drinking father to earn a living for the family.

Mary Elizabeth*

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD.



MARY ELIZABETH was a little girl with a long name. She was sick, she was poor, she was ragged, she was dirty, she was cold, she was hungry, she was frightened. She had no home, she had no mother, she had no father. She had had no supper, she had had no dinner, she had had no breakfast. She had no place to go and no one to care whether she went or not.

She was walking up Washington street in Boston. It was late in the afternoon of a bitter January day. God made so many people, he must have made as many suppers. Seems as if there ought to be one for one extra little girl.

She had begged hard but nobody had given her anything, so now she was shuffling up Washington street heart sick. For a very little girl can be very heart sick and colder and hungrier each hour. She came to a hotel, she got in no one knew how, she came to the office door and stopped, she looked around her with wide eyes; she had never seen a place like that before. Lights flashed over it many and bright. Gentlemen sat there smoking and reading. They were all warm. Not one of them looked as if he had had no dinner nor supper nor breakfast. "How many extra suppers it must have taken to feed them all. I guess there'll be one in here for me."

There was a little noise strange to the warm bright room. Several gentlemen glanced up; Mary Elizabeth stood in the middle of the room. She looked funny in her odd garments. She began to shuffle about the room holding out one purple little hand. One or two gentlemen laughed, some frowned, more did nothing at all. One said, "What's the matter here?" She held out her hand and said: "I'm hungry." A gentleman called her, and when he saw no one looking gave her a five-cent

*From "Fourteen to One." Copyright, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

piece in a hurry, as if he had committed a sin, and then said, "There, there, child, go now, go!"

No one else gave Mary anything, so she shuffled hopelessly on. Over by a window in a lonely corner sat a young man apart from the others. He was a well dressed young man. Mary Elizabeth wondered why he looked so lonely. She thought if he wasn't as happy as the others he'd be more sorry for poor, hungry little girls. She went up to him. One or two gentlemen put down their papers and watched. They smiled and nodded to each other. She touched his arm with her hand. He started. The brown curly head raised itself from the shelter of his arms, a young face looked sharply at the beggar, a beautiful face it might have been. It was haggard now and dreadful to look on, bloated and badly marked with the unmistakable marks of a week's wicked debauch.

He roughly said, "What do you want?"

"I'm hungry."

"I can't help that. Go away."

"I haven't had anything to eat for a whole day—a whole day."

Her lip quivered, but she spoke distinctly. Her voice sounded through the room. One gentleman after another laid down his paper or his pipe. Several were watching the scene.

"Go away. Don't bother me, I haven't had anything to eat for three days." His face went down on his arms again.

Mary Elizabeth stood still for some minutes. She walked off a little ways, then stopped and thought it over, and now every gentleman in the room began to look on. The little figure in the pink calico and big rubbers stood silent among them all. The waiter came in to put her out; they motioned him away. She turned the five-cent piece over and over in her purple little hand. Her hand shook. The smell of supper grew savory and strong. The child put the piece of money to her lips as if she could have eaten it, then turned and went back. She touched the young man with her trembling little hand—the room was so still that what she said rang out to the corridor. "I'm sorry you're so hungry. I've got five cents, I wish you would take it. If you haven't had any-

thing to eat for three days you must be hungrier than me. I've only gone one day, and you can get some supper with it. I wish you'd please take it."

She did not know why the brown curls before her came up with such a start, or why the young man's face flushed red and hot with noble shame. She did not in the least understand why he flung the five-cent piece on the table and hid his face on her plaid shawl and sobbed. Then he stood up and said, "She's shamed me before you all and she's shamed me to myself. I'll learn a lesson from this little beggar, so help me God."

"What is your name, child?"

"Mary Elizabeth, sir."

"Where do you live?"

"Nowhere, sir."

"Where do you sleep?"

"In Mrs. O'Flynn's shed, sir. It's too cold for the cows, but she's so kind she lets us stay."

"Whom do you stay with?"

"Nobody, only Jo."

"Is Jo your brother?"

"No, sir, Jo's a girl. I hain't got only Jo."

"What does Jo do for a living?"

"She gets it, sir."

"And what do you do?"

"I beg. It's better than to get it, sir, I think."

"Where's your mother?"

"Dead."

"What did she die of?"

"Drink, sir."

"Ah! where's your father?"

"He's dead. He died in prison."

"What sent him to prison?"

"Drink, sir. I had a brother once, but he died, too."

"What did he die of?"

"Drink, sir. I do want my supper. Jo will be wondering for me."

"Wait, then, and I'll see if I can beg enough to get your supper."

The young man took up his hat and put into it the five-cent piece and more, and more, and more. Then he passed it around the great room. When he came back he had \$40.00. Mary Elizabeth looked frightened.

"It's yours. Now come to supper. But see, this gentleman who gave you the five-cent piece, shall take care of the money for you. You can trust him. He's got a wife, too. Yes, yes, she'll know what ought to be done with you. She'll take care of you."

"But Jo will wonder. I can't leave Jo, and I must go back and thank Mrs. O'Flynn for the shed."

"Yes, yes, we'll fix that, but don't you want some supper?"

"Why, yes, I do."

They put her to a table and asked her what she would have. She said, "A little dry toast and a cup of milk will do nicely."

They laughed, and she wondered why. The young man began to look quite happy. He ordered chicken, cranberry sauce, mashed potatoes, celery, tomatoes, ice cream, cake, nuts, raisins, custard, apples and grapes, and Mary Elizabeth ate it all.

The young man with the face that might have been beautiful—that might yet be—stood watching the little girl. "She's preached me a better sermon than all the churches, may God bless her, I wish there were a thousand like her in this selfish world," and when I heard it I wished so too.



By the most conservative figures the expenditure for a single year on drink would dig six parallel Panama canals.

According to the "*American Grocer*," the retail cost of intoxicating beverages for 1906 was \$1,450,855,448, or an average of \$17.74 for every man, woman and child in the United States. Counting the average family at having five members, it makes a yearly family drink bill of \$88.70 for temperate and intemperate families alike. It should be remembered that this is a very conservative estimate made by a magazine more or less interested in the liquor business itself—*Harry S. Warner*.

After Forty Years

BY WILBER D. NESBIT.

Written in honor of the fortieth anniversary of the national Prohibition movement celebrated in Chicago Sept. 24, 1909.

The faith that keeps on fighting is the one
 That keeps on living—yes, and growing great!
 The hope that sees the work yet to be done,
 The patience that can bid the soul to wait—
 These three—faith, hope and patience—they have made
 The record of the years that swiftly sped,
 Have kept the leaders leading, unafraid
 Of what the doubters murmured lurked ahead.

The faith that goes on fighting—through the night
 It notes the gleam of each far distant star;
 It sees the glimmer of the dawning light
 Deep in the dark that shrouds the things that are.
 It has done much, this faith serene and strong,
 Unmindful of the ashes of defeat,
 But, trusting in the right against the wrong,
 Has been as trumpet call or drum's loud beat.

Men have their principles, but when they lose
 Yet they turn to others, and with scarce a pause,
 Yet all these years there have been none to choose
 Another guerdon than this mighty cause.
 In history's pages many things appear—
 The great, the splendid actions and the mean—
 But this has been recorded year on year
 Upon a page imperishably clean.

To place contentment in a nation's homes,
 To drive out fear for cheer in children's hearts,
 Is more than to uprear a thousand domes
 Or dominate the world and all its marts.
 So who may know how well the race is run
 Until we crown the victor soon or late?
 The faith that keeps on fighting is the one
 That keeps on living—yes, and growing great!

Out of the Depths

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Out of the midnight, rayless and cheerless, into the
morning's golden light;
Out of the clutches of wrong and ruin, into the arms of
truth and right;
Out of the ways that are ways of sorrow, out of the
paths that are paths of pain;
Yea, out of the depths has a soul arisen, and "one that
was lost is found again!"

Lost in the sands of an awful desert, lost in the region
of imps accursed,
With bones of victims to mark his pathway, and burning
lava to quench his thirst;
Lost in the darkness, astray in the shadows; Father
above, do we pray in vain?
Hark, on the winds come gleeful tidings—lo, he was lost
but is found again.

Found, and the sunlight of God's great mercy dispels the
shadows and brings the morn;
Found, and the hosts of the dear Redeemer are shouting
aloud o'er a soul new born,
Plucked, like a brand, from the conflagration; cleaned,
like a garment, free from stain;
Saved, pray God, for ever and ever; lost for a season,
but found again.

"Out of the depths" by the grace of heaven, out of the
depth of woe and shame,
And he blots his name from the roll of drunkards, to
carve it again on the heights of fame;
"Wine is a mocker, and strong drink raging;" glory to
God, He has snapped the chain
That bound him with fetters of steel and iron, and he
that was lost is found again.

Down with the cup, though it gleam like rubies; down
with the glass, though it sparkle and shine;
"It bites like a serpent and stings like an adder;" there
is woe, and sorrow, and shame in wine.
Keen though the sword be, and deadly its mission, three
times its numbers, the wine-cup has slain,
God, send Thy grace unto those it has fettered; God
grant the lost may be found again.



The Two Glasses

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

There sat two glasses, filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim,
One was ruddy and red as blood
And one was clear as the crystal flood.

Said the glass of wine to his paler brother,
"Let us tell tales of the past to each other.
I can tell of banquet and revel and mirth,
Where I was king, for I ruled in might;
And the proudest and grandest soul on earth
Fell under my touch, as though struck with blight.
From the heads of kings I have torn the crown;
From the height of fame, I have hurled men down;
I have blasted many an honored name;
I have taken virtue and given shame;
I have tempted the youth with a sip or a taste,
That has made his future a barren waste.
Far greater than any king am I,
Or than any army under the sky.
I have made the arm of the driver fail,
And sent the train from its iron rail.
I have made good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me.
Fame, strength, wealth, genius, before me fall,
And my might and power are over all!
Ho! Ho! pale brother," laughed the wine,
"Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?"

The Speaker

Said the glass of water, "I cannot boast
 Of a king dethroned, or a murdered host;
 But I can tell of hearts that were sad,
 By my crystal drops made light and glad;
 Of thirsts I have quenched and brows I have laved;
 Of hands I have cooled, and souls I have saved.
 I have leaped through the valley and dashed down the
 mountain;
 Slept in the sunshine and dripped from the fountain.
 I have burst my cloud fetters, and dropped from the
 sky,
 And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye.
 I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain;
 I have made the parched meadows grow fertile with
 grain.
 I can tell of the powerful wheel o' the mill,
 That ground out the flour, and turned at my will;
 I can tell of the manhood debased by you
 That I have uplifted and crowned anew.
 I cheer, I help, I comfort, and aid,
 I gladden the heart of man and maid;
 I set the chained wine captive free,
 And all are better for knowing me."

These are the tales they told each other,
 The glass of wine and his paler brother,
 As they sat together, filled to the brim,
 On the rich man's table, rim to rim.



Each year the amount now paid for intoxicating drinks of all kinds at retail exceeds a billion and a half dollars.

Ninety per cent. of the drinking Americans have foreign-born grandparents.

The saloon is a day school, a night school, a vacation school, a Sunday-school, a kindergarten, a college and a university all in one. It runs without term-ends, vacations or holidays.—*Harry S. Warner.*

A Hero

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

I am a hero!
No; I'm not chaffing;
I mean what I say,
So please stop your laughing.

I carry no musket,
I've not been to battle,
Where great shells explode
And big cannons rattle.

I can show you no deep scars,
And tell you no story
Of fierce, bloody fights
That crowned me with glory.

Yet I am a hero,
Without any joking;
For I have declared war
Against drinking and smoking

And tobacco chewing and gaming;
The boys all abused me,
Called me "spooney" and "soft,"
Laughed at and misused me.

But I care not a farthing,
I obeyed my heart's teaching,
Put those things below me,
And kept reaching and reaching

To great truths and precepts
That lead to salvation;
So am I a hero,
In this mighty nation.

Victims of a Demon

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

In the silent midnight watches,
When the earth was wrapped in gloom
And the grim and awful darkness
Crept unbidden to my room,
On the solemn, deathly stillness
Of the night there broke a sound
Like ten million wailing voices
Crying loudly from the ground :

We, the victims of a demon,
We, who one and each and all,
Can cry out before high Heaven
"We are slain by Alcohol!"
We would warn you, youths and maidens
From the path that we have trod—
From the path that leads to ruin,
And away from Peace and God.

We, the millions who have fallen,
Warn you from the ruddy glow
Of the wine in silver goblets,
For destruction lies below.
Wine and gin and rum and brandy,
Whiskey, cider, ale and beer,
These have slain us and destroyed us—
These the foes that brought us here.

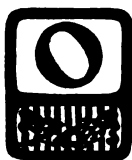
We beseech you, men and women—
Fathers, mothers, husbands, wives—
To arise and slay the demon
That is threatening dear ones' lives.
Do not preach of moderation
To your children, for, alas!
There is not a foe more subtle
Than the fateful social glass.

Men in office, men in power,
Will you let this demon wild
Stalk unfettered through the nation,
Slaying woman, man and child?
Oh, arouse, ye listless mortals!
There is work for every one!
We have warned you of your danger—
We have spoken—we have done!



The Drunkard's Grand March

BY SAM P. JONES.



UT they march—60,000 of them a year—into drunkards' graves. St. Louis has 1,800 barrooms; Chicago and Cincinnati, 3,000 each. Cincinnati, with its 3,000 barrooms can alone make the 60,000 drunkards—that would only be twenty to the barroom. The old fellow died drunk, but they say he died of apoplexy, heart disease or something of the sort. They always lie about it. Nobody can say he died drunk. They will hatch up a "sunstroke" if they can't find anything more plausible—that is, if he has any family. You can tell absolutely nothing from the statistics. But you know what that barroom is. It is the recording office of hell! And is sustained by the voice of the community! Sixty thousand go down into drunkards' graves this year. They go into your family for recruits to keep the ranks of this army of drunkards full. Your John, William or Henry they inveigle into the road to hell.

If men will make and sell and drink whiskey, let them hide and skulk in the mountains, and let it be known that every man involved in the infamous business is a criminal. You say, "we will defend you—our laws defend you and sustain you in all you say." Now, this is the very question. Your laws forbid whiskey men selling

liquor to minors. That is a lick at the whiskey business. Your license laws forbid selling liquor on election days. That is an abridgment of the business. There is a snake. It is biting the race. You believe in hitting it on the tail or body. I don't. I think you ought to cut its head off. I don't care anything about its tail. If I have a right to strike its tail I will strike it hard, and I will strike to kill. I want to locate its head and cut it off forever. If we could just put it all out of America at once!

"I would vote for it, but I don't believe in prohibiting it in one place and selling it in another," you say. "If your wife were to start to make you a coat and should say: 'I can't sew up all the sleeves at once,' she would talk just as you are talking now. The old man is out there shivering in the cold. He says: 'Wife, sit down there, and take a stitch at a time.' Let us take a district, a county, a State at a time, until we roll every barrel out into the Atlantic ocean, and then say, 'Thank God, we are free now.'"

The reason we drink is that we cannot control ourselves. Go to the hog-pen and pour out corn. Say to one hog, "You take six grains of this corn and no more." To another hog, "You take ten grains." That is "temperance," and temperance with a vengeance. I might say, "You take three drinks a day," and soon you will be taking ten before breakfast, ten before dinner, and lie drunk all night.

You will have drunkards as long as you have these young dram-drinkers growing up here. I am against whiskey every time the issue comes up. I am in favor of every measure that is opposed to it. I don't care how imperfect the method and the letter may be, whenever the question of whiskey is raised, you will have my voice and my vote against it. When I fall down on my knees, when I get up off my knees, I am going to pray against it. I am going to work against it. I am going to live against it, and I am going to die fighting whiskey. I have drank to almost my eternal ruin; but God being my helper, I can now say, here is one man that will die sober. I will drink no more, and when I get to where nothing but whiskey will save me, get me a shroud and a coffin ready, for I am going to die sober.

The Calf Path

BY SAM WALTER FOSS.

One day through the primeval wood
A calf walked home, as good calves should ;
But made a trail all bent askew,
A crooked path, as all calves do.
Since then, two hundred years have fled,
And, I infer, the calf is dead.
But still, he left behind his trail,
And thereby hangs my mortal tale.

The trail was taken up next day,
By a lone dog that passed that way ;
And then a wise bell-wether sheep,
Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep,
And drew the flock behind him, too,
As good bell-wethers always do.
And from that day o'er hill and glade,
Through those old woods a path was made.

And many men wound in and out,
And dodged and turned and bent about,
And uttered words of righteous wrath
Because 'twas such a crooked path ;
But still they followed—do not laugh—
The first migrations of that calf,
And through this winding wood-way stalked,
Because he wobbled when he walked,
This forest path became a lane
That bent and turned and turned again
This crooked lane became a road,
Where many a poor horse with his load,
Toiled on beneath the burning sun,
And traveled some three miles in one ;
And thus a century and a half
They trod the footsteps of that calf.

The Speaker

The years passed on in swift fleet,
The road became a village street,
And this, before men were aware
A city's crowded thoroughfare.
And soon the central street was this
Of a renowned metropolis,
And men two centuries and a half
Trod in the footsteps of that calf,
Each day a hundred thousand stout
Followed this zig-zag calf about;
And o'er his crooked journey went
The traffic of a continent.
A hundred thousand men were led
By one calf near three centuries dead;
For thus such reverence is lent
To well-established precedent.

A moral lesson this might teach
Were I ordained and called to preach.
For men are prone to go it blind
Along the calf paths of the mind;
And work away from sun to sun
To do what other men have done.
They follow in the beaten track,
And in and out and forth and back,
And still their devious course pursue,
To keep the path that others do;
But how those wise old wood gods laugh
Who saw that first primeval calf!
Ah! many things this tale might teach,
But I am not ordained to preach.



The consumption of malt liquors (beer) during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1909, showed a decrease of 76,098,022 gallons, or 4.2 per cent. less than the total consumption of malt liquors in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1908. Compared with the consumption of malt liquors in 1907 the consumption in 1909 shows a shrinkage of 3.1 per cent.

A Man for A' That

BY JOHN B. GOUGH.



THINK it is Charles Dickens who says: "Away up a great many pair of stairs, in a very remote corner, easily passed by, there is a door, and on that door is written 'woman.'" And so in the heart of the vile outcast, away up a great many pair of stairs, in a very remote corner, easily passed by, there is a door, on which is written "man." Here is our business, to find that door. It may take time; but begin and knock. Don't get tired; but remember God's long suffering for us, and keep knocking a long time if need be. Don't get weary if there is no answer; remember Him whose locks were wet with dew.

Knock on—just try it—you try it; and just so sure as you do, just so sure, by-and-by, will the quivering lip and starting tear tell you have knocked at the heart of a man and not of a brute. It is because these poor wretches are men, and not brutes, that we have hopes of them. They said, "he is a brute—let him alone." I took him home with me and kept the "brute" fourteen days and nights, through his delirium; and he nearly frightened my wife out of her wits once, chasing her about the house with a boot in his hand. But she recovered her wits, and he recovered his.

He said to me, "You wouldn't think I had a wife and child."

"Well, I shouldn't."

"I have, and—God bless her little heart—my little Mary is as pretty a little thing as ever stepped," said the "brute."

I asked, "Where do they live?"

"They live two miles away from here."

"When did you see them last?"

"About two years ago." Then he told me his story.

I said, "You must go back to your home again."

"I mustn't go back—I won't—my wife is better without me than with me! I will not go back any more; I

have knocked her, and kicked her, and abused her; do you suppose I will go back again?"

I went to the house with him; I knocked at the door and his wife opened it.

"Is this Mrs. Richardson?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that is Mr. Richardson. And Mr. Richardson, that is Mrs. Richardson. Now come into the house."

They went in. The wife sat on one side of the room and the "brute" on the other. I waited to see who would speak first; and it was the woman. But before she spoke she fidgeted a good deal.

She pulled her apron until she got hold of the hem, and then she pulled it down again. Then she folded it up closely, and jerked it out through her fingers an inch at a time, and then she spread it all down again; and then she looked all about the room and said:

"Well, William?" And the "brute" said,

"Well, Mary?"

He had a large handkerchief around his neck, and she said,

"You had better take the handkerchief off, William; you'll need it when you go out." He began to fumble about.

The knot was large enough; he could have untied it if he liked; but he said, "Will you untie it, Mary?" and she worked away at it; but her fingers were clumsy, and she couldn't get it off; their eyes met, and the love light was not all quenched; she opened her arms gently and he fell into them. If you had seen those white arms clasped about his neck, and he sobbing on her breast, and the child looking in wonder first at one and then at the other, you would have said, "It is not a brute; it is a man, with a great, big, warm heart in his breast."



There are eighty-seven thousand public houses in Great Britain and Ireland, or one to about five hundred of the population. In Toronto the rate is one saloon for three thousand people, and in all Ontario it is a little less than one per one thousand.

No Cure but Prohibition

BY T. DEWITT TALMAGE.



THINK that we are coming at last to treat inebriation as it ought to be treated, namely, as an awful disease, self-inflicted, to be sure, but nevertheless a disease. Once fastened upon a man, sermons will not cure him; temperance lectures will not eradicate the taste; religious tracts will not arrest it. Once under the power of this awful thirst, the man is bound to go on; and if the foaming glass were on the other side of perdition, he would wade through the fires of hell to get it.

Stand not, when the thirst is on him, between a man and his cups! Clear the track for him! Away with the children; he would tread their life out! Away with the wife; he would dash her to death! Away with the Cross; he would run it down! Away with the Bible; he would tear it up for the winds! Away with heaven; he considers it worthless as a straw! "Give me the drink! Give it to me! Though hands of blood pass up the bowl, and the soul trembles over the pit—the drink! give it to me! Though it be pale with tears; though the froth of everlasting anguish float in the foam; give it to me! I drink to my wife's woe; to my children's rags; to my eternal banishment from God and hope and heaven! Give it to me! the drink!"

Oh, how this rum fiend would like to go and hang up a skeleton in your beautiful house, so that when you opened the front door to go in you would see it in the hall; and when you sit at your table you would see it hanging from the wall.

A philanthropist going up to the counter of a grog-shop, as the proprietor was mixing a drink for a toper standing at the counter, said to the proprietor, "Can you tell me what your business is good for?" The proprietor, with an infernal laugh, said, "It fattens graveyards!"

God knows better than you do yourself the number of drinks you have poured out. You keep a list; but a more

accurate list has been kept than yours. You may call it Burgundy, Bourbon, Cognac, Heidseck, Hock; God calls it strong drink. Whether you sell it in low oyster cellar or behind the polished counter of first-class hotel, the divine curse is upon you. I tell you plainly that you will meet your customers one day when there will be no counter between you. When your work is done on earth, and you enter the reward of your business, all the souls of the men whom you have destroyed will crowd around you and pour their bitterness into your cup. They will show you their wounds and say, "You made them;" and point to their unquenchable thirst, and say, "You kindled it;" and rattle their chain, and say, "You forged it." Then their united groans will smite your ears, and with the hands, out of which you once picked the six-pences and the dimes, they will push you off the verge of great precipices; while, rolling up from beneath, and breaking among the crags of death, will thunder:

"Woe to him that giveth his neighbor drink!"



How Jamie Came Home

BY WILL CARLETON.

Come, mother, set the kettle on,
And put the ham and eggs to fry;
Something to eat,
And make it neat,
To please our Jamie's mouth and eye;
For Jamie is our only son, you know,
The rest have perished long ago;
He's coming from the wars to-night,
And his blue eyes will sparkle bright,
And his old smile will play right free,
His old, loved home again to see.

I say for't! 'twas a cur'us thing
That Jamie was not maimed or killed!
Five were the years,

With hopes and fears,
 And gloomy, hopeless tidings filled ;
 And many a night within our cottage here,
 And while the rainstorm came and went,
 We've thought of Jamie in his tent ;
 And offered many a silent prayer
 That God would keep him in his care.

I say for't! 'twas a curious thing
 That Jamie was not maimed or killed ;
 Five were the years,
 With blood and tears,
 With cruel, bloody battles filled,
 And many a morn, the past five year,
 We've knelt around the fireside here,
 And while we've thought of bleeding ones,
 Of blazing towns and smoking guns,
 We've thought of him and breathed a prayer,
 That God would keep him in His care.

Nay, Addie, girl, just come away,
 Touch not a dish upon the shelf!
 Mother well knows
 Just how it goes!
 Mother shall set it all herself!
 There's nothing, to a wanderer's looks,
 Equal to food that mother cooks ;
 There's nothing, to a wanderer's taste,
 Like food where mother's hand is traced ;
 Though good a sister's heart and will,
 A mother's love is better still.

She knows the side to put his plate,
 She knows the place to put his chair ;
 Many a day,
 With spirits gay,
 He's talked, and laughed, and eaten there ;
 And though five years have come and gone,
 Our hearts for him beat truly on,
 And keep a place for him to-day,
 As well as ere he went away ;
 And he shall take, as good as new,
 His old place at the table, too ;

The Speaker

And opposite to him, again,
Your place, my Addie, girl, shall be;
Mother, your place,
And kind old face,
I'll still have opposite to me;
And we will talk of olden days;
Of all our former words and ways,
And we will tell him what has passed,
Since he, dear boy, was with us last;
And how our eyes have fast grown dim
Whenever we conversed of him.

And he shall tell us of his fights,
His marches, skirmishes and all;
Many a tale
Will make us pale,
And pity those who had to fall;
And many a tale of sportive style
Will go, perhaps, to make us smile;
And when his stories are all done,
And when the evening well has gone,
We'll kneel around the hearth once more,
And thank the Lord the war is o'er.

Hark!—there's a sound! he's coming now;
Hark, mother! there's the sound once more;
Now on our feet,
With smiles to greet,
We'll meet him at the opening door!
It is a heavy step and tone,
Too heavy far for one alone;
Perhaps the company extends
To some of his old army friends;
And who they be or whence they came,
Of course we'll welcome them the same.

What bear ye on your shoulders, men?
Is it my Jamie, stark and dead?
What did you say?
Once more, I pray;
I did not gather what you said.
What! *drunk!* you tell that LIE to me?

What! DRUNK! O God, it cannot be!
 It cannot be my Jamie dear,
 Lying in a drunken slumber here.
 It is, it is, as you have said;
 Men, lay him on yon waiting bed.

'Tis Jamie, yes—a bearded man,
 Though bearing still some boyhood traces;
 Stained with the ways
 Of reckless days,
 Flushed with the wine-cup in his face;
 Swelled with the fruits of reckless years;
 Robbed of each trait that e'er endears,
 Except the heart-distressing one
 That Jamie is our only son.

Oh, mother, take the kettle off,
 And set the ham and eggs away!
 What was my crime,
 And when the time—
 That I should live to see this day!
 For all the sighs I ever drew,
 And all the griefs I ever knew,
 And all the tears I ever shed
 Above our children that are dead,
 And all the care that creased my brow,
 Were naught to what comes o'er me now.

I would to God, that when the three
 We lost were hidden from our view,
 Jamie had died,
 And by their side
 Had lain all pure and spotless, too!
 I would this rain might fall above
 The grave of him we joyed to love;
 Rather than hear its coming traced
 Upon this roof he has disgraced!
 But, mother, Addie, come this way
 And let us kneel and humbly pray.

A Boy's Pledge

BY A. H. HUTCHINSON.

I signed the pledge the other day, and promised not to
drink,
Or smoke, or chew, or swear, because it's very wrong, I
think.
The boys make fun of me, and say I'm foolish as can be,
Because I won't drink cider now; but just you wait and
see.
When God made apples, I don't think He meant that we
should eat
Those apples any time but when they are both ripe and
sweet.
I ate some green ones long ago, they made me very sick;
No green or rotten ones for me, I'll always take my pick.
Well, apple-juice gets rotten, too, it makes folks tipsy
then,
And tipsy cider-drinking boys make whiskey-drinking
men,
And as for smoking cigarettes, I never will begin,
Tobacco is bad for growing boys, as well as full-grown
men.
And swearing? Well, my Bible says I must not be pro-
fane,
Besides, *I love God*. Do you think I'd take His name
in vain?
So I have signed the fourfold pledge, and now ask each
of you
To think the matter over, then come and sign it, too.



Dr. De Lancey Carter, of New York City, specialist
in mental diseases, declares that two hundred thousand
inebriates are dying yearly in this country.

The Moral Warfare

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

When Freedom, on her natal day,
Within her war-rock'd cradle lay,
An iron race around her stood,
Baptized her infant brow in blood,
And, through the storm which round her swept,
Their constant ward and watching kept.

Then, where quiet herds repose,
The roar of baleful battle rose,
And brethren of a common tongue
To mortal strife as tigers sprung,
And every gift on Freedom's shrine
Was man for beast, and blood for wine!

Our fathers to their graves have gone;
Their strife is past—their triumph won;
But sterner trials await the race
Which rises in their honored place—
A moral warfare with the crime
And folly of an evil time.

So let it be. In God's own might
We gird us for the coming fight.
'And strong in Him whose cause is ours
In conflict with unholy powers,
We grasp the weapons He has given—
The Light, the Truth, the Love of Heaven!



Governor Stubbs declares the death rate in Kansas is the lowest on earth. No State in the Union or country of the world possesses an equally attractive showing—seven and one-half to the thousand. Kansas is “dry.”

The Shoemaker's Little White Shoes*

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.



ONE morning, during the crusade, a drunkard's wife came to my door. She carried in her arms a baby six weeks old. Her pale, pinched face was sad to see, and she told me this sorrowful story: "My husband is drinking himself to death; he is lost to all human feeling; our rent is unpaid, and we are liable to be put out into the street; and there is no food in the house for me and the children. He has a good trade, but his earnings all go into the saloon on the corner near us; he is becoming more and more brutal and abusive. We seem to be on the verge of ruin. How can I, feeble as I am, with a babe in my arms, earn bread for myself and children?"

Quick as thought I asked, "Why not have this husband of yours converted?"

But she answered hopelessly: "Oh, there's no hope of such a thing; he cares for nothing but strong drink."

"I'll come and see him this afternoon."

"He'll insult you."

"No matter. My Saviour was insulted, and the servant is not above his Lord."

That very afternoon I called at the little tenement house. The husband was at work at his trade in a back room, and his little girl was sent to tell him that a lady wished to see him. The child, however, soon returned with the message, "My pa says he won't see anyone."

But I sent him a message proving that I was indeed in earnest. I said: "Go back and tell your pa that a lady wishes to see him on very important business, and she must see him, if she has to stay till after supper."

I knew very well that there was nothing in the house

* The following dramatic story was related by one of the original Crusaders of Ohio, and first printed by Frances Willard.

to eat. A moment afterward a poor, bloated, besotted wreck of a man stood before me.

"What do you want?" he demanded, as he came shuffling into the room.

"Please be seated and look at this paper," I answered, pointing to a vacant chair at the other end of the table where I was sitting, and handing a printed pledge to him.

He read it slowly, and then, throwing it down upon the table, broke out violently:

"Do you think I'm a fool? I drink when I please, and let it alone when I please. I'm not going to sign away my personal liberty."

"Do you think you can stop drinking?"

"Yes, I could if I wanted."

"On the contrary, I think you're a slave to the rum-shop down on the corner."

"No, I ain't any such thing."

"I think, too, that you love the saloon-keeper's daughter better than you do your own little girl."

"No, I don't, either."

"Well, let us see about that. When I passed the saloon-keeper's house I saw his little girl coming down the steps, and she had on white shoes, and a white dress, and a blue sash. Your money helped to buy them. I came here, and your little girl, more beautiful than she, has on a faded, ragged dress, and her feet are bare."

"That's so, madam."

"And you love the saloon-keeper's wife better than you do your own wife."

"Never, no, never!"

"When I passed the saloon-keeper's house, I saw his wife come out with the little girl, and she was dressed in silks and laces, and a carriage waited for her. Your money helped to buy the silks and laces, and the horses and the carriage. I came here and I find your wife in a faded calico gown, doing her work. If she goes anywhere she must walk."

"You speak the truth, madam."

"You love the saloon-keeper better than you love yourself. You say you can keep from drinking if you choose, but you helped the saloon-keeper to build himself a fine

brick house, and you live in this poor, tumble-down old house yourself!"

"I never saw it in that light before." Then, holding out his hand, that shook like an aspen leaf, he continued: "You speak the truth, madam; I am a slave. Do you see that hand? I've got a piece of work to finish, and I must have a mug of beer to steady my nerves, or I cannot do it, but to-morrow, if you call, I will sign the pledge."

"That's a temptation of the devil. I did not ask you to sign the pledge. You are a slave, and cannot help it. But I do want to tell you this: There is One who can break your chains and set you free."

"I want to be free."

"Well, Christ can set you free, if you'll submit to Him, and let Him break the chains of sin and appetite that bind you."

"It's been many a long year since I prayed."

"No matter; the sooner you begin the better for you."

He threw himself at once upon his knees, and while I prayed I heard him sobbing out the cry of his soul to God.

His wife knelt beside me and followed me in earnest prayer. The words were simple and broken with sobs, but somehow they went straight up from her crushed heart to God, and the poor man began to cry in earnest for mercy.

"Oh, God! break these chains that are burning into my soul! Pity me, and pity my wife and children, and break the chains that are dragging me down to hell. Oh, God, be merciful to me a sinner!" And thus out of the depths he cried to God, and He heard him and had compassion upon him, and broke every chain and lifted every burden; and he arose a free, redeemed man.

When he arose from his knees he said: "Now I will sign the pledge and keep it."

And he did. A family altar was established; the comforts of life were soon secured—for he had a good trade—and two weeks after this scene his little girl came into my husband's Sunday-school with white shoes and white dress, and a blue sash on, as a token that her father's money no longer went into the saloon-keeper's till."

A Legitimate Strike

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.

Many and urgent are the questions that the workingmen and women of to-day must help to decide. But whatever may be said of methods in general, and of special methods, as strikes in particular, as a temperance woman I am confident that the best strike is to strike against the saloon, and then to strike against all politicians and parties that do wrong to the workingmen. Those are the two strikes that will pay.

There are enough saloons in America, if they were set in a row, and one should go from Chicago to New York City direct by rail—there are enough saloons to keep one company without a break in a street reaching from Chicago to New York. In the eleven mountain States of the Union, in the West, there is a saloon for every forty-three voters. The boycott of the saloon is the greatest thing and the most helpful thing that has ever come to the Knights of Labor or any similar organization.

In one of the towns of Illinois, a banker put his private mark on the money he paid out on Saturday night to the wageworkers of the town who patronized his bank; and on Monday night, of the \$700 paid out, and marked privately, over \$300 had come back to him from the saloons of that town! There is nothing that cramps, belittles and dwarfs the possibilities of the labor movement in America like the saloons.

Legitimate traffic is like the oak tree; in its branches the birds gather and make their pleasant music; under its shade the weary herds and flocks find rest and shelter. There is nothing living, hardly, that cannot get good out of an oak tree. It is like legitimate industry; every other industry is benefited and helped by it. But the liquor traffic is like the upas tree, forsaken by every living thing because it is the deadly foe of every thing, and drips, not dew, but poison.

The labor question is a wonderful and mighty issue, but wage-workers would do well to study with it the temperance question, the prohibition question—do well

to remember that nine hundred millions a year are expended by our people in America across the counters of the saloons and in the liquor traffic—nine hundred million dollars, to say nothing of the money that is lost by those who would be at work except for the temptation of the saloon.



Drinking Annie's Tears

BY ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

My treat, boys? Step up, I don't care if I do,
It's many a time I've been treated by you.
And, boys, I can tell you, it's many a time
With you at the bar I have spent my last dime
And gone reeling home, but you've both done the same.
We begun, I believe, with wine and champagne
Served in wafer-like glasses, light as the mist
That rolls from the sea which the sun god has kissed.
We were then college students. Science and rhyme,
Art, music and Latin slipped down with our wine.
But stomach and brain got o'erloaded, and so
We held to the drink and let all the rest go.
Success we had painted in glowlight of pride,
Ambition and wealth swept away by the tide,
Love, social position and friends by the score,
We sacrificed all, but the demon craves more.
We gave him each one of life's blessings 'tis true.
He asks for our souls and eternity, too.

Step up, boys, it's my treat, provided you'll take
The beverage I've chosen for old friendship's sake.
You wonder what mixture I've gotten up now?
No mixed drink for me, for I'm sure you'll allow
I have mixed my drinks well, rum, beer and champagne,
Strong drink to the stomach is death to the brain.
A drunkard has only the semblance of man,
The form of his Maker. Degraded, accurst,
The vilest of all living things and the worst.

But sometimes that bit of God's presence within
Which clings to a fellow in spite of his sin
And sets him to thinking. Well sometimes you know
The angel within us has worried us so
We have sworn to reform. We did it last year,
And we pledged to drink nothing stronger than beer.

We made up in quantity, what lacked in fire
And watched the last glow of true manhood expire,
In excuses, poor phantoms, pride's tawdry hearse,
Concealing not death, but humanity's curse.
We satisfied conscience; hushed whisperings of fear,
We three model temperance men drinking our beer.
Drinks for three, if you please. We'll take the pure
stuff;

Of soul-blighting mixtures we've had quite enough.
Don't scrimp the measure. Fill the glass to the brim,
With God's sparkling sunlight and glory thrown in.
Pure crystallized light from the vineyards above
Drink fit for the gods, from God's wine-press of love.

What brought it about, this free lecture of mine,
What stirred up the depths of my soul against wine
And wine's variations? List, boys, while I tell;
You know how you left that night at the well,
Blear-eyed and besotted with imbecile leer,
A real model temperance man pickled in beer.
She met me, my guardian angel so fair;
The night dews lay damp on her beautiful hair;
The heart dews hung wet on her lashes, and lay
On her thin, pallid cheeks. Boys, you know the day
She came to my home, wife and helpmate to be,
The bonniest girl, and you both envied me.
The bright pansy-blue has gone out of her eyes,
And her roses—O how I loathe and despise
The wretch who could blight them. No word of com-
plaint

Or censure for me had my fair little saint.
She steadied my uncertain footsteps, and led
The wreck of my manhood in silence to bed.

I called for a drink, as the demon of thirst
Raged within me. Annie obeyed my command,
And brought me a drink with love's unwearied hand.

'As she passed it to me, one jewel tear fell
 And was lost in the drink she brought from the well.
 That tear sobered me; I had seen them before,
 But I swore then and there I'd drink them no more.
 I swore that the rest of my life's misspent years
 I'd drink God's pure water, but not Annie's tears.



The Problem of Drunkenness

BY OLIVER W. STEWART.



DRUNKENNESS is a bad thing. On that point no argument is needed. Everyone admits it. The drunkard is one of the first so to do. Even the saloon-keeper acknowledges it, and his various organizations, by their resolutions, proclaim a belief in temperance, and that drunkenness deserves to be condemned.

It is a bad thing for the drunkard, and worse for his family. It is a bad thing for society and for the State, depriving them of the services and clear minds of some of the best of their sons. It is bad for business, destroying as it does the wage-earning power of men, hence their purchasing power. The volume of business depends to no small degree on a strong, healthy, vigorous manhood. Anything which succeeds at the price of a deteriorating manhood is a bad thing for business and a foe to humanity.

The drunkard is at a discount. So clearly is this recognized that the men who seek to profit by the drunkard's appetite, such as saloon-keepers and the like, find themselves barred from society, shut out of the best secret orders, and generally looked down upon or despised in the community.

This being accepted as true, the problem is that of getting rid of drunkenness. How may we reduce this thing to a minimum? How may we drive it into a corner and prepare the way for its utter destruction?

A square view of the facts in the case will help us. Drunkenness results from getting two things together—the man and the drink. At the first the man comes to the drink as a result of environment, heredity, social customs, imitation of others, false notions of manhood, and from many other causes. Usually he is confident of his ability to stop when he pleases. It is only when too late that he discovers the utter fallacy of that assumption. Whatever may lead him at the start, this is true, that at the last, when “it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder,” he, then, a drunkard, comes to the drink on account of an appetite which rules his life, controls his mind, masters his intellect and leaves him a slave.

The drink comes to the man because it is profitable to someone to serve it to him. Selfishness and greed rule in that transaction. The saloon-keeper sees that money is to be made by catering to the appetite of the drunkard. The rest is an easy story.

Just here comes in the municipality, the State and the nation. To keep their hands off and secure immunity, yes, more, to get protection, the saloon-keeper pays a price for the privilege. Without this arrangement he would find himself an outlaw—that which he should be.

It must be plain that if drunkenness results from getting the man and the drink together, then the way to establish sobriety is to keep the man and the drink apart.

That may be done in either of two ways. One is to keep the man away from the drink—which is temperance; the other is to keep the drink away from the man—which is prohibition. The one is moral suasion applied to the drinker, the other is an act of government applied to the drink—or the drink-seller, which is the same thing in effect.

Attention should be given to both of these lines, but an effort directed to the drunkard never can solve the problem, for the drunkard is not a free moral agent. Were he able to follow the dictates of his judgment, were he able to control his will, this great question could be settled in one year or less by an appeal to the drunkards and the moderate drinkers, who will furnish the next crop of drunkards, and to the boys, who will begin soon that career which ends in ruin.

But he who has made no more than a superficial study of this question knows that in most cases the appeal to the drinker is wasted, either because he does not see his danger, or, seeing it, has lost the power of action or resistance.

If ever we are to solve the problem and rid ourselves of the sin and crime of drunkenness, we must do more than endeavor to persuade the drinker to get away from the drink. He is a victim and we should recognize the fact.

That leaves one other thing to do, that is, to keep the drink away from the drinker. This becomes all the easier and more simple since the government is in a sort of partnership with the saloon by means of the internal revenue system and by local and State licenses. Should the government once determine to keep the drink away from the man and to end the career of the saloon which feeds upon the very bodies of men, the course to take would be clear.

In round numbers there are 250,000 licensed drinking places. To some the abolition of these appears utterly impossible, yet it could be done easily. If we were to close the distilleries and breweries, and there are only about 2,000 of each, the saloon would die at once. It would not be necessary to give attention to them. They would die for want of breath—for lack of supplies.

The good which would result from this cannot be calculated. All legitimate business would experience a new life. Money now wasted in the saloon would begin to flow out through the arteries of trade, and all business would feel the tingle of this tonic which would mean health and strength to the nation.

Why not try it?

Citizens to Blame

BY JOSEPH W. FOLK.



THE people of any land can overthrow civil evils whenever they want to, and can have a government as good as they themselves make it or as bad as they suffer it to become. There is hardly a community in the United States where the law-abiding people are not in the majority. They are usually quiet, however, while the other side are so vociferous as to deceive some into the idea they are stronger than they are, but they do not count for much against the united efforts of the law-abiding. They are always active, though, and the average citizen becomes active only occasionally.

The power of corruptionists is obtained through the indifference of good citizens. Bad citizens are united; good citizens are divided—that is the trouble. If good citizens could be induced to join hands in patriotic endeavor the bad would be shorn of their strength and be powerless to accomplish anything. Lawbreakers are always organized, and work while good people sleep; but once the latter are aroused they are invincible.

The Government of the Nation, State and city rests upon the active morality of the average individual. There is a constant conflict between law and lawlessness, right and wrong, evil and good, in every sphere of life. The wrong must always be fought against; the ideal of good must be fought for. The bad thrives of its own accord and feeds on its own wickedness. The useful grain must be sown and cared for else the weeds will choke it out, while the thistle, scattered by chance and cared for by accident, will flourish anywhere. So the good in government does not exist by accident, but must be nurtured by good citizens, who must likewise contend actively against the vices that creep into government. It is one thing to be against wrong; it is quite another thing to fight wrong. One is a non-combatant that never won a cause, the other a soldier in the fight. Good citizens need to become more aggressive.

The country needs soldiers of peace as well as soldiers of war. Americans for America is the slogan that needs to be sounded now. Our ascendancy upon this hemisphere is assured. No nation would dare seriously to dispute it. America for Americans is an accomplished fact. Here, between two great oceans, on the soil consecrated to the principles of liberty and self-government, we are the dominant power. Among the nations none are so great that we need fear them, and none so mighty that we need cower at their feet.

America is for Americans; now let Americans be for America. The greatness of a nation is not in mere acreage of territory nor in the strength of its battleships alone, but in the purity of its ideals, the strength of its ideas, and in the intensity of its devotion to those principles which make for justice and liberty throughout the world. In vain do we build ships of war, fortify our coasts, and man our guns if we bring not into every rampart and turret the ideas and ideals that make the men behind the guns.



Joe's Baby

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.



THE scene is laid in the cozy, happy home of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Lane. Joe has just returned from work.

"How's work goin' to-day?" Norah asked, as big Joe sat down by the baby's crib.

"Fine! The new hotel is most done. We're finishing the woodwork in the office now. I've had all the fixtures to make. It's been a good contract for me, sweetheart."

"Is that all?"

"Lambert spoke to me to-day about making some special furniture for the hotel.

"Of course, I wish Lambert would run the hotel as the old one has been run. If he puts in a bar, that's his own lookout. I can't refuse to make it for him. It's at least fifty dollars for us, and we need it with our growing family, Norah."

"But it's against the law."

"But the new mayor and council are against it, too. But when it comes to being against anything, I'm off my reckoning if they aren't against the side of the bar as often as anywhere when it once goes in. What difference will the law make to them?"

"Dear Joe, do you love me?"

"I don't love anyone else but you and the children."

"Then, for the love of us, don't have anything to do with the making——"

"I don't see as that has anything to do with the loving of you, Norah."

"Then, if you won't promise that, Joe, will you promise me, or—or—the baby—will you promise the baby that you won't ever go near the place when it is finished? Oh, Joe, you know we came here on purpose to get away from the thing. And we've lived six happy years here now. And you have not had the temptation before you; and you have grown so strong and brave, and handsome, and good—Joe, oh, why will they permit this wrong here now? Are men's hearts of stone and their consciences all seared by greed, that they do not care for broken hearts? Remember, Joe—do you?—the hell in which we lived when little Joe was born? I believe I really hated you then. The drink made you a devil, Joe. You will never know——"

"Don't, Norah! You are tearing open old wounds——"

"Promise the baby that you won't ever touch a drop of liquor as long as you live. I don't want you to promise me. Promise him and God. If you promise him, you can't break it. He is so innocent, so dear to us. Think how much we love him, Joe!"

"God bless the little fellow! 'I promise you, little fellow, I will never touch a drop of liquor as long as I live.'"

"Say, 'So help me God.'"

"So help me God."

In a few days Lambert's hotel bar was in full swing.

In fact, it was one of the most popular places in town, and gradually became a permanent institution.

The sheriff walked by the hotel half a dozen times a day, and kept his own counsel, nodding to Lambert as one of the enterprising citizens who had attracted good business to town.

One day Joe was coming out of the shop after a half-day's surly idleness in it, when he was met at the door by one of the principal business contractors of the county.

"Hello, Joe! Just coming in to see you! Got something for you."

They went back into the shop, and in a few minutes closed the contract, which meant several weeks' good work for Joe.

"Come on down to Lambert's and let's have a drink to bind it."

Joe drew back. "I can't. I've promised not to drink any more."

"Just a glass of beer. That's all I ever take. Come on, old man; 'twon't hurt you."

"I'll go in and see you drink."

"All right."

Arm and arm they walked down to the hotel and went in.

Norah was sitting up when Joe came home that night. He entered the house; she knew at once the whole of the worst. He stumbled into the room and was reeling blindly over towards the place where the baby lay when she rose and stood up in front of him.

"You—Joe!" All her love for him on the instant was swept out of her at the sight of him. "Don't you dare go near that baby! Oh, God! Have mercy on me! Have mercy!"

"Mush shee baby," he muttered, and, staggering to the baby's bed, he stooped over it, and before Norah realized what he was going to do he had taken the baby up and had him in his arms.

Her heart stood still as he came back to the bed and sat down on it, still clasping the baby to his breast.

Then Norah went up to him, and, trembling all over with indefinable fear, cried: "Give him to me, Joe! You'll hurt him."

"No, won't; we're going to shleep together."

Norah suddenly felt her puny weakness and the horror of his drink-crazy power, and she ran out, screaming, into the other room, flung open the door and shrieked, "Help!" running as far down the yard as the little walk to the road. It does not sound like a long time in telling it, but while Norah was gone Joe had fallen back on the bed and rolled over, still clasping the baby, and as he fell he unconsciously clasped the baby's neck in his great fist.

When she came in, Norah tore at him like a wild beast and rolled him over, untwisting the rough, knotted fingers, and when she had the baby at last in her arms she could not believe even then what had happened. But as the truth dawned upon her, she shrieked as she ran into the other room: "He's killed the baby! Oh, my God! He's killed him!"

The sheriff strode in at the open door and somewhat roughly pushed by her. One look at the baby told him the story. Joe still lay full length on the bed. Two or three other men came in and helped the sheriff get Joe to his feet.

The county jail was just one block beyond Lambert's hotel. The sheriff, with two deputies, finally succeeded in getting Joe down there.

In the morning the sheriff went and sat down in the corridor in front of Joe's cell.

Joe had waked up quite sober after a very long sleep.

"Good-morning, sheriff."

"Morning."

"I 'spose I'll get out pretty soon?"

"I don't know. People that kill other people don't get out very soon."

"Kill other people?"

"That's what I said."

"Did you say kill other people? Good God, Bowe! Tell me what you mean! I've been crazy drunk—tell me—what I did."

"You rolled over on your baby and——"

"No! Oh, God, no! Not that! I didn't—I couldn't do that!"

"You did, though—ask your wife. You choked your baby to death."

"Not dead, sheriff! Not dead?"

"Yes, he is."

"Sheriff, God knows—God knows, of course, it was an accident. But tell me—tell me—and Norah?"

"Your wife is in the hospital. Brain fever."

"The drink crazed me. The drink made me do it! I was all right before Lambert opened up. We had a happy home, wife and children. Oh, God, I shall go mad!"

Early next morning they found Joe in the farther corner of his cell quite dead. He had torn a bar out of one of the fastenings of his bed, had fixed it in the corner, and, by tying the bedclothes into a rope, had strangled himself.

Joe and the baby were put in a coffin together. Joe's arm lay about the baby protectingly, and the little face looked peaceful as it lay on the big father's breast.

But, who killed Joe's baby?

Stand up before God's judgment seat, all ye officers of the law who have sworn to enforce it and have perjured yourselves, and answer.

Stand up, all ye men who, for the lust of gain, sell and buy the stuff that turns brains into murder and tortures love of man and wife into hatred, and leaves to children the heritage of life-long shame.

Stand up, ye business men who claim the advantages of the liquor traffic as a commercial factor.

Stand up before God and tell us who killed Joe's baby.

Stand up; yes, stand up, Joe, yourself, and give answer to God for your share in the death of the sweet life you said you loved.

Stand up, ye men who vote and work with party interests through thick and thin, regardless of the character of the men whom ye elect.

Stand up, all ye moderate drinkers, who claim your personal liberty to drink, regardless of the weaker brother.

Stand up, all of you, in church and out of it. Make answer before God Almighty—"Who killed Joe's baby?"

The Temperance Revolution*

BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN.



W HETHER or not the world would be vastly benefited by a total and final banishment from it of all intoxicating drinks, seems to me not now an open question. Three-fourths of mankind confess the affirmative with their tongues; and, I believe, all the rest acknowledge it in their hearts. Ought any, then, to refuse their aid in doing what the good of the whole demands? . . . There seems ever to have been a proneness in the brilliant and warm-blooded to fall into this vice—the demon of intemperance ever seems to have delighted in sucking the blood of genius and generosity. What one of us but can call to mind some relative, more promising in youth than all his fellows, who has fallen a victim to his rapacity? He ever seems to have gone forth like the Egyptian angel of death, commissioned to slay, if not the first, the fairest born of every family. Shall he now be arrested in his desolating career? . . . If the relative grandeur of revolutions shall be estimated by the great amount of human misery they alleviate and the small amount they inflict, then, indeed, will this be the grandest the world shall ever have seen. Of our political revolution of '76 we are all justly proud. . . . But . . . it . . . had its evils, too. It breathed forth famine, revolution. In it we shall find a stronger bondage broken, a viler slavery manumitted, a greater tyrant deposed—in it more of want supplied, more disease healed, more sorrow assuaged; by it no orphan's starving, no widow's weeping. . . . And what a natural ally this to the cause of political freedom; with such an aid its march cannot fail to be on and on, till every son of earth shall drink in rich fruition the sorrow-quenching draughts of perfect liberty. . . . And when the victory shall be complete, when there shall be neither a slave

* From an address before the Washingtonian Society of Springfield, Ill., on Feb. 22, 1842.

nor a drunkard on the earth, how proud the title of that land which may truly claim to be the birthplace and cradle of both those revolutions that shall have ended in that victory! How nobly distinguished that people who shall have planted and nurtured to maturity both the political and moral freedom of their species!



The Liquor Traffic

BY E. L. CHAPMAN.



WE cannot compare the liquor traffic with arson, theft or robbery, for it is the prolific parent of these. We cannot compare it with treason, for it is itself high treason and the instigator of disloyalty and disobedience to the most benign human government. We cannot compare it with piracy. Piracy is conducted for plunder only, and as far as possible without the sacrifice of human life.

We cannot compare it with slavery, which has long since been placed under the ban of civil government and passed out of existence.

As was said by Seward, half a century ago, "there is a power higher than human law, and that power delights in justice. Rulers, whether despots or elected rulers of a free people, are bound to administer justice for the benefit of society." And long before these memorable words were uttered, even before the beginning of the Christian era, the purport of that "higher law" was stated by the old Roman motto, "The public welfare is the supreme law."

The supreme crime of individual transgression is the crime of drunkard-making, with all its far-reaching and eternal consequences. Can there be a greater crime than this? Yes, one and only one, and that is the complicity of civil government in this, the darkest and most damning crime of individual transgressors. It is a well-

known principle, as stated by Kent, our great commentator, that the "states or bodies politic are to be considered as moral persons having a public will, and capable and free to do right or wrong."

God deals with governments as distinctly as He deals with men.

The liquor traffic stands pre-eminent among all the colossal iniquities of individuals, but is surpassed in deep and damning criminality by the attitude of civil government respecting this crime.

There are three features of this curse of intemperance, all bad, but not all alike bad. It is bad that men are drunkards. It is still worse that men are drunkard-makers; but infinitely more criminal than either of these is the action of the civil government in protecting, promoting and making effective the crime of drunkard-making. This attitude of government respecting the liquor traffic is more reprehensive because for the very opposite purpose governments were instituted and are maintained among men.

This attitude of government respecting the liquor traffic is the more manifestly criminal because it is utterly without justification or excuse. During the long period of human history there may have been other crimes equal in enormity to the traffic in strong drink, but never, since civilization dawned upon this earth, has there existed as great a crime under the protection of civil government.

The liquor traffic is itself abhorrent, whether national, state or local, in placing that traffic under the protection of the law is as black in iniquity as hell itself.

But the most barbarous feature of all this colossal crime is that civil government legalizes and licenses this iniquitous traffic, not because it is right, but for money.

Imagine a man pompously traversing the streets in an expensive and elegant automobile, wrapped in costly robes, all purchased by the price of his daughter's honor and virtue, and with unblushing effrontery he points with pride to his fine equipage and boasts of the process by which he became its possessor. It is unthinkable abhorrent, and yet it only faintly illustrates the conduct of those who point to the hundreds of thousands of dollars of revenue derived from the traffic in rum as a jus-

tification for the government's iniquitous and barbarous complicity in the "most degrading and ruinous of all human pursuits."

All the reputable authorities on earth unite in the declaration that wrong not only is illegal, but that it cannot be made legal, and that every act of civil government adapted to legalize wrong-doing is necessarily null and void. Civilization demands that every judicial tribunal shall declare that the beverage liquor traffic has no legal standing and cannot be granted such standing by any legislative body on earth; that it is an outlaw, and if it exists at all it must exist in palpable violation of law or by the criminal complicity of civil government.

If we will, for one brief year, devote our efforts to the work of educating the people respecting these fundamental, immutable and inviolable principles of eternal right and justice, the doom of the liquor traffic will be at hand.

Let us, with all the power that God shall give, strike at that one point and win a glorious and lasting victory.



A Temperance Song

BY MAUD JUNKIN BALDWIN.

The best drink for the children is water clear and bright;
In all the springs it bubbles and sparkles in the light;
It flows through greenest meadows for thirsty flowers
and trees,
And birds and lambs and rabbits have all the drinks
they please.

So if this clear, cold water is best for birds and bowers,
It must be best for every one in this dear land of ours.
Then sparkling water I will drink, so fresh and pure and
free,
And every day I'll thank the Lord for sending it to me.

Cold Water

BY HIRAM HATCHET.

You may boast of your brandy and wine as you please,
Gin, cider, and all the rest;
Cold water transcends them in all the degrees;
It is good—it is better—'tis best.

It is good to warm you when you are cold;
Good to cool you when you are hot;
It is good for the young—it is good for the old,
Whatever their outward lot.

It is better than brandy to quicken the blood;
It is better than gin for the colic;
It is better than wine for the generous mood;
Than whiskey or rum for a frolic.

'Tis the best of all drinks for quenching your thirst;
'Twill revive you for work or for play;
In sickness or health 'tis the best and the first—
Oh! try it; you'll find it will pay.



When I'm a Man

BY ALICE MAY DOUGLAS.

When I'm a man and make the laws,
I'll not forget the temperance cause.
I'll have a law to punish all
Who for the poison liquor call,
Who for this vile firewater go
To fine saloon or grocery low,
To drug store or to hotel great—
Where'er it's found, the same their fate.

'And I would punish those as well
Who dare the deadly stuff to sell.
How black their hearts, though bright their smiles,
As youth and manhood each beguiles.

They sell the rum which blights the life
 Of child, of mother and of wife.
 The man who sells his brother drink
 Is Satan's greatest slave, I think.

When I'm a man and make the laws,
 If you befriend the liquor cause,
 You'll find an enemy in me,
 For soon a great, strong man I'll be.



Write it Everywhere

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.

Write it on the workhouse gate,
 Write it on the schoolboy's slate,
 Write it in the copy-book,
 That the young may on it look:
 "Where there's drink, there's danger."

Write it on the churchyard mound,
 Where the rum slain dead are found;
 Write it on the gallows high,
 Write it for all passersby:
 "Where there's drink, there's danger."

Write it in the nation's laws,
 Blotting out the license clause;
 Write it on each ballot white,
 So it can be read aright:
 "Where there's drink, there's danger."

Write it on the ships that sail,
 Borne along by storm and gale;
 Write it in large letters plain
 Over every land and main:
 "Where there's drink, there's danger."

Write it over every gate,
 On the church and halls of State,
 In the hearts of every band,
 In the laws of every land:
 "Where there's drink, there's danger."

The South is Going Dry

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT.

Lay the jest about the julep in the camphor balls at last,
For the miracle has happened and the olden days are past;
That which makes Milwaukee thirsty doesn't foam in
Tennessee,

And the lid in old Missouri is as tight-locked as can be—
O, the comic paper Colonel and his cronies well may sigh,
For the mint is waving gayly, but the South is going dry.

By the stillside on the hillside in Kentucky all is still,
For the only damp refreshment must be dipped up from
the rill;

No'th Ca'lina's stately ruler gives his soda glass a shove
And discusses local option with the South Ca'lina Gov.;
It is useless at the fountain to be winkful of the eye,
For the cocktail glass is dusty and the South is going dry.

It is water, water, everywhere and not a drop to drink;
We no longer hear the music of the mellow crystal clink
When the Colonel and the Major and the Gen'l and the
Jedge

Meet to have a little nip to give their appetites an edge,
For the eggnog now is noggless and the rye has gone
awry

And the punch bowl holds carnations, and the South is
going dry.

All the nightcaps now have tassels and are worn upon
the head—

Not the nightcaps that were taken when nobody went to
bed;

And the breeze above the blue grass is as solemn as is
death,

For it bears no pungent clove tang on its odorific breath.
And each man can walk a chalkline when the stars are
in the sky,

For the fizz glass now is fizzless and the South is going
dry.

The Speaker

Lay the jest about the julep 'neath the chestnut tree at
last,
For there's but one kind of moonshine and the olden
days are past;
Now the water wagon rumbles through the southland
on its trip
And it helps no one to drop off to pick up the driver's
whip.
For the mint beds make a pasture and the corkscrew
hangeth high,
All is still along the stillside, and the South is going dry.



Victories

BY F. D. COBURN,

Secretary of Kansas State Board of Agriculture. Delivered in
Chicago, Illinois, 1910.



PROHIBITION was never before so popular in Kansas as now, after a thirty years' trial. Its effects upon all phases of society's welfare have been helpfully wholesome, and the aforetime noisy threats of resubmission are no longer heard, even in whispers. Something of its beneficent influence upon society may be discerned in the official statistics, disclosing that at the end of the last fiscal year twenty-eight county poorfarms were without tenants; eighty-seven had no insane inmates, and fifty-four had no feeble-minded inmates. Twenty-one counties had no convicts in the penitentiary, thirty-six had no prisoners in the reformatory, fifty-two had no prisoners serving sentence in their county jails, and sixteen counties were without a prisoner serving sentence in any institution. Statistics show further that Kansas, with practically a fifth of New York's population, has less than one-tenth the number of insane, and that Cook county, Illinois, furnishes more insane to the State hospitals and the institution at Dunning than the total population of all the

Kansas charitable, correctional and penal institutions combined. Unlike a sister State, Kansas has no boast that hers "is the largest penitentiary in the world."

Prohibition is in the air; its invincible hosts, on the way, are being augmented by reinforcements at every crossroads. Ably led, the forces of rebellion made a long and stubborn resistance to our national authority, but their banners trailed in defeat at Appomattox before the blue-coated legions of Grant. The forces that behind saloon bars are in rebellion against society and morality are facing their Appomattox, for which Chicago may be a synonym.



Not his Business



WEALTHY man in St. Louis was asked to aid in a series of temperance meetings, but he refused, saying, "Gentlemen, it is not my business."

A few days later his wife and two daughters were coming home on the lightning express. In his fine carriage he rode to the depot, thinking of his business and planning for the morrow.

"Accident?"

There are many railroads centering in St. Louis. Yet it troubles him. It is his "business" now. The horses are stopped. He finds the accident has occurred twenty-five miles distant on the road on which his loved ones were returning. He 'phones to the superintendent:

"I will give you five hundred dollars for an extra engine."

"Can't let you have it."

"I will give you one thousand dollars for an engine."

"A train with surgeons and nurses has already gone forward, and we have no other."

With white face the man paces the station to and fro. It is his business now. In half an hour, perhaps, which seems to him half a century, the train arrives. He hurries toward it, and in the tender finds the mangled and lifeless remains of his wife and one of his daughters.

ters. In the car following lies his other daughter, with her body crushed and her life ebbing slowly away.

A pint of whiskey, imbibed by a railroad employee fifty miles away, was the cause of the catastrophe.

Who dares to say of this tremendous question, "It is not my business?"—*The Illinois Issue*.



The Supreme Issue

BY JAMES C. FERNWALD.



PLUNDERING through the night and firing upon visionary foes, the Baltic fleet of Russia shot to death two English fishermen on the dark waters of the North Sea, and all England arose with a shout for war. Those workingmen must be avenged. England's fleet in the Mediterranean cleared decks for action, and waited with shotted guns off Gibraltar. Every British ship around the world held itself ready for battle at a word. Woe to the power that recklessly destroys an English life!

Woe to the liquor power that recklessly destroys 100,000 American lives every year! For the saving of life among our people the downfall of the man-destroying saloon is the supreme issue of to-day.

Beyond even life is that for which life may, if there is need, be well laid down—that grand something which we call **CHARACTER**. Given that, and neither war, pestilence, nor famine can destroy a nation. It rises from every misfortune, elastic, enduring, triumphant. Without that, no prosperity nor fleets nor armies can save a nation. Its own dry rot eats out the substance of its greatness, and Goths, Huns, and Vandals, barbarians from anywhere, have but to put out their hands to crush the empty shell.

For characters, how stands the question of the saloon? Who needs to argue that? Why attempt the superfluous task of proving that the saloon is bad, demoralizing, degrading? To save American character we must destroy the American saloon.

Character of the Saloon

BY JAMES C. FERNWALD.



ALL thoughtful publicists are coming to see that the problem of our civilization is our cities. They are appalled at the prevalence of crime and vice in those central aggregations of humanity which are yet to rule the nation. They are shocked at the precocity of wickedness, the number of juvenile criminals and desperadoes. They hunt in libraries and bookstores for dime novels as the cause. The cause is the saloon. You may, indeed, have criminals without saloons, but you cannot have saloons without criminals. When you sow saloons thick among a population, you must reap a harvest of crime.

The saloon produces crime and vice by the alcohol it administers, which, as physiologists now know, deadens the higher, finer faculties, last evolved in the march of evolution, and hence most easily dethroned, while it stimulates the lower instincts, the long inheritance of barbarism ever struggling to control, and needing only to be unleashed—to have the restraints of judgment and conscience removed—in order to become resistless. The saloon produces vice and crime by the companionship it gathers, and saturates with its deadly atmosphere. There, sooner or later, the vicious, and the criminal resort, the innocent are made wicked, and the wicked are made morse. To suppress the saloon is the supreme concern of our imperiled cities.



The pastoral letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, in 1884, made the following declaration: "We call upon all pastors to induce all of their flocks that may be engaged in the sale of liquors to abandon the dangerous traffic as soon as possible, and to make their living in some more honorable way."

Women and the Saloon*

BY SAMUEL DICKIE.



PEN wide the doors and admit that glorious company of women, a million strong, who come from every quarter of the globe. See them press eagerly to the front, singing as they come. A bow of white ribbon is on every breast. This is the splendid army, the hopeful host, the swordless warriors of a winning battle, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. How shall we divide these? I want to be fair. I mean to be generous, but I cannot put a stain on the brow of one member of this galaxy of mothers and sisters and wives and sweethearts. No, Mr. Mayor, not one of this company in all the earth will stand with your saloon-keepers and bartenders and gamblers, not one of this elect host will contribute a word or an ounce of influence to save the saloon from the hell to which it ought to go. They will use their best endeavor to save the saloonkeeper and his victim, but for the saloon they carry the black flag that means no quarter, and they will yet walk at the funeral of the Godless thing.

Here comes another company of women, ten thousand, twenty thousand, fifty thousand, a hundred thousand of them, the poor, unfortunate and unhappy victims of man's inhumanity to woman. God forbid that I should speak of them in other than the tone of sympathy and the accent of sorrow, for they present the most pitiful sight on which the eye can rest. But how will this miserable and motley company divide? Will they all go yonder? No, a few with streaming eyes and heaving bosoms and trembling limbs will throw themselves into the arms of the white ribbon women and beg for another chance, and get the help they seek. The great majority, some gladly, some heedlessly, some reluctantly, will range themselves on the other side and stand for vice because, God pity them, because they think they must.

*, * From the Chicago debate with Mayor Rose of Milwaukee.

Wipe out the saloon, and the social evil becomes an easier problem with which to deal. The wine room is the vestibule of the house of shame, while liquor inflames and arouses the evil propensities of those who are the patrons of the horrid trade.



Would God place in my hand a wand with which to dispel the evil of intemperance, I would strike the door of every saloon, every distillery, of every brewery, until the accursed traffic should be wiped from the face of the earth.—*Archbishop Ireland.*

The drink traffic is a public, permanent and ubiquitous agency of degradation to the people of these realms. The drink trade of England has a sleeping partner which gives it effectual protection; every successive government raises at least a third of its budget by the trade in drink. The drink trade is our shame, scandal and sin, and unless brought under by the will of the people it will be our downfall.—*Cardinal Manning.*

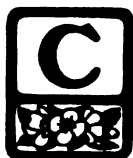
Doctor Cartwright, of New Orleans, who served through the great yellow fever epidemic there, said afterward, "About 5,000 of them (the regular drinkers) died before the epidemic touched a single citizen or sober man, so far as I can get at the facts."

It is said that "two temperance people can be supported on the land needed to support the coarse tastes of one regular frequenter of the saloon."

Prof. Starr, of the University of Chicago, the noted anthropologist, said in a lecture, "An African living in an African hut after an African fashion is likely to be a better man than he would be after the Anglo-Saxon introduced his religion, his surface civilization and his rum."

The Bottle Imp

BY JULIA M. THAYER.



OME, little Hans," said the lame cobbler, with a good-natured wink, "run round the corner for father, and get a bottle filled; here's a penny for a ginger-snap; quick, now, before the mother gets back! he! he! he!" and he nodded and chuckled to himself, as if it were a rare joke to send the absent mother's darling on a fiend's errand, whither the angel of her prayers would hardly follow.

The little one hesitated, knowing in his heart that the mother would say "Nay, the child shall not meddle with hell-fire;" but was there ever a little one could resist a ginger-snap? Not Hans Christopher, certainly, for whom the cottage shelf seldom held such dainties.

"There goes the cobbler's boy to old Grinder's den, with a big black bottle," said the brisk little dressmaker over the way, glancing out of the window. "Now we'll not hear the rat-tat-tat of his hammer again for another fortnight. Mother, what think you will ever become of that man? He goes from bad to worse, that's certain; and the boy will be *ditto*, I suppose. None of my business? Of course not; it is none of my business that my own father and brother went the same way to destruction; it is none of my business that ten thousand fathers and brothers—" she stopped suddenly, for the old woman's sigh struck her to the heart.

Meantime little Hans came back, picking his way carefully over the rough paving-stones.

"Say, little one," and the dressmaker put her head out at the window, "what have you in that lovely junk bottle? Is it a nice sup of his infernal majesty's favorite bitters, seasoned with tears and curses? Your mother likes to have your father drink that, don't she? Take care! don't spill a drop of the precious stuff. I'll tell you what, little boy," and the tone sunk to an awful whisper, "there's an ugly little black imp shut up in that bottle; you let him out, and sometime he'll *tear the very heart out of your body!*"

She shut the window with a jerk; and little Hans, on wings of terror, flew back to the dingy shop.

"Oh, father," he shrieked, panting for breath, "don't let him out! don't let him out!"

"Who? What? The child's bewitched," said the cobbler, pausing in the act of drawing the cork.

"The—the—oh, father, she said there was a—imp—in the bottle, and he'd tear your heart to pieces! Don't! Oh, father, don't!" and he held up his little hands imploringly, while drops of perspiration beaded his face.

Such agony was distressing to witness, and Christopher set the bottle down to reason with the child.

"What is it, Hans? Who has been putting this nonsense into your head. Why, let me tell you, little man, this bottle is my comfort—my *angel*; just see, now, how he warms my stomach, and cheers my heart, and is, altogether, a very good friend. What could a poor man do without it, indeed? Here's to your health, little Hans." And the little boy, with horror, saw the fatal vessel uncorked, and lifted to his father's lips.

Shrinking back into the uttermost corner, and pressing his hands tightly over his heart, he gazed long and shudderingly; but no uncanny imp appearing to verify the dressmaker's assertion, with a child's light-heartedness he soon dismissed the horrid phantom from his imagination.

Not so Christopher. A new train of thought was awakened in his brain, now roused to unusual activity by the stimulating draught.

"An imp in the bottle, hah! that is an *idée*, truly," quoth he to himself. "An imp is a devil, and a devil is good for naught but to frighten women and children; let him come on! I'm not *a-feared*!" With that he took another draught of the liquid fire. "Go to blazes! can't a man have a drop of somethin' warm, but they must get up a scarecrow of some sort o' 'nother to it? Go—to—Good God! there he is now," shrieked the cobbler, gazing, with livid face and eyes starting from their sockets, into a dusky corner of the room.

"Get out! get out! you nasty, grinning, ill-mannered devil, you! Get out, I say!" flinging his hammer at the fiend, while boots, lapstone and last went flying after.

But the creature moved not. He sat enveloped in a

bluish smoke; his tongue darted forth flames, and the glance of his eyes burnt into the cobbler's very soul, who already felt those horrid claws tugging at his heart-strings.

"Come!" said the goblin.

Great drops of sweat rolled down the cobbler's face as he strove in vain to move his palsied limbs.

"Come!" and the black-faced imp began to leer, and chuckle and dance about in horrid glee.

"I'm the bottle sprite—your comfort, your *angel*, your good friend, in whom you delight! Cheer up, and let's away; I've something to show you." With that he made a dive at Christopher, who, with superhuman effort, sprang from his bench, and struggled wildly toward the door. He missed it, and, after spinning round and round like a top, went sprawling to the floor, whence the bottle sprite lifted him by the hair of his head, and bore him off triumphantly through the roof—away, away into the fields of air.

At last he found himself set plump upon the roof of a vast distillery. He knew it by the pungent odors that filled his nostrils, and helped to restore his scattered senses. Square before him was his black "*angel*," encircled still in the blue atmosphere of the nether world.

Christopher shrank away in horror, and covered his face with both hands.

"You loathe me—you shrink from me," hissed the imp; "me, who have cheered, and warmed, and comforted you so often! Is that fair?"

The cobbler felt his brain on fire—his throat parched—his blood like molten lead in his veins.

"Drink—give me drink!" he cried, in an agony of thirst, "devil or not, I *must* have drink."

The bottle sprite laughed mockingly, and again uttered the magic word "Come!"

"Ah! but this is a fine place, isn't it?" said the bottle imp, delightedly; "not much elegance and beauty, or even comfort, here. A good many tears have been shed—a good many ghosts of dead hopes and joys are flitting round; but we'll do better than that! Only stick to the *bottle*, good Christopher, and *we'll* stay by you, never fear! Here are a few tools might yet be pawned for liquor; things aren't quite so rickety as they may be.

And then the woman—she's a brave one—she works hard to keep things together, and wears a pretty bright face, but we'll break her heart yet—and the little one! for all her tender coddlings and fine teachings, just train him up to follow *your* footsteps, and won't he toss the first clod upon *her* grave?"

The poor cobbler wept and groaned in anguish of spirit, for, with all his faults, he heartily loved his wife and child, and thoroughly detested his own bad ways.

With one last, mighty effort, he broke the spell that bound him.

"Out, fiend! liar! devil!" he shrieked; "take that—and that!"

Crash—clatter—crash!

"What can be the matter?" exclaimed Madame Christopher, just hurrying in from her morning's scanty marketing.

"Oh, father, have you done it? have you smashed him?" shouted little Hans, capering with glee around the shining fragments of the "lovely junk bottle."

"Yes, my son, I have done it, and I *am done with it forever!*" said Christopher, gathering himself up slowly from the floor, and standing erect upon his lame leg.

"Do tell, mother! what do you think?" said the little dressmaker, one day. Doesn't everything go nicely over the way? Little Hans is as happy and well-dressed a boy as one often sees, and *Madame* steps around about her work as if she was fairly dancing to the rat-tat-tat of the cobbler's hammer."



Of the great fraternal orders, the following bar saloonkeepers and bartenders form membership: Gleaners, Tribe of Ben Hur, American Yoemen, Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, Catholic Order of Foresters, Fraternal Brotherhood, Fraternal Union of America, Red Men, Foresters, Odd Fellows, Junior Order of United American Mechanics, Knights of Columbus, Knights of Honor, Maccabees, Knights of Pythias, Modern Woodmen, Mystic Workers, National Union, Protected Home Circle, Royal League, Woodmen of the World.

Water

BY JOHN B. GOUGH.

Sweet, beautiful water—brewed in the running brook, the rippling fountain and the laughing rill—in the limpid cascade, as it joyfully leaps down the side of the mountain. Brewed in yonder mountain top, whose granite peak glitters like gold bathed in the morning sun—brewed in the sparkling dewdrop; sweet, beautiful water—brewed in the crested wave of the ocean deeps, driven by the storm, breathing its terrible anthem to the God of the sea—brewed in the fleecy foam and the whitened spray as it hangs like a speck over the distant cataract—brewed in the clouds of heaven; sweet, beautiful water! As it sings in the rain shower and dances in the hail-storm—as it comes sweeping down in feathery flakes, clothing the earth in a spotless mantle of white. Distilled in the golden tissues that paint the western sky at the setting of the sun, and the silvery tissues that veil the midnight moon—sweet, health-giving, beautiful water! Distilled in the rainbow of promise, whose warp is the raindrop of earth, and whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven—sweet, beautiful water.



The Catholic Total Abstinence Union, at its thirty-eighth annual convention, held in New Haven, Conn., Aug. 13, 1908, said: "Catholic periodicals that cannot live without liquor advertisements should die. Let them not drag down the Catholic name in their greed. Those who love the name Catholic must not permit it to be used by the traffickers in politics or in printer's ink."

All who sell liquor in the common way to any who will buy are poisoners general. They murder his majesty's subjects by wholesale, neither does their eye pity nor spare. They drive them to hell like sheep.—*John Wesley.*

'As a man and a Christian, I say, Damn the saloons. If I could cause the earth to open and swallow up every saloon in the world, I would feel that I was doing humanity a blessing. We must protest against this thing. It has no redeeming feature. It is bad for the home, for humanity, for the church and for the country.—*Archbishop John J. Keane.*

The saloon is the mortal enemy of peace and order, the despoiler of men and terror of women, the cloud that shadows the face of the children, the demon that has dug more graves and sent more souls to judgment than all the pestilences that have wasted life since God sent the plagues to Egypt, and all the wars since Joshua stood before Jericho.—*Henry W. Grady.*

The saloon tends to produce criminality in the population at large and lawbreaking among the saloonkeepers themselves. When the liquor men are allowed to do as they wish, they are sure to debauch, not only the body social, but the body politic also.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

In 1800 almost everybody drank; at the present time scarcely one out of four is an habitual or even occasional user of alcoholic liquors.

Official investigation in Great Britain, following the South African war, inspired by the fact that it took 300,000 veteran British troops, supposed to be the best soldiers in the world, to defeat 25,000 abstaining Dutch farmers, found that the most serious causes of the inefficiency of the English were the wide use of chemically prepared foods and the increasing use of stimulating liquors by the classes from which the troops were recruited.

Hon. Seaborn Wright, of Atlanta, the leader of the prohibition movement in Georgia, expresses the conviction of the Southern white man when he says that "the development, the safety, aye, the very life of the Negro race in the South hangs upon his absolute separation

from intoxicating liquors. Four-fifths of his crimes against our women come from this infernal source; it is behind nine-tenths of the race conflicts in the South." On the other hand, the testimony of the best educated Negroes is that "the Negro brute is a product of the white man's gambling hells, low dives and saloons."

Dr. Frohlich, of Vienna, states a foundation sociological fact in the following words: "Alcohol deceives the man with the promise of a happy present, and hinders his appreciation of the weight of misery that is upon him. There is no easier way possible to make the unfortunate man content with his misfortunes than a couple of glasses of beer. Every disagreeable thought vanishes then, because the cortex of the brain is deadened and the man is lulled into a soporific state. We need men who are awake. The alcohol which puts men to sleep is an enemy to labor and a bitter enemy to the laborer, though it come under the deceitful mask of a friend."

"The drunkard cheapens the labor market in the same way that the dealer who sells books below cost cheapens and demoralizes the book market. The drunkard is ready to sell, not only his own labor, but that of his wife and children, at less than the real market value. The result is an eruption of woman labor and child labor at whatever price employers will pay. While we are trying to bar out cheap labor from abroad the saloon is steadily cheapening labor at home."

The liquor-soaked man is almost helpless. He is the first victim of contagion, the hardest to deal with by physicians, and the most likely to die during an epidemic. He is harder to treat when sick, and ordinarily has fewer chances of recovery. In surgical cases his wounds heal more slowly and are far more likely to "go wrong" or fail to heal at all.—*Harry S. Warner.*

Nothing which creates an increasing demand for itself can be a healthful article of food or drink.—*Harry S. Warner.*

Forty years ago the seven great hospitals of London spent annually about \$40,000 for alcoholic liquors, and about \$15,000 for milk. Now alcohol and milk have changed places. In the Infirmary at Salisbury twenty-five years ago \$1,500 was spent each year on alcoholic liquors. Last year the cost was \$35. These changes are due to the increased knowledge of the nature and effects of alcohol.

To furnish heat equal to that obtained from a nickel's worth of flour requires the alcohol and solids of 29.6 glasses of beer, costing at five cents per glass, \$1.48. No workingman can afford to purchase heat-producing power at such a tremendous cost, to say nothing of the effects of the alcohol as a drug.

In the summer of 1907 the Pabst Brewing Company of Milwaukee filled the daily papers with the claim that "The United States Department of Agriculture officially declares that beer is the purest and best of all foods and drinks." This brought out a vigorous protest from the Acting Secretary of Agriculture, who declared that "No such statement has ever been made by the Department. The Department does all in its power to prevent having its views distorted, but I regret that there is no law by which such practices may be reached."

The fact that one-fourth of the entire national income is from such revenue, makes it inevitable that there should be close relations between government and trade which yields this immense tax. This is the secret of saloon power in politics.—*Harry S. Warner.*

Liquor men have so well recognized that new demand must be created that in State conventions they have declared that nickels spent in treats to boys is missionary work that will return its hundreds of dollars later on the investment.—*H. S. Warner.*

Constitutional prohibition has done more than any other one thing to make Kansas the garden spot, morally, of the universe. It has educated thousands of the finest young men and women to abhor intoxicating

liquor as they would abhor any kind of sin and crime. It has helped educate the entire population in ways of sobriety and sober, healthy thinking and conduct, and has raised the entire moral tone of the State to the highest level of citizenship. Prohibition in Kansas is not a question mark, but a permanent fact. The saloon and all that goes with it in Kansas is deader than Pharaoh's army.—*Rev. Charles M. Sheldon.*

The United States Department of Labor found that 90 per cent. of railways, 79 per cent. of manufacturers, 88 per cent. of trades and 72 per cent. of agriculturists discriminate against employes addicted to the beverage use of intoxicants. The great barrier to wage-earners in general and to the elevation of young men in business in particular is the drink habit.

In Maine in 1906, with its prohibitory laws only fairly well enforced, there was one commitment to prison for every 12,860 of the population. In Massachusetts, with saloons in most of the cities and many towns, there was one for every 788 of the population, the whole cost of justice and punishment being proportionately increased.—*Harry S. Warner.*



Every woman who has to live with a drunken husband knows that the devil is still loose.

Many a procession that is marching straight toward the pit is headed by a moderate drinker.

The man who can drink whiskey all his life without being hurt by it is no account for anything else.

At the sight of a glass of beer many a man is ready to sell the birthright of his children to have a sober father.

As long as the devil can find men who will make and sell whiskey, there is no reason why he should be discouraged.

As long as the devil can keep the saloon going, he will conclude that the thousand years he is to be shut up are a long way off.

—*The Ram's Horn.*

Drink's Last Bluff

When the brewer, through his news bureau, platform advocate or printed circular, attempts to make your hair stand on end with the boast that Uncle Sam cannot run his Government without the help of liquor revenue, and points in dismay at the official record which shows a drop in liquor's internal revenue receipts of \$23,589,276.53 for the past two years—

Just then be sure you have pasted in your hat for ready reference one or more of the following facts:

While the internal revenue from liquor dropped \$23,589,276.53 in two years, and because it did, the people have saved approximately \$166,637,261.45 for legitimate purposes, which would otherwise have gone into the till of the drink maker and seller.

And not only that, based on the figures showing the steady increase of the drink traffic in previous years, the drink makers have received in the past four years something like \$464,449,997.15 less income than they had counted on, which, of course, means that much more saved to the people for legitimate uses.

And if that were not enough to silence the apologist for the booze maker, just tell him that the drop in liquor production and consumption during the past two years indicates that there are something like 1,404,008 more total abstainers from alcoholic liquors in America to-day than there were three years ago.—*The Prohibitionist*, October, 1909.



"More than any other one factor, the saloon has broken down the American Sabbath and ushered in the Continental Sunday, disdaining in most cases even to change the law, but accomplishing its work in spite of the law. It is in the saloon that Anarchism finds a rendezvous and an inspiration, and the red flag has never floated to the American breeze except from the American saloon."

The Income Tax

In the Harvard-Yale-Princeton triangular debate on the income tax, the question was stated thus: *Resolved*, That the Federal Government should have the power to impose an income tax, not apportioned among the States according to population. The Harvard affirmative team defeated Yale, while the Harvard negative defeated Princeton. The Princeton negative defeated Yale. The following are the arguments used by both Harvard teams as reported in "The Harvard Crimson:"

H. B. EHLMANN '12, FIRST AFFIRMATIVE.

Although it is universally conceded that an income tax is the most just and logical form of taxation, yet since 1895 the Federal Government of the United States has been powerless to levy such a tax. There is a clause in our Constitution which says that direct taxes must be apportioned among the States according to population, and in 1895 the Supreme Court of the United States decided that an income tax was a direct tax. Now an income tax which has to be apportioned among the States according to population is too great an injustice for an American to tolerate. The rate of taxation in Nebraska would be five times the rate in Rhode island, and property in the Carolinas would bear seven times the burden imposed in Massachusetts.

But we of the affirmative do not quarrel with the decision of 1895, although it hung by the slender thread of a vote of five to four, and upset the interpretation of a hundred years. We accept the decision that an income tax means a direct tax to-day; we are not arguing the constitutionality of an income tax. If a constitutional amendment should be necessary, we of the affirmative advocate such an amendment.

Our position is briefly this: We believe first that the decision of 1895 took away from our Federal Government a power which the founders of our country intended it to have, a prerogative inseparable from every sovereign government. We advocate a restoration of that power. And second, we are advocating no chimerical scheme; we believe that whenever Congress shall see fit to incorporate an income tax in our federal revenue system, it will be making use of a tax which is practicable. And third, we

believe that an income tax whenever levied, will go a long way toward alleviating the injustice of the present system.

Now then, as to our first proposition. The opinions of the principal framers of our Constitution all agree that the constitutional meaning of the word "direct tax" comprehended only a capitation tax and a tax on land. Furthermore, from Justice Paterson in 1794 to Justice Savage in 1880, we have five unanimous Supreme Court decisions substantiating this interpretation. But what is still more convincing is the fact that for over a hundred years our Federal Government enjoyed the power to levy an income tax, and for a period of over a decade, covering the time of the Civil War, an income tax was actually levied and collected.

We are, then, advocating nothing radical; we wish to restore to our Federal Government a power which it actually possessed until fifteen years ago. Now a word or two as to what the power means. Our nation stands alone to-day among the nations of the world, not only without an income tax, but even without the power to tax the accumulated wealth of its citizens.

But furthermore, in the words of President Taft, "it is an elemental weakness on the part of the central government not to be able in times of emergency to levy such a tax." Should our nation engage in a war with a great commercial power, and our duties on imports necessarily be seriously impaired, then our nation would be defenceless.

This then is the power which we wish to restore to our Government. And because we believe our Constitution, being a written Constitution and difficult of change, should contain all the essential powers of government, we of the affirmative, as our first argument, advocate a restoration of this power, a power of which our Government stands shorn to-day by the vote of a single man.

T. M. GREGORY '10, SECOND AFFIRMATIVE.

The power to levy an income tax is not only a necessary power of a sovereign government, but it is also a practicable power. The fact that every European power of any importance levies this tax successfully is in itself

a sufficient proof of its practicability. The arguments usually advanced against the practical efficiency of the tax are, that it is inquisitorial, that it is open to evasion, and that it falls simply upon the honest tax payers. These objections are groundless under the latest development of the income tax. By means of taxing incomes at their source, before they reach the individual all of these evils are obviated. Thus incomes derived from investments in corporations are taxed in the form of dividends and interest before they are paid over by the corporation. The salaries of all employes of corporations or other business organizations are taxed before they are paid over to the employes. This principle of taxing incomes at their source can thus be extended throughout our industrial system. The fact that business in the country is largely carried on in the corporate form, and that corporations have been brought under the supervision of the Federal Government by the new corporation tax, makes the system of stoppage at the source peculiarly adaptable to this country. The income tax law of 1894, as well as the Bailey law of 1896, made extensive provisions for the collection of the tax by this method. Lawson Purdy has estimated that four-fifths of a Federal income tax could be collected in this manner.

The experience of the Federal Government with the income tax demonstrates even further the practicability of this power of taxation. The income tax of the Civil War, although crude and imperfect, and although levied at a time when business, industry and commerce were shattered, was nevertheless a great success as a revenue producing instrument, \$347,000,000 having been collected from it. Considering the imperfect nature of the tax and the conditions of the time, the income tax was free from popular hostility and fraud. Prof. A. L. Perry, a professor at Williams' College, writing while the tax was in force, said that the income tax had been "subject to less complaint than other forms of indirect taxation." The real success of the tax is best shown by the report of the Special Revenue Commission of 1866, which reported that "the income tax would probably be sustained with less detriment to the country than any other form of taxation."

Thus our experience with an income tax proves its practicability for use in this country, and the fact that

the system of stoppage at the source may now be applied demonstrates its practical success beyond a reasonable doubt.

E. R. BURKE 2L., THIRD AFFIRMATIVE.

The affirmative believes further that the fundamental principle of justice in taxation requires a readjustment of the tax burden. The general property tax is everywhere admitted to be a failure. States and localities cannot reach intangible personal property such as stocks, bonds and securities of all kinds, because the administration of the tax is narrow, while the property tax has become national. As a result, the tangible property of the man of moderate means is fully taxed, and the wealthy stock and bond holder goes free. Let the Federal Government lay its tax on these incomes at the source—before the corporation makes its return—then the unjust and inadequate personal property taxes can be abolished. This very result followed, within a few years, the adoption of the splendid English income tax. Here is the first great step toward justice in taxation.

Let us go a step farther. We have a corporation tax, but as now administrated it works serious injustice. The net earnings of a corporation consists of the dividends paid on stock and the interest on bonds. To tax one of these items and omit the other is most unjust. Yet that is exactly what our corporation tax is doing. It reaches the stocks, but it does not, and cannot, touch the bonds. The reason of this is the limitation upon the taxing power of Congress which the negative defends. By a decision of the Supreme Court a tax upon the bonds would be a tax upon the income of the individual bondholder, and it would have to be apportioned among the States, which we have shown is impossible.

The National Government collects the bulk of its revenue from customs and excise duties. These are taxes on consumption. Property, and the income from property, as such, pay no part of the tax. The poor man out of his daily wage, whenever he purchases for himself and family the necessities of life, pays the tax. This is obviously a tax not upon ability but upon want. If it were true that the necessities of the poor and the rich bore the same relation as their incomes, it would be a

just tax. But as a matter of fact seven-eighths of these taxes are paid by men with incomes so small that nothing remains after the payment. We make no attack upon wealth, but we do attack a vicious system which unjustly exempts wealth from its just share of taxation, and places the burden upon those least able to pay. As a toll upon the necessities of life, the Government now collects \$450,000,000 annually in payment of wars that are past and in preparation for wars to come, an enormous expenditure largely that property may be secure. And yet the negative denies the right of Congress to collect a few cents on the dollar from this protected property. They would leave the whole burden crushing down upon the masses of our people. We urge an income tax as a supplement to the taxes on consumption, as an equalizer of the burden of taxation.

Our proposal then is simply to restore to the Federal Government a power that it long possessed and actually used to advantage—a necessary power in time of national stress; a practicable power whenever put in force, a power by which most justly the burdens of taxation can be distributed, the iniquitous personal property tax abolished, the corporation tax made effective, the indirect taxes on consumption supplemented by a direct tax on accumulated wealth.

H. H. BRELAND '11, FIRST NEGATIVE.

It is admitted by all that an amendment to the Constitution is a necessity if this proposed power is to be conferred upon Congress. If, then, we can show, first, that the Constitution should not be amended until the power to be conferred by that amendment should be immediately exercised; and, secondly, that the power to impose a Federal income tax should not now be exercised, we shall have completely sustained our contention that this power should not be conferred upon Congress. Our first proposition that the Constitution should not be amended until the power to be conferred by that amendment should be exercised is almost a self-evident truth. When a nation adopts a Constitution as the fundamental law of the land, this nation must proceed on the assumption that its fundamental law is adapted to all

conditions, both present and future, and this assumption must hold until a condition has actually arisen which the Constitution fails to meet.

In the Civil War 1.6 per cent. of the expense was borne by an income tax, while 65 per cent. was met with loans. The Spanish-American War was financed without the slightest need of an income tax by the sale of bonds and a slight increase in the internal revenue taxes. With these resources at our command, we would have ample time to amend the Constitution after the war was at least a probability, if it became evident that an income tax was an absolute necessity.

The first argument in support of our second proposition that an income tax should not be imposed now, is that this tax is not needed for revenue. The fact that the treasury has faced a deficit is no cause for alarm; 26 per cent. of the years of history have been deficit years. The tariff has already yielded \$31,000,000 more than it had yielded for the same length of time last year.

We have shown that the Constitution should not be amended until the power to be conferred by that amendment should be immediately exercised, and that this conclusion is not affected by the possibility of a war. We have shown, further, that the power to impose an income tax should not be exercised now because this tax is not needed.

J. DEM. ELLIS 2L., SECOND NEGATIVE.

In advocating the income tax, the affirmative invented two needs for it: the deficit in the Treasury, and the justice of the measure. But over a quarter of the years have been deficit years, and that deficit has always been met by the normal method of taxation; and although the tax may in theory be just, in practice it is one of the hardest and most unjust taxes that could possibly be levied.

The negative opposes the proposed amendment because we believe there is no urgent necessity for such a power to be vested in Congress such as to warrant a constitutional amendment. But we must remember that the exercise of this power is far more important than the power itself, and we maintain that the power to levy an income tax not apportioned according to population is not only

unnecessary, but should not be granted because its exercise is impractical.

The income tax must be levied and collected by the Government as it now exists. The collection of an income tax is impractical under our present system, because we have not a highly centralized government.

But not only is our governmental form an obstacle to the collection of this tax. From its very nature an income tax is the most difficult tax to collect that has been devised, and as a result the government is forced to adopt one of two methods of collection. Either the individuals taxed must declare the amount of their incomes, or there must be a skilful body of officials to ascertain the individual's income.

Self-interest alone is enough to cause the taxpayer to declare as small an income as possible. The inevitable result is that only the strictly honest man ever pays his tax. Our States have tried this method in connection with the personal property tax and made a dismal failure. As income is more intangible than personal property, it is hard to see how such a method should succeed.

The second method of collection, by a body of officials, is even more impractical. It offers an inducement and increased opportunity for corruption. But our experience with the law of 1861 is even more in point. Out of a population of 37,000,000 in 1868, only 260,000 could be discovered who had an annual income of at least \$1,000, and two years later, when the exemption was raised to \$2,000, only 71,000 persons could be compelled to pay. The refusal by the people to pay the tax led to its repeal in 1872. And during the entire period of its imposition the income tax returned only an average yearly amount of \$37,000,000, a sum insignificant in comparison with the return from other Federal taxes.

In addition to the uncertainty and non-productivity of the official method is the fact that it means a bureaucratic tax-collecting body, prying into the financial condition of every citizen, and interfering with business relations in an unwarranted manner.

H. M. POTTER '10, THIRD NEGATIVE.

Even if no great constitutional principle were involved, the proposition of the affirmative must be re-

jected, because the imposition of an income tax now not only would be unnecessary and impracticable, but it would also inevitably create two tremendous dangers—increased congressional extravagance and the vicious supplement thereto, class legislation.

The tendency of our Federal Government to make useless expenditures can scarcely be doubted by anyone. The leader of the Republican administration in the Senate, Mr. Aldrich, stood upon the floor of that chamber and declared that the Government should be financed for \$300,000,000 less than is now being annually expended, and his approximation was undisputed. Even the President did the unusual thing, in his Newark address of February 23, of declaring that there is "the possibility of reforms leading to great economy" in national finances. I protest against those numerous expenditures for purely local purposes, in the making of which the Federal Government introduces itself into the sphere properly reserved for the States. I refer to such appropriations as are annually made for the irrigating of arid sections of land in the West and for the dredging of small local streams everywhere.

With a Congress of this complexion it is no wonder that deficits have arisen in the last two or three years. Do Congressmen, in the face of a deficit, behave as any reasonably shrewd business man would do, and seek to reduce the expenses of conducting their business? No! Like spoiled children they immediately cry for more money, and the gentlemen from Princeton would humor their whims and encourage their extravagances, opening wide to Congress the doors of the richest storehouse this nation knows, the institution of private property.

This first great evil of the income tax amendment suggests the other—class legislation. When the framers of the Constitution foresaw the inevitable growth of this country to the South and West, and that sooner or later the representatives from the newer sections would necessarily outnumber those from the older States, they inserted this apportionment clause in regard to direct Federal taxation. They did so for the same purpose for which the whole Constitution was ordained, as a protection for the minority against the majority. Destroy that safeguard and you give to the poor the right to break into the strong boxes of the rich and expend that

wealth as their passion dictates, for Congress is ruled by the majority, and the majority in this country are poor people. Even with the low exemptions of the Civil War income tax, 99 per cent. of the population escaped assessment under it. The same inequality would have attended the tax of 1894, had it not been declared unconstitutional. Yet the affirmative declares that "all men should pay according to their ability." How can all men pay, if 99 per cent. of them are exempted?

This setting up of the wealthy for spoliation by the others of society is nothing short of class legislation of the most vicious sort, of the sort against which there stands that monumental warning of the result of inequality in taxation—the French Revolution. The negative pleads for the avoidance of these tremendous dangers of Federal extravagance and class legislation.

REFERENCES FOR DEBATE.

- Gould, J. M., *Federal Income Tax Explained*.
 Bliss, *Encyclopedia of Social Reform*, p. 714.
 An. Am. Acad., vol. 6, p. 268; vol. 4, p. 557; vol. 30, p. 82 (supplement).
 Quar. J. of Econ., vol. 20, p. 287; vol. 23, p. 296.
 Rev. of Reviews, Vol. 33, p. 736.
 Arena, 35: 213; 36: 659.
 N. Am. Rev., 182: 824.
 Outlook, 85: 503; 85: 496; 86: 751.
 Ind., 61: 1501; 62: 1516.
 Harp. W., vol. 52: 32; 54: 324.
 Chaut., 54: 324.
 Nation, 71: 197.
 Income Tax in the Commonwealths of the U. S., Publication of the Am. Econ. Ass'n., vol. 4; 1903.
 A complete list of references may be had from the Congressional Library, Division of Bibliography.

The Speaker

Volume V, No. 4.

Whole No. 20

A paper read at the Public Speaking Conference of Instructors in the Colleges of Pennsylvania, Maryland, New Jersey, Delaware, District of Columbia and Southern New York.



N Sidney Lanier's "Symphony" the violins cry out, "The world needs hearts, 'tis tired of head."

Such a protest is being made against many college courses. The departments of English are responding to the protest, it seems, so that the undue emphasis placed on philological and critical study is not now so common. This emphasis was almost inevitable, and teachers of public speaking may well consider the conditions. When American schools were establishing university standards men studied in Germany at a time when the scientific method was the bright new badge of learning. The proudest distinction for a scholar was to come to the state of mind of the German professor who, dying, regretted that he had not given his entire life to a study of the subjunctive mode. So literature often became a problem to solve, a riddle to be guessed, a cadaver to be dissected.

Another element which no doubt entered into the overemphasis of the critical method of studying literature was the common human vanity, the desire to appear intellectual. There were many, and still there are some men who consider intellectual qualities superior to emotional qualities. Forgetting that the best, the truest, the holiest human qualities arise from our emotions, that patriotism, and love of kindred, and love of God, that faith and hope are essentially emotional, so these men exalt the intellectual and ridicule the emotional. The lines of Richard Watson Gilder may be quoted concerning these men, merely substituting the word "critic" for "poet:"

The Speaker

"Give me a theme," the little poet cried,
"And I will do my part."
"Tis not a theme you need," the world replied;
"You need a heart."

Another element which doubtless must be considered is the natural desire of men to formulate into a creed, to arrange into a system, to label and brand and trademark all manifestations of life. But the greatest and truest things cannot be formulated. No more can the simplest things be fully measured. Only the less important phases of any life can be set down; the essence of life though it is unmistakable evidence, is impalpable, elusive, it can only be glimpsed, it cannot be fully seen. We need to study meter and rhyme and the origin of words; but these are not the end of literature; literature is only to help us interpret life. Madison Cawein says:

"There is no rhyme that is half so sweet
As the song of wind in the rippling wheat;
There is no metre that's half so fine
As the lilt of the brook under rock and vine:
And the loveliest lyric I ever heard
Was the wildwood strain of a forest bird."

Public Speaking in Colleges.

I have dwelt upon these elements which lead to mistakes in teaching literature because I believe the teacher of public speaking faces the same difficulties. Our work is comparatively new in colleges, but already it has gone through several stages of experimentation.

If we except music, speech is the most emotional of all arts, and it is the least scientific. Teachers were eager to have public speaking take its place with other college subjects; they were influenced by the scientific spirit of our universities; and they shared the somewhat academic contempt for all that is emotional. To their joy there was published "Rush on the Voice," a valuable scientific treatise. "At last," the teachers of elocution said, "we will come into our own, we will be recognized by university men—we teach a subject which is scientific." So there came into vogue a system of teaching which dwelt

much on force, and stress, and pitch, and ditones, and tritones, and pectoral and nasal qualities, and much more—valuable enough to one who wishes a scientific knowledge of how speech is formed, but only an impediment to one who is learning to speak—as great a waste of time and effort as to teach a piano student the mechanics of levers, or the anatomy of his arms. So elocution became ridiculous, and the colleges grew impatient with it, as did sensible people everywhere.

After a time Delsarte's important scientific treatise was given to the world, and again hope budded for teachers of public speaking. Here was a scientific study that would command the respect of scholars. It did. Here, it seemed, was the scientific basis of expressing bodily action. So teaching took on posing and attitudinizing, vainly trying to make over an art into a science. The general impatience with elocution which resulted was deserved.

Rush and Delsarte.

There is a small segment of the whole circle representing public speech which depends on science, but a very small segment. To this segment Rush and Delsarte contributed scientific study for which the world must always be their debtor. But speaking is essentially an art, and for us to attempt to teach it by formulas, to reduce instruction to a system of rules, is fatal.

To escape the penalties of the excesses to which teachers went in using Rush and Delsarte, and also to include new courses of instruction, we have come to use the phrase "public speaking" to indicate the departments in our colleges. A good name. The departments are excellent, they are doing good work, they have the respect of college faculties. There is a great demand for the best trained men to teach this subject.

But we are yielding to the same influences as the teachers of a generation ago. The somewhat prevalent tendency is to recognize argumentation as the only form of public speaking which college teachers can consider as worth while. There are some who even patronize those teachers who present courses in declamation, or the interpretative side of literature.

The Importance of Argumentation.

We are making much of argumentation because college students want it, because they need it, and because college faculties look favorably upon such a course. But the eagerness with which we are meeting the new conditions is attributable also to another cause—we want to be like other college teachers. Most of them have subjects on which they can lecture learnedly for a semester, or a year, or several years. Argumentation affords us an opportunity to instruct by means of lectures. We can get together enough material about logic and the laws of evidence to last us, if carefully used, ten weeks. So we are proud; we are like the other instructors; we are not peculiar, we are following the fashion.

I believe I am not misunderstood. We should give definite instruction in logic and the laws of evidence; we should give instruction in voice development; we should point out the qualities of the oratorical style; but we should not deceive ourselves. If our subject is different from other college subjects, then we must teach it in a different way, even if that seems so unlike the methods common in the college as to appear peculiar.

No one ever learned to speak except by speaking. We must make no mistake about this. No student will learn to speak by hearing us lecture about speaking; no student will become a speaker by reading books on speaking. Our courses must be drill courses.

Moreover, argumentation is not the only form of public speaking. Because oratory is often so stiff as to be ridiculous is no reason why college teachers should not guide students into sensible and effective oratory. Because declamation is abused there is the more reason why college teachers should see that it comes into its rightful place in the estimate of the academic world and of the general public. We need to learn from our own mistakes, from the mistakes of other departments, and most of all to make the department of public speaking accountable to its own standards, not to the standards of other departments.

—*Paul M. Pearson.*

Little Sister*

BY ROY ROLFE GILSON.

The popularity of the stories called "In the Morning Glow" is due to the same qualities that make them successful readings. A full half dozen of the stories in this book are exceptionally good recitations.



IN the daytime she played with you, and believed all you said, and was always ready to cry. At night she slept with you and the four dolls. She was your little sister, Lizbeth.

"Whose little girl are you?" they would ask her. If she were sitting in father's lap, she would doubtless reply:

"Father's little girl."

But—

"Oh, *Lizbeth!*" mother would cry.

"And mother's," Lizbeth would add, to keep peace in the family. Though she never mentioned you at such times, she told you privately that she would marry you when you got to be a man, and publicly she remembered you in her prayers.

When Lizbeth and you were good, you loved each other, and when you were bad, both of you at the same time, you loved each other, too, *very* dearly. But sometimes it happened that Lizbeth was good and you were bad, and then she only loved mother, and ran and told tales on you. And you—well, you did not love anybody at all.

When your insides said it would be a long time before dinner, and your mouth watered, and you stood on a chair by the pantry shelf with your hand in a brown jar, and when Lizbeth found you there, you could tell by just looking at her face that she was very good that day, and that she loved mother better than she did you. But there was always a last resort.

*Abridged from Roy Rolfe Gilson's "In the Morning Glow." Copyright, 1902, by Harper & Brothers. Used by special permission of the author and of the publishers.

"Lizbeth, if you tell"—you mumbled awfully, pointing at her an uncanny forefinger dripping preserves—"if you tell, a great, big, black Gummy-gum'll get you when it's dark, and he'll pick out your eyes and gnaw your ears off, and he'll keep one paw over your mouth so you can't holler, and when the blood comes——"

Lizbeth quailed before you. She began to cry.

"You won't tell, *will* you?" you demanded, fiercely, making eyes like a Gummy-gum and showing your white teeth.

"No-o-o," wailed Lizbeth.

"Well, stop crying, then," you commanded, sucking your syrupy fingers. "If you cry, the Gummy-gum'll come and get you *now*."

Lizbeth looked fearfully over her shoulder and stopped. By that time your fingers were all sucked, and the cover was back on the jar, and you were saved. But that night, when mother and father came home, you watched Lizbeth, and, lest she forget, you made the eyes of a Gummy-gum, when no one but Lizbeth saw. Mother tucked you both into bed, and kissed you and put out the light. Then Lizbeth whimpered.

"Why, Lizbeth!" said mother from the dark.

Quick as a flash you snuggled up to Lizbeth's side.

"The Gummy-gum'll get you if you don't stop," you whispered, warningly. But with one dismal wail Lizbeth was out of bed and in mother's arms. Then you awaited retribution, humming a little song, and so it was to the tune of "I Want to be an Angel" that you heard Lizbeth sob out her awful tale:

"Harry—he—he said the Gummy-gum'd get me—if I told about the p'serves."

And it was *you* the Gummy-gum got that time, and your blood, you thought, almost came.

But other nights when you went to bed—nights after days when you had both been good and loved each other—it was fine to lie there in the dark with Lizbeth, playing Make-Believe before you fell asleep.

"I'll tell you," you said, putting up your foot so that the covers rose upon it, making a little tent—"I tell you, let's be Indians."

"Let's," said Lizbeth.

"And this is our little tent, and there's bears outside what'll eat you up if you don't look out."

Lizbeth shivered and drew her knees up to her chin, so that she was nothing but a little warm roll under the wigwam.

"And now the bears are coming—wow! wow! wow!"

And as the great, hungry beasts pushed their snouts under the canvas and growled and gnashed their teeth, Lizbeth, little squaw, squealed with terror, and seized you as you lay there helpless in your triple role of tent and bears and Indian brave; seized you in the ticklish ribs, so that the wigwam came tumbling about your ears, and the Indian brave rolled and shrieked with laughter, and the brute bears fled to their mountain caves.

"Children!"

"W-what?"

"Stop that noise and go right to sleep. Do you hear me?"

Was it not the voice of the mamma bear? Stealthily you crept under the fallen canvas, which had grown smaller, somehow, in the melee, so that when you pulled it up to your chin and tucked it in around you Lizbeth was out in the cold; and when Lizbeth tucked herself in, then you were shivering. But by-and-bye you huddled close in the twisted sheets and talked low beneath the edge of the coverlet, so that no one heard you—not even the Gummy-gum, who spent his nights on the back stairs.

"Does the Gummy-gum eat little folks while they're asleep?" asked Lizbeth, with a precautionary snuggle up.

"No; 'cause the Gummy-gum is afraid of the little black gnomes what live in the pillows."

"Well, if the little black gnomes live in the pillows, why can't you feel them, then?"

"'Cause, now, they're so teenty-weenty and so soft."

"And can't you ever see them at all?"

"No; 'cause they don't come out till you're asleep."

"Oh—well, Harry—now—if a Gummy-gum had a head like a horse, and a tail like a cow, and a bill like a duck, what?"

"Why—why, he *wouldn't*, 'cause he isn't."

"Oh—well, is the Gummy-gum just afraid of the little gnomes, and that's all?"

"Um-hm; 'cause the little gnomes have little knives, all sharp and shiny, what they got on the Christmas-tree."

"Our Christmas-tree?"

"No; the little gnomes' Christmas-tree."

"The little gnomes' Christmas-tree?"

"Umhm."

"Why?"

"'Cause—why, there isn't any why—just Christmas-tree?"

"Um."

"Why—I thought—I—"

And you and Lizbeth never felt mother smooth out the covers at all, though she lifted you up to straighten them; and so you slept, spoon-fashion, warm as toast, with the little black gnomes watching in the pillows and the Gummy-gum hungry but afraid in the dark of the back stairs.

But once Lizbeth stayed in bed every day, and you played by yourself. Twice a day they took you as far as the bedroom door to see her.

"H'lo," you said as you peeked.

"H'lo," she whispered back, very softly, for she was almost asleep, and she did not even smile at you, and before you could tell her what Pussy cat did they took you away;—but not till you had seen the two glasses on the table with the silver spoon on top.

There was no noise in the days then. Even the trees stopped singing, and the wind walked on tiptoe and whispered into people's ears, like you.

"Is it to-day Lizbeth comes downstairs?" you asked every morning.

"Do you think Lizbeth will play with me to-morrow?" you asked every night. Night came a long time after morning in the days when Lizbeth could not play.

"Oh, dear, I don't think I feel very well," you told mother. Tears spilled out of your eyes and rolled down your cheeks. Mother felt of your brow and looked at your tongue.

"I know what's the matter with my little boy," she said, and kissed you; but she did not put you to bed.

One day, when no one was near, you peeked and saw Lizbeth. She was alone and very little and very white,

"H'lo," you said.

"H'lo," she whispered back, and smiled at you, and when she smiled you could not wait any longer. You went in very softly and kissed her where she lay and gave her a little hug. She patted your cheek.

"I'd like my dollies," she whispered. You brought them to her, all four—the two china ones and the rag brunette and the waxen blonde.

"Dollies are sick," she said. "They 'most died, I guess. Play you're sick, too."

Mother found you there—Lizbeth and you and the four dolls—side by side on the bed, all in a little sick row. And from the very moment that you kissed Lizbeth and gave her the little hug she grew better, so that by-and-by the wind blew louder and the trees sang lustily, and all your yard was bright with sun and flowers and voices and play, for you and Lizbeth and the four dolls were well again.



True Rest

Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to one's sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion,
Clear without strife,
Fleeting to ocean,
After this life.

'Tis loving and serving,
The highest and best;
'Tis onward, unswerving,
And this is true rest.

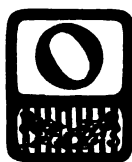
—Goethe.

The Hazing of Valliant*

BY JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS.

Scene—PRINCETON COLLEGE.

Characters—TWO PRINCETON BOYS.



NE of these was eighteen years old, and had a complexion that women envied and felt like kissing. He was small and dainty, and smelt like good soap, and his name was Valliant.

The other was a little older, considerably bigger and much more self-assertive. Except for his duck trousers, he wore orange and black, with his class numerals on everything. His name was Buckley.

These two were rivals for the affections of a certain pretty girl. Moreover, Valliant was a freshman and Buckley a sophomore.

But it was not in the glorious old days of untrammelled class activity, when everyone recognized that there were certain duties owed the freshmen by the sophomore class, but in the comparatively modern times when one had to play a very careful game to do any hazing.

So twice had Buckley waited in the alley near the house where Valliant ate his dinner, and the third night the freshman came, but with an upper-classman. Buckley said things and kept in the shadow, but the freshman had good eyes, and said, as he took out his keys, "Oh, is that you, Mr. Buckley? Why, how do you do? Aren't you coming up to see me?"

That was horribly fresh!

"Not now; which is your room?"

The freshman led Buckley into the alleyway and pointed up at the wing of the house. It was a large one, and many people lived in it.

"That room up there, next to the one with a light in it. See?"

This was decidedly fresh!

*From "Princeton Stories." Copyright, 1905, by Charles Scribner's Sons. By special permission of the author.

The next night Buckley got his gang together, and they decided on a plan of action that should give the freshman a good night's work, and send him back a better boy for it. It was nearly two o'clock when they carried the ladder into the alleyway and laid it down in silence. For several reasons this was to be a right nerry go.

A young professor and his wife had a suite of rooms in the house, but it wasn't that which troubled them—it was this: The moon shone full and clear upon the blank wall of the house, and this wall was in plain view from a spot about two blocks away, where a certain owl-eyed proctor was sure to pass and repass all the night.

"Buck, which is the freshman's room?"

"It was the one next to the light, and the light was in the room over the side door."

"Second or third story?"

"Hist!—not so loud. Let's see—the third, I guess. Listen!"

A whistle came from the silent distance, the first bar of "Renuski Ho"—a silence, the same bar repeated. It was their signal. By this they knew that the proctor had passed the open space; that, if they hurried, they could put the ladder against the house, send a man up, take it away again, before the proctor crossed the open space once more.

Buckley started up. "Don't take the ladder away till I get all the way in—until I wave my hand. There's plenty of time. Keep cool," and he nimbly made his ascent. For his descent he was to rely on the freshman, the stairs and his own persuasive powers.

The ladder was not quite long enough, and he had to stand on the top round and stretch for the sill. Then he pulled himself up, got one foot over the sill, dragged the other after, and was in the room. He leaned out and waved his hand. The top of the ladder swung out from the wall and swooped down in silence. Buckley started across the room. A small clock was ticking somewhere. He detected a faint odor of mouchoir powder, and was just remarking to himself that it was just like that pretty-faced freshman, when from somewhere there came a soft voice, saying, "Is that you, dear?"

Then, before all the blood near his back-bone had time

to freeze into little splinters of ice, he said, "Sh!—," and stepped out of the moonlight into the shadow. Across the silence the soft voice floated again:

"Oh, I'm not asleep. But why did you stay so long, Guy, dear?"

Then, as Buckley's knees stiffened tight against each other, he spied coming toward him something white, with two black streaks hanging half way down, which, as the thing came into the moonlight, he saw to be long braids of dark hair, and the light showed a face which was young and beautiful, and a tall, slender figure clothed in a single garment, which was white.

Buckley closed his eyes. But he felt the thing coming nearer and nearer. He stood up perfectly straight and rigid as two soft arms reached up and met about his neck, and the soft voice began to sob against his sweater.

"You have not forgiven me yet! Won't you forgive me? You know I did not mean it! Won't you forgive—her?" And Buckley realized that he was in the thick of a romantically ghastly mistake, and that the only thing he could do to make it worse was to speak or show his face. For fully half a minute he remained motionless, trying to think what to do. When he had made up his mind, he gritted his teeth and put his arms around the clinging thing, and then it began to purr:

"Tell me you do forgive me—say it with your own lips."

Buckley said nothing with his lips; he was biting them.

"Speak to me, Guy"—

A soft, fragrant hand came gently up along his cheek, which tingled, and over his eyes, which quivered, and pushed back the hair from his brow, which was wet with the perspiration of horror.

Suddenly she raised her head, gave one look at his face, with large, startled eyes; then, with a shuddering gasp, she recoiled. But Buckley was not letting go. This was what he had prepared for. Keeping one arm about her waist, he threw the other around the neck in such a way that he could draw it tight if necessary, and said, "For heaven's sake, don't scream; I can explain."

"Ugh! Oh, let me go!"

"Oh, please, if you scream, it'll make things awfully

awkward. I got in here by mistake. I can explain. I'm not going to hurt you."

She tried to wrench away from his grasp.

"Promise me not to scream, and I'll let go."

"Yes, yes; I promise—only let go."

Buckley released his grasp. She fled across the room, snatched up an afghan from the sofa, and, holding it about her, retreated to the dark part of the room. Buckley couldn't see her now, but from the corner farthest away from him he heard her moan, "O, dear! O, dear! O, dear!" And it made him have all kinds of contempt for himself.

"I don't know who you are, but whoever you are, I wish you wouldn't cry! Please be calm! It's all a big mistake. I thought I was coming to my own room——"

"Your own room?"

"I mean my classmate's room—I mean I thought a freshman roomed here. I wouldn't have made this mistake for anything in the world. I'm awfully sorry, and I wish to apologize, and I hope you'll forgive me. And now, if you'll only let me go down and promise not to wake the house before I get out—why, no one will ever know anything about it, and I'll promise never to do it again," and Buckley started for the door.

"Mr. Brown! Mrs. Brown! Help! Murder!"

"Oh! for heaven's sake, don't——"

"I will—just as soon as I can get my breath, I mean to wake this house, the neighbors, the whole town, if I can."

"No, you won't!"—Buckley started toward her.

"Stop!"

He stopped. That voice was commanding; it seemed already strong enough to scream.

"You promised me not to scream."

"But you forced me to promise." She was getting her breath.

"Oh, don't; please don't! If I wanted to, I could hurt you. I don't want to hurt you. Ah! have pity on me!"—and the bold, bad sophomore was down on his knees, with his hands clasped toward the dark where the voice came from. He felt very sorry for himself.

"You stay right there in the moonlight, and if you dare to move I'll scream with all my might."

Buckley shivered and then froze as stiff as if a hair-trigger rifle were pointing at him.

"How long must I stay here?"

"Until my hus—until daylight."

"Until daylight?"

It was only two o'clock now. Outside the crickets were scratching in the warm, still night. A moon was shining in his left eye, and he, William Buckley, was kneeling, with his hands stretched imploringly toward an unseen girl in the third story of an old-fashioned Princeton house, while his four classmates were waiting for him at the corner of the street, and cursing him for taking such a long time to pull one poor freshman out of bed, and the moon was approaching the window.

"Please, oh, please, whoever you are, won't you forgive and let me go? I am a gentleman, indeed I am. I wouldn't harm a girl for the world. Won't you have mercy on me and let me go?" And then he began to tell her what a good boy he had always been, how he had always gone to church, how fond his mother was of him, how he was the pride and ambition of the family—"And just think what this means to me. If I'm fired—I mean *expelled*—from the college, I'll never come back. I'll be disgraced for life; all my prospects will be blighted, my life ruined, and my poor mother's heart will be broken—"

A little hysterical sob came from the corner, as if the strain were too great.

"Yes; for your poor mother's sake—go—"

"O, thank you with all my heart. My mother would, too, if she were here. I can never forgive myself for causing you this pain, and I shall always think of you as my merciful benefactress," and Buckley, who had strode into the room so manfully, in the full pride of his sophomoreish orange and black, now grovelled across the room, out at the door, tiptoed his way downstairs, and sneaked off like a beaten dog.

The outside air did him good, and by the time he had reached his impatient classmates he had thought up a fairly good lie about the freshman's being ill, quite seriously ill, and how he had stopped to look after him a bit, which they all admitted was the only thing to do under

the circumstances, though it was blamed hard lines after all the trouble they had taken.

"Better luck next time," they said, and went to bed.

By the ten o'clock mail the next morning, Buckley received the following letter:

"Just as a tall woman looks short in a man's make-up, so does a short man look tall in a woman's make-up, and you should know that blondes are hard to recognize in a brunette wig. I could have done more artistic acting if you had come up earlier, when I had on my full costume. You ought to have known that a real girl wouldn't behave quite that way. You see, you still have a number of things to learn, even though you are a sophomore. Hoping that the rouge will wash off, and that you will learn to forgive yourself, I am, your merciful benefactress,
H. G. VALLIANT."



I Resolve

To keep my health;
To do my work;
To live;
To see to it I grow and gain and give;
Never to look behind me for an hour;
To wait in weakness, and to walk in power;
But always fronting onward to the light,
Always and always facing toward the right.
Robbed, starved, defeated, fallen, wide-astray—
On, with what strength I have;
Back to the way.

—Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

The Speaker**The Best of It**

BY JOE CONE.

When the morn wakes overcast
 And the loneliness is vast,
 Make the best of it.
 If the birds refuse to sing,
 If the bells of joy won't ring,
 Make the best of everything.
 Make the best of it.

Nature has her crying spells,
 Joy can't always rings its bells,
 Make the best of it.
 Make the best of daily life
 When despondency is rife,
 Good will come out of the strife.
 Make the best of it.

Hearts must know their share of pain,
 Life must know a little rain.
 Make the best of it.
 Make the best of ev'ry day;
 Future morns won't be so gray,
 Fight the gloom that clouds your way
 You'll get the best of it.

**Pluck and Luck**

"One constant element of luck
 Is genuine, solid old Teutonic pluck.
 Stick to your aim, the mongrel's hold will slip;
 But only crowbars loose the bulldog's grip.
 Small though he looks, the jaw that never yields
 Drags down the bellowing monarch of the fields."
 —O. W. Holmes.

Warren's Address

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

Stand! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
Ask it—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your *homes* retire?
Look behind you!—they're afire!
And, before you, see
Who have done it! From the vale
On they come!—and will ye quail?
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may—and die we must:
But, O, where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well,
As where heaven its dew shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
Of his deeds to tell.



Happy the Man

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
Who can call to-day his own—
He who, secure within, can say:
"To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-day."
Be foul or fair, be rain or shine,
The joys I have possessed
In spite of fate are mine!
Not heaven itself upon the past has power,
And what's been—has been, and I've had my hour.
—Horace.

Heaven

"What do you think that heaven may be?"

The hearer answered with a smile:

"A place where folks like you and me
May hear sweet music all the while,
Where roses bloom and birds will sing
And silver streams splash in the shade,
With naught but joy in everything—
Of these, I know, is heaven made."

"What do you think that heaven may be?"

The mother answered: "'Tis a land

Where all mine own may be with me

And where, too, I may understand

The longings of the little hearts

And find my happiness complete

In soothing with a mother's arts

The weary little hands and feet."

"What do you think that heaven may be?"

The old man answered with a sigh:

"A cot beneath a spreading tree

That towers ever green and high,

And never weariness nor strife

But just a comfort calm and blest

Such as we may not have in life—

A folding of the hands in rest."

What do you think that heaven may be?

Why, it would be of little worth

Were it not given to us to see

Some promise of it here on earth;

If through the moments and the years

We could not bring its radiant glow

To light our smiles and dry the tears

Of the weary folk we know.

—*Chicago Evening Post.*

Invictus

BY W. E. HENLEY

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced or cried aloud;
Beneath the bludgeonings of fate
My head is bloody but unbowed.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll;
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.



Satan's Sovereign Sway

"Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,"
Said then the lost archangel, "this the seat
That we must change for heaven; this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so! Since He,
Who now is Sovereign, can dispose and bid
What shall be right: furthest from Him is best,
Whom reason hath equall'd, force hath made supreme
Above His equals. Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy forever dwells! Hail, horrors! hail,
Infernal world! And thou, profoundest hell,
Receive thy new possessor! one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time:
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be: all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built
Here for His envy; will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure, and, in my choice,
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:
Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven.

—From "Paradise Lost"

College Oil Cans

BY WILL VICTOR McGUIRE.

On a board of bright mosaic, wrought in many a quaint
design,
Gleam a brace of silver goblets wreathed with flowers
and filled with wine.
Round the board a group is seated; here and there are
threads of white
Which their dark locks lately welcomed; but they're only
boys to-night.
Some whose words have thrilled the senate, some who
win the critic's praise—
All are "chums" to-night, with voices redolent of col-
lege days.
"Boys," said one, "do you remember that old joke about
the wine—

How we used to fill our oil cans and repair to 'No. 9'
But at last the old professor—never long was he out-
done—
Opened up our shining oil cans and demolished all our
fun!"
In the laugh that rings so gayly through the richly cur-
tained room
Join they all, save one; why is it? Does he see the
waxen bloom
Tremble in its vase of silver? Does he see the ruddy
wine
Shiver in its crystal goblet, or do these grave eyes divine
Something sadder yet? He pauses till their mirth has
died away,
Then in measured tones speaks gravely: "Boys, a story,
if I may,
I will tell you, though it may not merit worthily your
praise,
It is bitter fruitage ripened from our pranks of college
days."
Eagerly they claim the story, for they know the LL.D.,

With his flexible voice, would garnish any tale, whate'er
it be.

"Just a year ago to-night, boys, I was in my room alone,
At the San Francisco L— House, when I heard a
plaintive moan

Sounding from the adjoining room. Hoping to give
some relief

To the suffering one, I entered; but it thrilled my heart
with grief

Just to see that wreck of manhood—bloated face, dis-
heveled hair—

Wildly tossing, ever moaning, while his thin hands beat
the air.

Broken prayers, vile oaths and curses filled the air as
I drew near;

Then in faint and piteous accents these words I could
plainly hear:

'Give me one more chance—one only—let me see my lit-
tle Belle—

Then I'll follow where they lead me, be it to the depths
of hell!

When he saw me he grew calmer, started strangely—
looked me o'er—

Oh, the glory of expression! I had seen those eyes
before!

Yes, I knew him; it was Horace, he who won the col-
lege prize;

Naught remained of his proud beauty but the splendor
of his eyes.

He whom we were all so proud of lay there in the fading
light.

If my years should number fourscore, I shall ne'er for-
get that sight.

And he knew me, called me 'Albert,' ere a single word
I'd said—

We were comrades in the old days; I sat down beside
the bed.

"Horace seemed to grow more quiet, but he would not
go to sleep;

He kept talking of our boyhood, while my hand he still
would keep

The Speaker

In his own, so white and wasted, and with burning eyes
would gaze
On my face, still talking feebly of the dear old college
days.
'Ah,' he said, 'life held such promises; but, alas! I am
to-day
But a poor degraded outcast—hopes, ambition swept
away.
And it dates back to those oil cans that we filled in great-
est glee.
Little did I think in those days what the harvest now
would be!'

"For a moment he was silent, then a cry whose anguish
yet
Wrings my heart burst from his white lips, though his
teeth were tightly set,
And with sudden strength he started—sprang from my
detaining arm,
Shrieking wildly: 'Curse the demons! do they think to
do me harm?
Back! I say, ye forked-tongued serpents, reeking with
the filth of hell!
Don't ye see I have her with me—my poor, sainted little
Belle?'

"When I'd soothed him into quiet, with a trembling arm
he drew
My head down. 'Oh, Al,' he whispered, 'such remorse
you never knew.'
And again I tried to soothe him, but my eyes o'erbrimmed
with tears;
His were dry and clear, as brilliant as they were in col-
lege years.
All the flush had left his features, he lay white as marble
now;
Tenderly I smoothed his pillow, wiped the moisture from
his brow.
Though I begged him to be quiet, he would talk of those
old days,
Brokenly at times, but always of 'the boys' with loving
praise.

“Once I asked him of Lorena—the sweet girl whom he
 had wed—
 You remember 'Rena Barstow. When I asked if she
 were dead,
 'No,' he said, his poor voice faltering, 'she is far beyond
 the Rhine;
 But I wish to God it were so, and I still might call her
 mine.
 She's divorced—she's mine no longer,' here his voice
 grew weak and hoarse,
 'But although I am a drunkard, *I have one they can't
 divorce.*
 I've a little girl in heaven, playing round the Saviour's
 knee,
 Always patient and so faithful that at last she died for
 me.

“‘I had drank so much, so often, that my brain was
 going wild;
 Every one had lost hope in me but my faithful little
 child.
 She would say, 'Now stop, dear papa, for I know you
 can stop *now.*'
 I would promise, kiss my darling, and the next day
 break my vow.

So it went until one Christmas, dark and stormy, cold
 and drear;
 Out I started, just as usual, for the cursed rumshop
 near,
 And my darling followed after, in the storm of rain and
 sleet,
 With no covering wrapped about her, naught but slip-
 pers on her feet;
 No one knew it, no one missed her, till there came with
 solemn tread
 Stern-faced men unto our dwelling, bringing back our
 darling—dead!

The Speaker

They had found her cold and lifeless, like, they said, an
angel fair,
Leaning 'gainst the grogshop window—oh, she thought
that *I was there!*
Then he raised his arms toward heaven, called aloud
unto the dead,
For his mind again was wandering: 'Belle, my precious
Belle!' he said,
'Papa's treasure—papa's darling! oh, my baby—did—
—you—come
All the way—alone—my darling—just—to lead—poor
—papa—home?'
And he surely had an answer, for a silence o'er him fell,
And I sat alone and lonely—death had come with little
Belle."

Silence in that princely parlor—head of every guest is
bowed.
They still see the red wine sparkle, but 'tis through a
misty cloud.
Said the host at last, arising, "I have scorned the pledge
to sign,
Laughed at temperance all my life long. Never more
shall drop of wine
Touch my lips. The fruit *was* bitter, boys; 'twas I pro-
posed it first—
That foul joke from which poor Horace ever bore a life
accurst!
Let us pledge ourselves to-night, boys, nevermore, by
word or deed,
In our own fair homes, or elsewhere, help to plant the
poison seed."

Silence once again, but only for a moment's space, and
then,
In one voice they all responded with a low and firm
"Amen."

Lincoln's Greatness

BY BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.



YOU ask that which he found a piece of property and turned into a free American citizen to speak to you tonight on Abraham Lincoln. I am not fitted by ancestry or training to be your teacher tonight, for, I was born a slave.

My first knowledge of Abraham Lincoln came in this way: I was awakened early one morning before the dawn of day as I lay wrapped in a bundle of rags on the dirt of our slave cabin by the prayer of my mother, just before leaving for her day's work, as she was kneeling over my body earnestly praying that Abraham Lincoln might succeed and that one day she and her boy might be free. You give me the opportunity here this evening to celebrate with you and the nation the answer to that prayer.

If a man die, shall he live? Answering this question as applied to our martyred president, perhaps you expect me to confine my words of appreciation to the great boon which, through him, was conferred upon my race. To have been the instrument used by Providence through which four millions of slaves, now grown into ten millions of free citizens, were made free, would bring eternal fame within itself, but this is not the only claim that Lincoln has upon our sense of gratitude and appreciation.

By the side of Armstrong and Garrison, Lincoln lives to-day. In the very highest sense he lives in the present, more potently than fifty years ago, for that which is seen is temporal, that which is unseen is eternal. He lives in the 32,000 young men and women of the negro race learning trades and useful occupations; in the 200,000 farms acquired by those he freed; in the more than 400,000 homes built, in the forty-six banks capitalized by negroes.

We, as a race, should, like Lincoln, have moral courage to be what we are, and not pretend to be what we are not. We should keep in mind that no one can degrade us ex-

cept ourselves; that if we are worthy no influence can defeat us. Like other races, the negro will often meet obstacles, often be sorely tried and tempted, but we must keep in mind that freedom, in the broadest and highest sense, has been a conquest.



One of Bob's Tramps *

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.



HAD passed him coming up the dingy corridor that led to Bob's law office, and knew at once that he was one of Bob's tramps.

When he squeezed himself through the partly open door and had closed it gently he proved to be a man of about fifty years of age, fat and short, with a round head, partly bald, and hair quite gray. His face had not known a razor for days. He was dressed in dark clothes, once good, showing a white shirt, and he wore a collar with a cravat. Down his cheeks were uneven furrows, beginning at his spilling, watery eyes, and losing themselves in the stubble-covered cheeks—like old rain courses dried up—while on his flat nose were perched a pair of silver-rimmed spectacles, over which he looked at us in a dazed, half-bewildered, half-frightened way. In one hand he held his shapeless slouch hat; the other grasped an old violin wrapped in a grimy red silk handkerchief.

For an instant he stood before the door, bent low with unspoken apologies; then, placing his hat on the floor, he fumbled nervously in the breast pocket of his coat, from which he drew a letter, penned in an unknown hand and signed with an unknown name. Bob read it, and passed it to me.

"Please buy this violin," the note ran. "It is a good instrument and the man needs the money. The price is sixty dollars."

* From "The Other Fellow," by F. Hopkinson Smith. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Copyright, 1899, F. Hopkinson Smith. Printed by special permission of the author.

"Who gave you this note?" Bob asked. He never turns a beggar from his door if he can help it. This reputation makes him the target for half the tramps in town.

"Te leader of te orchestra at te theater. He say he not know you, but dat you lofe good violin. I come von time before, but vas nobody here. Blease you buy him?"

"Is it yours?" I asked, anxious to get rid of him. The note trick had been played that winter by half the tramps in town.

"Yes. Mine vor veefteen year."

"Why do you want to sell it?" said Bob, his interest increasing, as he caught the pleading look in the man's eyes.

"I don't vant to sell it—I vant to keep it; but I haf nothing. Ve vas in Philadelphia, and ten Scranton, and ten we get here to Putsbug, and all te scenery is by the shereef, and te manager haf nothing. Vor vourteen days I valk te streets, virst it is te ofercoat and vatch, and yesterday te ledder case vor veefty cents. If you don't buy him I must keep valking till I come by New York."

"I've got a good violin," said Bob, softening.

"Ten you don't buy him? Vell, I go vay, ten," he said, with a sigh that seemed to empty his heart.

We both looked on in silence as he slowly wrapped the silk rag around it, winding the ends automatically about the bridge and strings, as he had no doubt done a dozen times before that day in his hunt for a customer. Suddenly as he reached the neck he stopped, turned the violin in his hand, and unwound the handkerchief again.

"Tid you examine te neck? See how it lays in te hand! Tid you ever see a neck like dat? No, you don't see it, never."

Bob took the violin in his hand. It was evidently an old one and of peculiar shape. The neck, to which the man pointed, was smooth and remarkably graceful, like the stem of an old meerschaum pipe, and as richly colored.

Bob handled it critically, scrutinizing every inch of its surface—he adores a Cremona as some souls do a Madonna—then he walked with it to the window.

"Why, this has been mended!" he exclaimed, with a trace of anger in his voice. "This is a new neck put on!"

"Ah, you vind dat oud, do you? Tat is a new neck, sure, ant a good von; put on by Simon Corundennot Augusti!—Simon! It is better as efer."

Drawing the old red handkerchief from his pocket in a tired, hopeless way, he began twisting it about the violin again.

"Play something on it," said Bob.

"No, I don't blay. I got no heart inside of me to blay." (With a weary movement of his hand he was tucking the frayed ends of the handkerchief under the strings.)

"*Can* you play?" cried Bob, growing suddenly suspicious, now that the man dare not prove his story.

"Can I *blay*?" he answered, with a quick lifting of his eyes, and the semblance of a smile lighting up his furrowed face. "I blay mit Strakosch te Mendelssohn Concerts in te olt Academy in Vourteenth Street; ant ven Alboni sing, no von in te first violins haf te solo but me, and dere is not a pin drop in te house, and Madam Alboni send me all te flowers tey gif ter. Can I *BLAY*!"

The tone of the man's voice was masterly. Bob's tender heart got the better of him.

"I cannot afford to pay sixty dollars for another violin," he said.

"I cannot sell him vor less," replied the man in a quick, decided way. "Ven I get to New York," he continued, with almost a sob, "I must haf some money more as my railroad ticket to get anudder sheap violin. Te peoples vill say it is Grossman come home vidout he's violin—he is broke. No, I no can sell him vor less. T'is cost one hundred and sefenty-vive dollars ven I buy him."

"Would you take thirty dollars and my old violin?"

The man looked at Bob eagerly.

"Vere is your violin?"

"At my house."

"Is it a good von? Stop a minute." For the third time he removed the old red silk handkerchief. "Draw te bow across vonce. I know about your violin ven I hears you blay."

Bob tucked the instrument under his chin and drew a full, clear, resonant tone.

The watery eyes glistened.

"Yes, I take your violin ant te money. You know 'em, ant I tink you lofe 'em, too."

Bob reached for a pad, with an order, sealed it, and laid three ten-dollar bills on the table.

The man balanced the letter on his hand, reading the inscription in a listless sort of way, picked up the instrument, looked it all over carefully, flecked off some specks of dust from the fingerboard, laid the violin on the office table, thrust the soiled rag into his pocket, caught up the money, and without a word of thanks closed the door behind him.

"Bob," I said, "why in the name of common sense did you throw your money away on a sharp like that? Didn't you see through the whole game? That note was written by himself. Corunden never saw that fiddle in his life. You can buy a dozen of them for five dollars apiece in any piano shop in town."

Bob looked at me with that peculiar softening of the eyelids which we knew so well. Then he said thoughtfully: "Do you know what it is to be stranded in a strange city with not a cent in your pocket, afraid to look a policeman in the face lest he run you in? hungry, unwashed, not a clean shirt for weeks? I don't care if he is a fraud. He shan't go hungry if I can help it."

"Then why didn't he play for you?" I asked, still indignant.

"Yes, I wondered at that," he replied, but without a shadow of suspicion in his voice.

"You don't think he's such a fool as to go to your house for your violin? I'll bet you he's made a bee line for a rum mill; then he'll doctor up another old scraper and try the same game somewhere else. Let me go after him and bring him back."

Bob did not answer. The violin lay on the green-baize table where the man had put it, the law books pushed aside to give it room. Then he put on his coat and went over to court. In an hour he was back again—he and I sitting in the small inner office overlooking the dingy courtyard.

We had talked but a few minutes when a familiar shuffling step was heard in the corridor. I looked through the crack of the door, touched Bob's arm, and put my finger to my lips.

The outer office door was being slowly opened in the same noiseless way, and the same man was creeping in. He gave an anxious look about the room. He had Bob's own violin in his hand; I knew it by the case.

"Tey all oud," he muttered in an undertone.

For an instant he wavered, looked hungrily toward his old violin, laid Bob's on a chair near the door, stepped on tip-toe to the green-baize table, picked up the Cremona, looked it all over, smoothing the back with his hands, then, nestling it under his chin, drew the bow gently across the strings, shut his eyes, and began the Concerto—the one he had played with Alboni—not with its full volume of sound or emphasis, but with echoes, pulsations, tremulous murmurings, faint breathings of its marvelous beauty. The instrument seemed part of himself, the neck welded to his fingers, the bow but a piece of his arm, with a heart-throb down its whole length.

When it was ended he rubbed his cheek softly against his old comrade, smoothed it once or twice with his hand, laid it tenderly back in its place on the table among the books, picked up Bob's violin from the chair and gently closed the door behind him.

I looked at Bob. He was leaning against his desk, his eyes on the floor, his whole soul filled with the pathos of the melody. Suddenly he roused himself, sprang past me into the other room, and, calling to the man, ran out into the corridor.

"I could not catch him," he said in a dejected tone, coming back all out of breath.

"What did you want to catch him for?" I asked; "he never robbed you?"

"Robbed me!" cried Bob, the tears starting to his eyes. "Robbed *me*! Good God, man! Couldn't you hear? I robbed *him*!"

We searched for him all that day—Bob with the violin under his arm, I with an apology.

But he was gone.

The Potion Scene

JUL. Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me:
Nurse! What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.
Come, vial.

What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?
No, no; this shall forbid it: lie thou there.

(Laying down a dagger.)

What if it be poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonor'd
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is; and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man.
I will not entertain so bad a thought.
How if, when I am laid in the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festered in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort:
Alack, alack! is it not like that I,
So early waking, what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,

The Speaker

That living mortals, hearing them, run mad:
 O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
 Environed with all these hideous fears,
 And madly play with my forefathers' joints,
 And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
 And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone
 As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
 O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
 Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
 Upon a rapier's point. Stay, Tybalt, stay!
 Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

(She falls upon her bed within the curtains.)

Romeo and Juliet—Act IV. Scene III.



Woman*

BY WALLACE IRWIN.

Woman, you are indeed a false alarm;
 You offer trips to heaven at tourists' rates,
 And publish fairy tales about the dates
 You're going to keep (not meaning any harm),
 Then get some poor old Rube fresh from the farm,
 As graceful as a kangaroo on skates,
 Trying to transfer at the Pearly Gates.
 For instance, note this jolt that smashed the charm:
 "P. S.—You are all right, but you won't do.
 You may be up a hundred in the shade,
 But there are cripples livelier than you,
 And my man Murphy's strictly union-made.
 You are a bargain, but it seems a shame
 That you should drink so much.

"Yours truly,

MAME."

* From "Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum." Copyright, 1901,
 by Wallace Irwin.

On a Barricade

BY VICTOR HUGO.

Upon a barricade, across the streets,
Where blood of criminal and hero meets,
Ta'en with the men, a child of twelve or less!
"Were you one of them—you?" The boy said, "Yes."
"Well," said the officer, "then you'll be shot;
Wait for your turn." The child saw on the spot
All his companions 'neath the wall fall low.
To the officer he cried, "Sir, let me go,
And take this watch to mother, who's at home."
"You wish to 'scape."—"No! I'll come back."—"This
scum
Are cowards.—Where do you live?"—"There, by the
well;
And, Captain, I'll return—the truth I tell."—
"Be off, young scamp." The child ran off, and then
At the plain trick laughed officer and men.—
Death's rattle mingling with their laugh was heard;
But the laugh ceased when suddenly appeared
The child, with bloodless cheek but dauntless eye,
And, leaning 'gainst the wall, said, "Here am I!"
Death fled ashamed.—The Captain said, "Be free.

Child!—I know not in storms, where mingled be
All things right, wrong, knave, hero—in this fray,
What made you take a part:—But this I say,
Your soul, untaught, was yet sublimely great,
Good, brave—who in the very jaws of fate,
First to your mother walked—then to the grave!
Children have candor—men remorse may have.
No fault of yours to march where others led;
But noble, valiant thou! who chose instead
Of safety, life, spring, dawn, and boyish play,
The black blank wall where slain thy comrades lay."

The Uses of Adversity

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
 Hath that old custom made this life more sweet
 Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
 More free from peril than the envious court?
 Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
 The seasons' difference; as, the icy fang
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
 Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
 Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say:
 "This is no flattery; these are counsellors
 That feelingly persuade me what I am."
 Sweet are the uses of adversity,
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
 And this our life exempt from public haunt,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
 I would not change it.

As You Like It—Act II. Scene I.



King Richard's Despondency

No matter where. Of comfort no man speak:
 Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
 Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
 Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth;
 Let's choose executors and talk of wills:
 And yet not so—for what can we bequeath
 Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
 Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
 And nothing can we call our own but death,

And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground,

And tell sad stories of the death of kings;
How some have been deposed, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed,
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd;
All murder'd: for within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court, and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,

To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks,
Infusing him with self and vain conceit
As if this flesh which walls about our life
Were brass impregnable; and humor'd thus
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and farewell king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence: throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want,
Taste grief, need friends: subjected thus,
How can you say to me I am a king?

King Richard II.—Act III. Scene II.



Trying to make the world better and doing nothing to destroy the saloon is a good deal like trying to kill a snake by pinching the end of its tail.

It is the moderate drinkers who keep the saloons going.

The devil will never be chained while the saloonkeeper is loose.

On one hand it may be conceded that the saloon is the place in which vast numbers of laboring men find their only enjoyment. On the other it is no less evident that it is the presence of the saloon that makes better social life impossible.—*Harry S. Warner.*

The Cares of Kingship

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives,
Our children, and our sins lay on the king!
We must bear all. O hard condition!
Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath
Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel
But his own wringing. What infinite heart's ease
Must kings neglect that private men enjoy!
And what have kings that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idle ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
O ceremony! show me but thy worth:
What is thy soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O! be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low-bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
I am a king that find thee; and I know
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world,
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestic,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind

Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;
 Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
 But, like a lackey, from rise to set
 Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
 Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn
 Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
 And follows so the ever-running year
 With profitable labor to his grave:
 And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
 Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
 Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
 The slave, a member of the country's peace,
 Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots
 What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
 Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

King Henry V. Act IV. Scene I.



Cupid's Corner*

BY NIXON WATERMAN.

Away up in the attic where the wind says "woo-oo!"
 And the boards are warped and shrunken and the breeze
 steals through,
 We were seeking after treasure on a rainy day in June,
 That her sunny smiles were changing to a golden after-
 noon.

I loved her, yes, I worshipped her, but really did not dare
 To summon up my courage and declare it then and there;
 And of my beating heart I asked, "Oh, what am I to do
 Away up in the attic?"—and the wind said "woo-oo!"

She heard the wind's low whisper, and within her smiling
 eyes

I seemed to read the hidden words, "He only wins who
 tries."

My heart sprang up to tell its love, and kneeling at her
 feet

I won the cherished vow that made my happiness com-
 plete.

* From "In Merry Mood." Copyright, 1902. By special per-
 mission of the publishers, Forbes & Co.

A promise from the dear ones who their lot in life may
 bless,
 If you would gain the happy prize you ardently pursue,
 Go linger in the attic where the wind says "woo-oo!"



"Bill's in Trouble"

I've got a letter, parson, from my son way out West,
 An' my ol' heart is heavy as an anvil in my breast,
 To think the boy whose futur' I had once so proudly
 planned
 Should wander from the path o' right an' come to sich
 an end!

I told him when he left us only three short years ago
 He'd find himself a-plowin' in a mighty crooked row—
 He'd miss his father's counsel, an' his mother's prayers,
 too.

But he said the farm was hateful, an' he guessed he'd
 have to go.

I know thar's big temptation for a youngster in the West,
 But I believed our Billy had the courage to resist.
 An' when he left I warned him o' the ever-waitin' snares
 That you find like hidden sarpints in life's pathway
 everywhere.

But Bill he promised faithful to be keerful, and allowed
 He'd build a reputation that'd make us mighty proud;
 But it seems as how my counsel sort o' faded from his
 mind,

An' now the boy's in trouble o' the very wustest kind.

His letters came so seldom that I somehow sort o'
 knowed

That Billy was a-trampin' on a mighty rocky road,
 But never once imagined he would bow my head in
 shame,

An' in the dust'd waller his ol' daddy's honest name.
 He writes from out o' Denver, an' the story's mighty
 short;

I just can't tell his mother; it'll crush her poor ol' heart;
 An' so I reckon, parson, you might break the news to
 her—

Bill's in the Legislatur', but he doesn't say what fur.

—Anonymous.

Mr. Dooley on Woman's Suffrage

BY F. P. DUNNE.

(From "The American Magazine.")



ELL, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "fr'm th' way this here female suffrage movement is sweepin' acrost th' counthry it won't be long before I'll be seein' ye an' ye'er wife sthrollin' down th' sthreet to vote together."

"Niver," said Mr. Hennessy, with great indignation. "It will niver come. A woman's place is in th' home darning her husband's childher. I mean——"

"I know what ye mean," said Mr. Dooley. "'Tis a favrite argymint iv mine whin I can't think iv annything to say. But ye can't help it, Hinnessy. Th' time is near at hand whin iliction day will mean no more to ye thin anny other day with th' fam'ly. Up to th' prisint moment it has been a festival marked: 'For gintlemen on'y.' It's been a day whin sthrong men cud go foorth, unhampered be th' prisince iv ladies, an' f'r th' honor iv their counthry bite each other. It was a day whin it was proper an' right f'r ye to slug ye'er best friend.

"But th' fair sect are goin' to break into this fine, manly spoort, an' they'll change it. No more will ye leap fr'm ye'er bed on iliction mornin', put a brick in yer pocket an' go out to bounce ye'er impeeryal vote against th' walls iv inthrined privilege. No more will ye spind th' happy mornin' hours meetin' ye'er frinds an' th' akelly happy avenin' hours receivin' none but inimies.

"No, sir, in a few years, as soon as ye've had ye'er breakfast, ye'er fellow-citizen who, as th' pote says, doubles ye'er expinses an' divides ye'er salary, will say to ye: 'Well, it's about time ye wint down to th' polls an' cast my votes. An' I do wish ye'd tie ye'er necktie sthraight. Honorya, bring me me new bonnet an' me Cashmere shawl an' get papa his stove pipe hat.' Thin

ye'll be walked down th' sthreet, with a procission iv other married men in their best clothes an' their wanst a week shoes that hurt their feet. Th' sthreeets will look like Easter Sundah. Ye'll meet ye'er frinds an' their wives comin' fr'm th' pollin' place an' talk with thim on th' corner.

" 'Good-morning, Michael.'

" 'Ah, good-morning, Cornelius.'

" 'A delightful morning, is it not, f'r th' exercise iv th' franchise?'

" 'Perfect! Howiver, I fear that such a morning may bring out a large republican vote. Cud I prevail on ye an' ye'er lady to come an' have a tub iv ice cream sody with us?'

" 'Thank ye, Cornelius, we wud be delighted, but three is all I can hold. Shall I see ye at th' magic lantern show to-night?'

" 'Th' pollin' place won't be in th' office iv a liv'ry stable or a barber shop, but in a pleasant boodwar. As ye enter th' dure ye won't say to th' polisman on jooty: 'Good-mornin', Pete; anny murdhers so far?'

" 'But wan iv th' judges will come forward an' bow an' say: 'Madam, can I show ye annything in ballots? This blue is wan iv our recent importations, but here is a tasty thought in ecru. F'r th' gintleman I'd recom-mind something in dark brown to match th' socks. Will that be all? Th' last booth on th' right is unoc-cypied. Perhaps ye'er husband wud like to look at a copy iv th' *Ladies Home Journal* while ye'er preparin' th' ballots.'

" 'Ye needn't get mad about it, Hinnessy. Ye might as well face it. It's sure to come now that I see be th' pa-papers that female sufferage has been took up be ladies in our best s'ciety. It used to be diff'rent. Th' time was whin th' on'y female sufferigists that ye iver see were ladies, Gawd bless thim, that bought their mil-linery th' same place I buy mine, cut their hair short, an' discarded all iv their husband's names excipt what was useful f'r alimony.

" 'I used to know wan iv thim—Docthor Arabella Miggs—as fine an' old gintleman as ye iver see in a plug hat, a long coat an' bloomers. She had ivry argy-

mint in favor iv female sufferage that ye iver heerd, an' years ago she made me as certain that women were entitled to a vote as that ye are entitled to my money.

"Ye are entitled to it if ye can't get it. They ain't any argymint against female sufferage that wudden't make me libble to arrest ivry time I'm seen near a pollin' place.

Ain't I again female sufferage? Iv coorse I am. Th' place f'r these spiled darlings is not in the hurly burly iv life, but in th' home, be th' fireside or above th' kitchen range. What do they know about th' vast machinery iv governmint? Ye an' I, Hinnessy, are gifted with a supeeryor intilligence in these matthers. Our opposition to a tariff is based on large pathriotic grounds. We have thought th' subjick out carefully, applyin' to it minds so sthrong that they cud crush a mountain, an' so delicate that they cud pick up a sheet iv gold foil. We are in favor iv abolishin' th' tariff because it has thrown around this counthry a Chinese wall; because we are bribed be British goold fr'm th' Parsee merchant who riprisints th' Cobden Republican Marchin' Club iv London, England; because th' foreigner does or does not pay th' tax; because Sam'l J. Tilden was again th' tariff; because th' ultimate consumer must be proticted.

"But if ye put th' question up to th' ladies, if women undherstood th' tariff, which th' poor crathers don't, ye'd find they were against it f'r no higher reason thin that it made thim pay too much f'r th' childher's shoes an' stockin's. Can ye imagine annything baser thfin that, to rejooce a great question like th' tariff down to a personal level, take all th' music an' pothry out iv it an' say: 'I'm again it, not because it has lowered th' morality iv ivrywan that it has binifitted, but because it's a shame that I have to pay eighty-six cints a pair f'r stockin's.'

"Women take a selfish view iv life. But what can ye expict fr'm a petted toy iv man's whim that has spint most iv her life thryin' to get four dollars' worth iv merchandise f'r two dollars an' a half? Th' foolish, impractical little fluffy things! It wud be a shame to let thim hurl thimsilves into th' coorse battles iv polly-ticks. How cud ye explain to wan iv these ideelists

why we have th' Phlippeens an' th' Sandwich Islands,
an' why we keep up a navy to protict Denver, Colorado?

"I udden't talk to me wife about votin' anny more
thin she'd talk to me about thrimmin' a hat," said Mr.
Hennessy.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "if she gets a vote, maybe
she'll thrim it to please ye. Annyhow, it won't be a
bad thing. What this country needs is voters that
knows something about housekeeping."



From Ghent to Aix

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch as the gate-bolts undrew,
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through.
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace—
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas a moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom a great yellow star came out to see;
At Duffeld 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-
chime—

So Joris broke silence with "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past;
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray;
And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back

For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance;
And the thick, heavy spume-flakes, which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

By Hasselt Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her;
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick
wheeze

Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering
knees,

And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.
So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Loos and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh;
'Neath our feet broke the brittle, bright stubble like
chaff;

Till over by Delheim a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose by buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all.
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer—
Clapped my hands, laughed and sung, any noise, bad or
good,

Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is friends flocking round,
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from
Ghent.

The Goblin Goose*(From Punch.)*

Once it happened I'd been dining, on my couch I slept
 reclining,
 And awoke with moonlight shining brightly on my
 bedroom floor;
 It was in the bleak December, Christmas night as I
 remember,
 But I had no dying ember, as Poe had, when near
 the door,
 Like a gastronomic goblin just beside my chamber
 door,
 Stood a bird—and nothing more.

And I said, for I'm no craven, "Are you Edgar's famous
 raven,
 Seeking as with him a haven—were you mixed up
 with Lenore?"
 Then the bird uprose and fluttered, and this sentence
 strange he uttered,
 "Hang Lenore," he mildly muttered; "you have seen
 me once before—
 Seen me on this festive Christmas, seen me surely
 once before,
 I'm the Goose—and nothing more."

Then he murmured, "Are you ready?" and with motion
 slow and steady
 Straight he leapt upon my bed; he simply gave a stifled
 roar;
 And I cried, "As I'm a sinner, at a Goose-Club I was
 winner,
 'Tis a memory of my dinner, which I ate at half-past
 four,
 Goose well stuffed with sage and onions, which I ate
 at half-past four."
 Quoth he hoarsely, "Eat no more!"

Said I, "I've enjoyed your juices, breast and back; but
tell me, Goose, is

This revenge, and what the use is of your being such a
bore?

For Goose-flesh I will no more ax, if you'll not sit on
my thorax,

Go try honey mixed with borax, for I hear your throat
is sore,

You speak gruffly, though too plainly, and I'm sure
your throat is sore."

Quoth the nightmare, "Eat no more!"

"Goose!" I shrieked out, "leave, oh, leave me, surely you
don't mean to grieve me,

You are heavy, pray reprieve me, now my penance
must be o'er;

Though to-night you've brought me sorrow, comfort
surely comes to-morrow,

Such relief from those I'd borrow at my doctor's
ample store."

Quoth the goblin, "Eat no more!"

And that fat Goose, never flitting, like a nightmare still
is sitting

With me all the night emitting words that thrill my
bosom's core,

Now throughout the Christmas season, while I lie and
gasp and wheeze, on

Me he sits until my reason nothing surely can restore,
While that Goose says, "Eat no more!"

The Waiting-Room

BY ANNIE STEGER WINSTON.

(Abridged from "The Century Magazine.")

(Scene: The anteroom of a doctor's office. Several dejected-looking women sitting around. One leans over and addresses her neighbor.)



XCUSE me. Have you ever had any lock-jaw in your family?

"I'm *so* sorry you haven't! Oh, not sorry in that sense, of course; I hope I'm not that sort of person. And if I were capable of wishing misfortunes to anybody, it certainly wouldn't be to anybody who wasn't even a friend of mine. No, indeed! But I do so want somebody to tell me just what the premonitory symptoms are. Awful disease, isn't it? I'm more afraid of it than of anything in the world except hydrophobia. It's that I'm here for now. No, not hydrophobia; lockjaw. I stuck a sewing-machine needle in my finger last week, and this morning it seemed to me that my face had a curious feeling. But I did come very near having hydrophobia once, if I didn't actually have a touch of it. 'Twas then I started my blessing box.

"You don't? Why, you just get one of these paper boxes with a slit in the top, or one of tin, or iron, or china would do as well, and you drop in a piece of money for charity whenever you are especially glad of anything. My youngest child had a desperate attack of croup about that time, and my husband was in a railroad wreck, and our house nearly burnt down; and so, with one thing and another, I got together quite a nice sum.

"Why, I don't see what is curious about it. Oh, of course, it is principally for things that don't happen. After that dog bit me, I used to have such dreadful feelings every time I thought about it, that often and often I would expect the next minute to break out barking. And I never did; which, of course, was a great relief.

"Yes, I haven't a doubt myself that it was mad. It never had bitten anybody before—the woman it belonged to told me so herself—and why, if it wasn't mad, it should have started up and bitten me, I don't see. I wanted to see her about doing some washing for me, and I wouldn't go into her yard until I had called to her to know if she kept a dog. And she said she didn't. But when I went in there was a yellow dog, and I asked her what she meant by saying she didn't have a dog; and she said she didn't call that a dog, because it never had bitten anybody in its life.

"You don't? Oh, I don't know; anything is better than uncertainty.

"Yes, indeed, that is what makes waiting here so hard. What I do is always to prepare myself for the worst. Oh, well, the worst is *generally* pretty bad. Appendicitis? No, I never have had it myself; but I have lost several friends with it, which is almost the same thing; and I can't help being drawn to everybody that has it. Yes, I know the symptoms by heart as well as any doctor; I have only too much reason to know them.

"Yes, that is the very spot. Yes, indeed; I was just going to ask you if you ever had that feeling; that is right; I mean that shows it is all wrong. Very often it runs on a long time before it becomes acute; but always in the end— So long as that? Oh, you ought to have had it seen to long ago, then. Nine-tenths of the cases are lost because they are put off too long; all the doctors say that. Oh, of course, it may not be too late in your case; I do hope it isn't. I was just thinking of a dear friend of mine. One of the saddest cases! Yes, she was operated on; but it was a mere form; there wasn't any hope from the first, though she didn't at all realize her true condition, and was so hopeful of getting well! Oh, you must follow my friend's beautiful example and look on the bright side. You'll have twice the chance of pulling through if you can be hopeful and cheerful and expect the best.

"No, of course she didn't; but think how much suffering she escaped by not knowing!

"Yes, I understand exactly how you feel. It is only natural that you should be nervous. I'm sure I should be in your place, a great deal more so than you are. But

then I am really foolish about appendicitis; I have such sad associations with it. I often feel that if I was ever taken with it I would simply set my house in order, and—and— By the way, *can* you tell me of a really good man to take up and shake carpets and do that kind of work?

"Yes, that is certainly so. If there is any such thing as a good one, I haven't succeeded so far in finding him, either. If they don't bother you in one way, they will in another. If they don't jerk the carpets up and make a hole for every tack, they are morally certain just to pretend to shake them, and fold them up with half the dust in them. But they do say dust is a preventive of moths.

(Moves over to another lady.)

"Quite a trial, isn't it, to be kept waiting so long with one's fate hanging in the balance? And, besides, I have a most important engagement between 10.45 and 11.45; at least, not an engagement exactly, but— Oh, have you a watch? Thank you. That is just about the time I thought it was. I do hope the lady who has just gone in won't be long. I really haven't very much time to spare. She is here for appendicitis, and dreadfully nervous. I tried to cheer her up all I could; but I'm just as nervous as I can be myself. Do you suffer much with your nerves? Well, you are blessed, indeed; but of course there are many more serious things. Oh, indeed? You are fortunate if it is so slight. Taken in time, and with proper attention to diet, and exercise, and all that, you may even get over it altogether, though I must confess I am tempted sometimes to think that there isn't really any cure for anything. That is one effect of reading patent medicine advertisements. I don't know whether you've had much sickness in your life—

"Ah, indeed? Well, the average amount is bad enough. There isn't any blessing like health. Whenever I hear of the sickness of anybody I know, I always feel so thankful. Oh, you have your watch out? And it is now— Thank you. How the morning is slipping away!

"Don't you? That must be the strain of waiting, though it doesn't affect me so. Still, the suspense is dreadfully trying on a nervous person like I am. You

say you are not at all nervous? But then it seems to me that nobody can help being apprehensive about what a doctor is going to say.

"Well, I hope sincerely it will turn out to be as simple as you think. It is a good thing, anyway, to look on the bright side, though hopefulness isn't generally a characteristic of dyspepsia. It is strange how much more hopeful really hopeless diseases often are. It is almost a sign of them, I think. There isn't anything more mysterious than sickness, is there? Now, this stiffness that I felt this morning in my jaw— Tired? Why, that is what my husband said! But what could make it tired? No, I can't help thinking it is the beginning of lockjaw.

"Oh, do you really and truly think there's *no* reason to be uneasy? If I just could think so! I'm so anxious to get away in good time. It is at least eleven now.

"Eleven five? Thank you. Then I really must go. What is to be is to be. If it is lockjaw—

"Oh, I can't be as sure as all that; but it is lovely of you to be so consoling. Anyhow, the lockjaw will keep for another time; and those silks at Hofmeyer's won't. Good-bye; and thank you *ever* so much!"



Rizpah*

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.



N "A Memoir," Vol. 2, p. 249, by H. T. Tennyson, is this entry: "Rizpah is founded on an incident which I saw thus related in a penny magazine, . . . such information as led to the arrest and conviction of Rooke and Howell for robbing the mail, a circumstance which made a considerable sensation at the close of the last century. They were gibbeted on the spot where the robbery was committed, and there is an affecting story connected with the body of Rooke. When the elements had caused the clothes and flesh to decay, his aged mother, night after night, in all weathers,

* For the title see 2 Samuel 21:1-14.

and the more tempestuous the weather the more frequent the visits, made a sacred pilgrimage to the lonely spot on the Downs, and it was noticed that on her return she always brought something away with her in her apron. Upon being watched, it was discovered that the bones of the hanging man were the objects of her search, and as the wind and rain scattered them on the ground she conveyed them to her home. There she kept them, and, when the gibbet was stripped of its horrid burden, in the dead silence of the night she interred them in the hallowed enclosure of Old Shoreham churchyard. What a sad story of a Brighton Rizpah."

Wailing, wailing, wailing, the wind over land and sea—
And Willy's voice in the wind, "O mother, come out to me."

Why should he call me to-night, when he knows that I
cannot go?

For the downs are as bright as day, and the full moon
stares at the snow.

We should be seen, my dear; they would spy us out of
the town.

The loud black nights for us, and the storm rushing over
the down,

When I cannot see my own hand, but am led by the
creak of the chain,

And grovel and grope for my son till I find myself
drenched with the rain.

Anything fallen again? nay—what was there left to
fall?

I have taken them home, I have number'd the bones, I
have hidden them all.

What am I saying? and what are *you*? do you come as
a spy?

Falls? what falls? who knows? As the tree falls so must
it lie.

Who let her in? how long has she been? you—what
have you heard?

Why did you sit so quiet? you never have spoken a word.
O—to pray with me—yes—a lady—none of their spies—

But the night has crept into my heart, and begun to
darken my eyes.
Ah—you, that have lived so soft, what should *you* know
of the night,
The blast and the burning shame and the bitter frost
and the fright?
I have done it, while you were asleep—you were only
made for the day.
I have gather'd my baby together—and now you may
go your way.

Nay—for it's kind of you, Madam, to sit by an old
dying wife.
But say nothing hard of my boy, I have only an hour of
life.
I kiss'd my boy in the prison, before he went out to die.
"They dared me to do it," he said, and he never has
told me a lie.
I whipt him for robbing an orchard once when he was
but a child—
"The farmer dared me to do it," he said; he was always
so wild—
And idle—and couldn't be idle—my Willy—he never
could rest.
The King should have made him a soldier, he would
have been one of his best.

But he lived with a lot of wild mates, and they never
would let him be good;
They swore that he dare not rob the mail, and he swore
that he would:
And he took no life, but he took one purse, and when all
was done
He flung it among his fellows—I'll none of it, said my
son.

I came into court to the Judge and the lawyers. I told
them my tale,
God's own truth—but they kill'd him, they kill'd him for
robbing the mail.

They hang'd him in chains for a show—we had always
borne a good name—
To be hang'd for a thief—and then put away—isn't that
enough shame?
Dust to dust—low down—let us hide! but they set him
so high
That all the ships of the world could stare at him, pass-
ing by.
God 'ill pardon the hell-black raven and horrible fowls
of the air,
But not the black heart of the lawyer who kill'd him and
hang'd him there.

And the jailer forced me away. I had bid him my last
good-bye;
They had fasten'd the door of his cell. "O mother!"
I heard him cry.
I couldn't get back tho' I tried, he had something further
to say,
And now I never shall know it. The jailer forced me
away.

Then since I couldn't but hear that cry of my boy that
was dead,
They seized me and shut me up: they fasten'd me down
on my bed.
"Mother, O mother!"—he call'd in the dark to me year
after year—
They beat me for that, they beat me—you know that I
couldn't but hear;
And then at the last they found I had grown so stupid
and still
They let me abroad again—but the creatures had worked
their will.

Flesh of my flesh was gone, but bone of my bone was
left—
I stole them all from the lawyers—and you, will you call
it a theft?—

My baby, the bones that had suck'd me, the bones that
had laughed and had cried—
Theirs? O no! they are mine—not theirs—they had
moved in my side.

Do you think I was scared by the bones? I kiss'd 'em,
I buried 'em all—
I can't dig deep, I am old—in the night by the church-
yard wall.
My Willy 'ill rise up whole when the trumpet of judg-
ment 'ill sound,
But I charge you never to say that I laid him in holy
ground.

They would scratch him up—they would hang him again
on the cursed tree.
Sin? O yes—we are sinners, I know—let all that be,
And read me a Bible verse of the Lord's good will
toward men—
"Full of compassion and mercy, the Lord"—let me hear
it again;
"Full of compassion and mercy—long-suffering." Yes,
O yes!

For the lawyer is born but to murder—the Saviour lives
but to bless.
He'll never put on the black cap except for the worst of
the worst,
And the first may be last—I have heard it in church—
and the last may be first.
Suffering—O long-suffering—yes, as the Lord must
know,
Year after year in the mist and the wind and the shower
and the snow.

Heard, have you? what? they have told you he never
repented his sin.
How do they know it? are *they* his mother? are *you* of
his kin?

Heard! have you ever heard, when the storm on the
downs began,
The wind that 'ill wail like a child and the sea that 'ill
moan like a man?

Election, Election and Reprobation—it's all very well.
But I go to-night to my boy, and I shall not find him in
Hell.
For I cared so much for my boy that the Lord has look'd
into my care,
And He means me I'm sure to be happy with Willy, I
know not where.

And if *he* be lost—but to save *my* soul, that is all your
desire:
Do you think that I care for *my* soul if my boy be gone
to the fire?
I have been with God in the dark—go, go, you may
leave me alone—
You never have borne a child—you are just as hard as
a stone.

Madam, I beg your pardon! I think that you mean to
be kind,
But I cannot hear what you say for my Willy's voice
in the wind—
The snow and the sky so bright—he used but to call in
the dark,
And he calls to me now from the church and not from
the gibbet—for hark!
Nay—you can hear it yourself—it is coming—shaking
the walls—
Willy—the moon's in a cloud—Good-night. I am
going. He calls.

As Told by Mrs. Williams*

BY EMILY WAKEMAN.

(Scene, the dining-room of a New York house. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Williams are seated at dinner. Mrs. Williams has just returned from a series of afternoon teas.)



O, Jack, dear, not a spoonful. I couldn't eat any soup. I've been to eight this afternoon and had tea at them all—different kind at every place. It's awful! . . . What! . . . Well, I have to, Jack, or they feel hurt; and then that's all there is to do and you needn't stay so long. You can say "How do you do?" have your tea, and go. . . . Why, Jack, you're not listening; and I've had such an awfully exciting time, too. I thought you'd be so interested. . . . Well, you didn't look as though you were. Anyway, I couldn't see you with that old newspaper up in front of your face. I'll not say another word. (*Pause. From pouting she gradually breaks into a smile.*) Well, of course, if you really do want to hear. You know what a fuss you make about my cab bills. I said to myself, "I'll be noble to-day and take a car everywhere I go." You don't know how self-sacrificing that was, Jack.

No, no meat; an empty plate, dear. I don't feel like eating a thing. (*Looking over table.*) I believe I could eat some potatoes; but I mustn't—they make me fat. . . . Yes, they do; you know what the doctor said. (*Pause, pouting.*) I guess I will just this once. Just a dab, Jack.

Well, I took a car to the Browns', and was so cross by the time I got there, I hardly dared go in. Such awful beasts as I had to contend with in that car! From the moment I paid my fare the conductor seemed furious with me. I couldn't tell why at first, but it must have been because I gave him pennies. I don't

* (From "The Cosmopolitan Magazine.")

see why he cared. I'm sure it was hard enough work for me to collect them from the bottom of my purse; they were scattered among the other change, and I thought I would never find five.

Most of the people got off at Forty-second Street, and I really had a chance to sit down, with plenty of room at one side of me. So I put my muff down on the seat, to settle my hat, which had been banged to one side in that awful crush. When I went to take my muff up again, the woman next me held it in her lap. I said, "Pardon me, madam, that is my muff." She looked at me in a fixed way and didn't say a word. I said again, "You have my muff." Then she glared at me and said, "Are you crazy?" I felt for my tippet, which is of the same fur, you know; but as it was so warm this afternoon I hadn't worn it. The woman then started to get off. I started after her, and told the conductor that she had stolen my muff. He said, with a grin, "I guess not." I suppose he was still angry with me about the pennies. By that time she was off the car and I after her. About halfway down the block I saw a policeman. The woman was going toward him and I was just a few steps behind. When she got to him she rushed right up and said, "This woman is trying to steal my muff. I wish you would arrest her." Think of it! *Me, Jack!!* I told him she had taken *my* muff. I was so furious I could hardly speak. He said, "Well, you must settle it between yourselves or I'll have to arrest you both." I couldn't stand that and walked away, half crying. My only comfort is that I'd carried that muff for three whole months and everyone knew it. Now I can have that smart sable one I saw, can't I, Jack, dear? (*Pause, then a beaming smile.*) Oh! you're so good. (*Thoughtfully.*) Well, I saved the cab fare, anyway, so I'm not so very extravagant.

When I arrived at the Browns' I was so disarranged and excited that Billy Treat asked me if I came in an auto. Grace Brown looked awfully sweet; had on the dearest chiffon gown. I'm dying to know who made it. A bit more potato, Jack. Thanks; that's enough. No, I don't want one just like it; but I do think it would suit my style better than it did hers. . . . What! You

think she dresses well? Oh! sometimes, not always. She's nothing but a bean-pole, anyway.

From the Browns' I went on to the Jennings'. Nothing much happened there, except that I had the good fortune to find that Mrs. Peel was going over to the Wrights'. So I drove over with her and had time to settle myself before we arrived. It was such a relief after that awful car experience. (*Unconsciously passing plate for more potato.*) Is it really three times? Well, I won't eat another thing until we come to dessert. That's just a bit of pudding and whipped cream; that can't be fattening.

Oh! I must tell you the most exciting event of the afternoon; and it's awfully serious, too. I'd just finished saying the usual nice things to Mrs. Wright and the girls—how charming they looked; how dear of them to send us cards; that you so hoped to be with me, and how sweet the rooms were—when the maid came rushing through the rooms with Tiny, their beautiful Japanese spaniel. Tiny was crying and waving his feet in the air, and the maid was crying, too. You can imagine the excitement—Maud and Alice love Tiny just as I love Toto. We all commanded the maid to tell us what had happened, whereupon she fainted and Tiny lay stretched out as though dead. Someone hurried for a doctor for Tiny, and at last we brought the maid to, so she could tell us what was the trouble.

It seems they've always given Tiny gin to keep her from growing. . . . No, Jack, you awful boy, she wasn't *drunk*. She's a beautiful, well-bred dog. Why, she and Toto had the same grandfather. She'd taken poison, that's what she'd done. They'd left some wood-alcohol in the butler's pantry after having filled the lamp for the tea-kettle, and Tiny must have mistaken it for gin. Wasn't it awful? . . . Jack, how *can* you laugh? Drunk, after all! You know she was? No one but a man would say such things. Now stop laughing. Why, I believe you'd laugh if it had happened to Toto.

So now you wish my Toto dead! But he isn't, and Tiny isn't, either. The doctor said all she needed was the gold-cure. Oh! I wonder whether he was laughing, too. It's dreadful—I sha'n't stay here another

minute. I shall go to Toto; he, at least, understands me. (*Crying and starting to go.*) I'm *not* a foolish girl, and you *weren't* joking, and you *did* mean it, Jack, every word of it. . . . Well, you said it as though you did, and you *laughed*, you laughed right out loud. . . . Did you really? To hide your true feeling and to cheer me up? Truly, Jack? And you do love Toto? . . . You want to know how Tiny is, and you're going to telephone now? I knew you couldn't mean all the dreadful things you said. . . . Yes, you may kiss me. (*Pause. Sitting again at the table with an entire change of mood.*) Now, I'm going to eat my pudding.



The Gift of Tact*

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

Come right in. Glad to see yer. Won't you be seated? Seems to me you ain't lookin' as well as usual. Does your heart trouble you any? I had a brother who dropped right off fro mheart trouble, and he was com-
 plected just like you. Won't you remove your bunnet? You say you think it's only indigestion. Maybe; but ef I was you I'd see a doctor.

I s'pose you heerd that Sayrah Hanson's broke off her engagement with Harmon Baxter. You know, I met her at the mission circle, and as I've known her ever sence she was knee-high to a hop-toad, I told her I did hope she'd be able to save him from a drunkard's grave; an' she wanted to know what I meant, an' I said: "Well, I guess I've said enough, and I won't say no more." And, indeed, there warn't no more to say, but I see that she was upset, and I always think that least said is soonest mended. He's perfectly sober and respectable, I under-

* (Abridged from "The Century Magazine.")

stand, but his father was a drunkard, and you never can tell; but maybe I oughtn't to have said so much. But, anyways, I stopped, and next I heerd she'd broke off the engagement on account of his habits. I really think I did him a service, because she wasn't worth havin' ef she'd stop without tryin' to save him.

I want to know ef you've met the noo people that's moved into the Granger place? Harlen, the name is. I met Mis' Harlen at the sewin'-circle, and I said I hoped she was no relation to Dick Harlen that was sent up to the penitentiary for forgery. And then she turned scarlet, an' I said: "Well, of course it couldn't be a relation, because Harlen is only your married name; but they say Dick's brother Tom married an awful common woman." And then she turned scarleter than ever, an' said she wished folks would mind their own business; an', come to find out, she was Tom's wife. I didn't like the way she bridled up over an un'tentional remark; an', fer my part, I don't intend to call on her.

Do you know Joe Ardsley? Joseph Carrington Ardsley he is now, sence he become an author. I met him the other day at the lawn party the Weldons give to their daughter-in-law, that rich Noo York girl that their son married. 'Most everyone was there—all the summer folks, of course, and a good many of the village folks, because the Weldons are popular in spite of their money. I hadn't seen Joe Ardsley before sence he printed that novel of his, and I found that success had sp'iled him. He was talkin' to them rich Saltonstalls from over Worcester way, and I pushed right up, for I was glad to see him—he wintered and summered in South Hanaford two years—an' so I says real hearty: "Well, Mr. Ardsley, I'm real pleased to see you an' Mrs. Ardsley again, an' to hear about your success at writin' books. I suppose you've mos' forgot the days when you was so hard put to get along, an' had to go barefoot a whole summer because you didn't want to owe the shoemaker. My land," I says, "how you and your wife did have to skimp! I s'pose you can buy meat *nowadays* without enquirin' the price."

Well, do you know, he never took it the way I meant it at all; and his wife she looked mad enough to kill me.

I never did like her. Well, the Saltonstalls they was kind of edgin' off, as ef they was ashamed of hearin' about Mr. Ardsley's hard times, an' so I wanted to show 'em that I liked him in them days; an', besides, I must say I was kinder proud of knowin' him now, secin' his name is in every paper you pick up; so, although I hadn't had an introduction to them, I says: "I've known the time, sir, when this young man was glad to come to Sunday dinner to my house, because I made sure to hev chicken an' he wasn't sure of anythin' at home. Was you, Mr. Ardsley? Well, I'm glad you succeeded," says I; "but you mustn't never forget them days, because ef you hadn't struggled an' skimped and be'n helped then, you wouldn't never have got anywhere. But," I says, "I never will forget how low in mind an' pocket you was when you first come to South Hanaford to live."

Now, no one could say I didn't speak as kind as I could, because I liked that young man; but success has turned his head, for he answered me so short an' so unlike the smilin' Joe of the old days that I felt friz up, an' went into the room where they was servin' hot soup that looked like tea, jes so's to get my feelin's ca'med.

Ef his wife thinks she's goin' to make him forget what he riz from, I don't intend he should. I guess it's no disgrace to eat chicken dinner at my house, an' he's beholden to me more than that, for they say that I gev him the idee for one of the characters in his novel—Mrs. Tackless. Awful queer name, an' there's nothin' in the character to remind me of myself.

Don't go. Ain't there an awful lot of sickness an' death aroun' this spring? I told Rev. Green that I never knowed it to be so excitin' as it is this year. No tellin' who'll be called next. I was tellin' Sayrah Taintor that I didn't think her father had what you might call a strong hold on life, an' I was glad he was prepared for the life to come. Queer how things hits folks. She didn't seem to like it at all. She's kind o' flighty, I think. I sh'd think she'd be glad her father was a Christian, church-goin' man. I told her so, too. I said if he was sech another man as his brother Peleg, his

death would be a calamity to *him* an' a blessin', in a way, to everyone else; an' she huffed right up an' said, "I love Uncle Peleg."

I don't see 't her lovin' him makes him any better example to our young men. He ain't be'n to church in ten years, an' he has such a pleasant way of speakin' that he's worse than a whited sepulchre. I say ef a man ain't go'n' to church he'd better be bad, out an' out, an' not be so good-natured that folks thinks they can stay home from church, too, an' no harm done. But of course I couldn't make her see it my way.

Must you be go'n'? Well, I'm real glad you called. It's brightened me up consider'ble to see you; but ef I was you I wouldn't put off seein' a doctor. Sometimes these heart troubles snuffs you right out. Oh, there now! I nearly forgot to ask you ef it was true that you had set your affections on Mark Whitman. Mrs. Hendey told me that when you heerd he was engaged you grew as pale as death; but I said I wouldn't believe it—not till I asked you— Why, what is the matter, child? Here, drink this water. Now, you jes' set still in that chair, an' I'll go nex' door to the Sims' an' tel'phone for the doctor. I knoo your heart was affected.



I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee,
'As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me:
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

—Jonson.

Miss Pettigrew's Reception*

BY ETTA ANTHONY BAKER.



H, Mrs. Slocum, haven't you heard about the "reception" yet? Why, it's the talk of the whole place! I'll tell you the story—inside facts and all—only it must be in strict confidence, don't forget that! You see, Maria Jane Pettigrew spent a whole week in New York City not long ago visiting those awful rich cousins of hers. They're right in everything. Mary Jane came back so high and mighty it just seemed as though she was treadin' on air.

The first thing you know, every one for miles around got a letter in a stingy little envelope 'bout two by three. Inside was just a visiting card with "Miss Marie Janet Pettigrew" printed on it (she was Maria Jane before she went to New York), and down in one corner was "At Home—4-6, May 12." We all knew 't she was at home, because we'd seen her at the church social. She sat in one place all evening long, with her hands folded in her lap and her head up in the air in a haughty way—sort of disdainful, you know—and watched everything with that little curly smile she's adopted lately.

When I got my letter I asked her plumb out why she wanted to send around word she'd be at home on that particular day at that particular time, because she was at home every day at that particular time, unless it was the Missionary Meeting or the Sewing Circle day. She just smiled in that aggravating little way of hers and said: "Oh, you are referring to my reception! I hope to have a series of 'at homes' in order to gather my neighbors about me and knit together the loose ends of our country life. Will you help me receive next Wednesday, Miss Hepsy?"

I just gasped for a minute; then I managed to say: "Receive? Receive what?"

"Why," she answered, with that superior little smile,

* (Abridged from "Harper's Magazine.")

"receive the guests at my reception. Wear your prettiest gown—"

"I always wear muslin or Canton flannel nightgowns," I interrupted. "Besides, I can't stay all night; I've got to take care of my chickens and the cat."

She laughed that ridiculous little laugh she's taken on lately—it starts in the cellar and runs clear up garret—and said, "Oh, I mean frock—dress, you know." So I said, "All right; I'll help."

Do you remember how her house is built? Well, anyway, you know, it's a big ramshackle place, with a great parlor built on at the extreme end toward the woods, the end farthest away from the road, exactly as though it had its back turned. Maria's livin' room right next the big kitchen is the very cheerfulest room I've ever set foot in.

When the reception day came I dressed up in my new purple lawn—my best "gown," you know—and put on my black silk mitts and carried my best lace-edged handkerchief with some bay rum on it. I didn't happen to have any cologne on hand just then—and if I do say it, as I shouldn't, I looked nice enough for any reception, even on Fifth Avenue itself! It was pretty early, but I thought she might need my help in settin' the table or slicin' the ham or cake.

I knocked and knocked at the kitchen door, but no one came, and finally I just opened it an' went right in. There wasn't a soul there, an' not one sign of a party, not even a big table ready. Now, Mrs. Slocum, would you believe it, and that the very day of the party itself, too?

I called an' called, an' at last I began to search through the house. I knew it was no use goin' to the best parlor, because she never used that, and the blinds were all closed as usual; but I went everywhere else, even down cellar and up garret. Then I began to get worried.

Finally I crept through the long hall and cautiously opened the best parlor door. An' there she was. "My! you *are* early!" but I just answered pleasantly, "I came early on purpose, my dear, to help you set the table an' make the coffee."

"Oh, that wasn't necessary. I shall serve only tea an' wafers, an' I myself shall pour," she said, sharply.

Tea an' wafers! An' some of those people goin' to drive fifteen miles! It wasn't as if she didn't have plenty, either, because she always lived liberally.

"Won't the folks—guests, I mean—be hungry? It'll be pretty nigh their supper time." I felt like I *had* to remonstrate with her. "Can't you give 'em some ham an' cake?"

"Certainly I *could*, but it's not considered good form. Doesn't my tea table look ravishingly?" And she waved her hand airily toward a little low table, with a round linen mat in the centre an' a glass jug of flowers on it. There were some little bits of cups and saucers on the table, too—from some child's tea party set, I guess—an' a plate of some little flat tea cakes an' a little dish of shelled nuts—"salty almonds" she called 'em.

Right next to the handsome silver teapot that belonged to Great-grandma Pettigrew, too, was a little dangling silver thing all full of holes. She called it "my tea ball," an' asked if I didn't think it was "charming." She showed me how she would use it, an', do you know, she intended to joggle that little ornament up an' down in every cup of tea!

By this time I'd had a real good look at her. My, but she was gotten up! Powder on her face as thick as a pastry board, with a bright red spot in each cheek. She saw me lookin' at those spots, an' she tossed her head in that airy way she's taken up lately an' said: "I flush so with the least exertion! I hope my color is not too pronounced. Is it?"

Well, I didn't commit myself, Mrs. Slocum; I couldn't do justice to it, so I just asked what that white thing in her hair was called. It was a sort of a skeleton of a white feather; just thin little bones an' ribs, an' it stuck up like a baby feather duster. She said it was a great—an' I couldn't hear any more, so I wasn't goin' to display my ignorance by asking "a great what?" I just picked the cover off the sofa—it was chilly even if it was almost summer—an' put it over my head an' marched out to the chicken yard. Her rooster's a beauty, but

he gave me a chase, I can tell you, an' my! how he fought when I caught him! Howsomever, when I came back into the best parlor, I had a "great whatever-you-call-it" in my hair, too, only not such a skinny one as her's.

The time dragged along until half-past six, an' nary a person had come! Now, you know, Mrs. Slocum, you can't have much of a reception with a long line or a short one if no one comes to be received. Maria'd been saying all along, "Of course they won't come early—people never do;" but at last she just had to give in.

"Come out an' get some supper, Miss Hepsy," she urged (she forgot to say "dinner" that time), so we marched down the long hall toward the spare bedroom. Just as we neared the living room we both stopped short. Surely that was voices we heard, an' the sound of laughter! I hurried on to the living room door, an' opened it just a crack an' peeked in. There was the jolliest crowd you ever saw! The men were gathered around the fireplace smoking, an' some of the women were in the kitchen beyond setting the table an' makin' the coffee. My! how good it smelled!

They were all cracking jokes an' having regular skylarks. Just as I looked in, old Mrs. Perkins called out from the kitchen, "Ain't it too bad Maria missed that train?"

"Well," answered one of the men, "the other train's in by this time, so she'll be along any minute now."

"I'm glad we'll have everything cheery for her," put in another voice. "Her New York visit hasn't spoiled her a bit. She wouldn't invite us all to come here in this way if it had."

What idiots we'd both been! Of course they'd drive up to the back door just as they'd always done. Of course we wouldn't hear 'em, shut up in that parlor away off at the other end of nowhere!

Maria took in the whole scene—she was looking over my shoulder—an' seemed to sense it all even sooner than I did. She pulled me away in a jiffy an' closed the door, oh, so softly! Then she jerked that rooster tail from my hair before I could object even if I wanted to, saying

huskily: "Go on in—tell 'em I was detained! I'll follow in ten minutes. *Please, Miss Hepsy!*"

I couldn't resist that pleading tone nor the tears swimmin' in her eyes, so I just gave one smooth to my hair, then in I sailed, feeling that even George Washington himself would depart from his usual principles under present circumstances. At any rate, whether George would or not, I did, because I yarned like a good fellow. Ananias wasn't in it with me that day!

Presently Maria herself hurried in, dressed in her plain navy-blue poplin without the skeleton feather an' without the goose-flesh, but with plenty of flush on her cheeks—real flush this time, you'd better believe. My! wasn't she full of fun that evening—just the life of the crowd! She'd never looked better in her life than she did just then. I c'd see James Bartlett sit up an' take notice mighty sudden from the time she entered the room. He meant business from then on, or I miss my guess! Every one stayed an' stayed an' ate an' ate, an' all of 'em vowed they'd never been to a jollier party in all their lives.

After it was over an' every one had gone Maria came up an' put her head down on my shoulder an' cried an' cried. I just patted her softly, like you would a baby, an' let her have her cry out.

"Oh, Miss Hepsy, what a fool I've been! I didn't know good, true friends when I had them. It will be a lesson to me all my life long."



I hold it true, whate'er befall
 I feel it when I sorrow most;
 'Tis better to have loved and lost
 Than never to have loved at all.

—Tennyson.

The Price of Fame*

BY ELIZABETH M. GILMER.



LEASE, um, has you got about a dollar an' fo' bits layin' aroun' de house handy dat you could advance me on nex' week's washin'?

I shorely does hate to borrow, for I don't know anythin' dat makes me so tired as to have to wuk for money dat I has done already spent. Hit's lak buyin' things on de instalment plan, which gives you mo' w'ar an' t'ar on yo' nerves for de price dan anythin' else in dis world. Yessum, hit shorely can bring on de nervous prosperity befo' you can say Jack Robinson, an' I ain't never yit got over de case dat I had when me an' Ike bought dat mellojum dat way. Leastways Ike, he bought hit, an' I took in washin' an' paid for hit.

What, ain't I never tole you about dat mellojum? Honey, nobody don't know how fast time can scoot ontill dey buys somethin' on de instalment plan. Hit looks lak one pay-day jest laps over anodder lak de shingles on de roof. First an' last, I bet I's done paid out mo' dan fo' million dollars for dat mellojum.

You see, hit happened lak dis: One day I was a-settin' down in my do', jest as ca'm an' satterfied as a cat in de sun, an' not lookin' for trouble nowhar, when up drives a wagon wid somethin' in hit dat looked lak a cross betwixt a bureau an' a pianny.

"I wants to sell you a mellojum," de man says.

"What in de name of goodness do I want wid a mellojum?" I 'spon's.

"You can perform upon hit for de pleasure of yo' fam'ly," says he.

"I 'low dat de skillet an' de cook-stove is de only instruments dis ole nigger can perform on," I says, "but I is got a master hand wid de pots an' de pans, an' de

* (Abridged from "The Cosmopolitan.")

music dat I makes on dem hits my fam'ly whar dey lives."

But des den Ike up an' took a hand in de conversation, an' I knowed dat trouble was headin' my way, becaze I has done had thuty years' experience wid Ike in de holy bonds of matrimony, an' I knowed dat he was one of dese heah kind of folks dat will buy anythin' dat dey don't have to plank down de cash money for. Yessum, you could sell Ike a fur overcoat to wear in hell ef you'd give him tell Christmas to pay for hit.

So I says, "Ike, don't you be fool enough to buy dat contrapshun," but when hit comes to foolishness Ike's mighty gifted, an' de long an' de short of hit was dat dat man unloaded dat mellojum in our parlor, an' I's been a-wukin' ever since to pay for hit, becaze I ain't goin' to let dat biggity May Jane Jones say dat I can't support one po' little measly, wheezy mellojum. Naw'm, dat I ain't, if I has to wuk my fingers to de bone to do hit.

But hit sho' does come hard to be a saccercifin' for a thing dat you ain't got no manner of use for, an' dat makes you feel lak bustin' hit open ev'ry time you pass hit by, an' dat's de probusness of buyin' things on de instalment plan, an' of spendin' money befo' you gits hit earned, an' ef dere was iest me in my fam'ly dere wouldn't be no sech doing.

Yessum, ef my husband an' chillen was jest plain, ordinary sort of folks lak I is dere wouldn't be no trouble in keepin' out of debt, but what wid de Sons of Zion presentin' Ike wid a lovin'-cup, an' Thomas Jefferson Abra'm Lincoln bein' elected de captain of de Black an' Tan Baseball Club, an' May Jane bein' ap-p'inted de Queen of Sheba at de Sunday-school blow-out, hit's made de fam'ly pu'se look lak an elephant is done' trod on hit.

Yessum, hit sut'nly am expensive to be distinctious, an' ef dere hadn't been one po' humble woman in our fam'ly widout no talents, dat kep' de pot a-b'ilin', I s'pec's dat I could name de name of two favorite sons an' a daughter dat was mighty puffed up wid pride, but dat wouldn't 'a' had nothin' else to stay dere stomachs

on but compliments. An' compliments is lak dried apples—dey's sweet an' tasty, an' dey swells you all up, but dey is all wind. Dey don't stand by you lak pork-chops.

Hit used to seem mighty funny to me dat dere gen'rally wa'n't but one gifted member in a fam'ly, but, my land, I guess de good Lawd knows what he's about. Hit makes all de balance of de fam'ly git up an' hustle to support one genius. Yessum, de reason dat I has to do about so is becaze I's got a husband an' two chillen dat's a-sproutin' laurel wreaths on dere brows, an' you can't expect dem to knuckle down to hard wuk an' savin' lak common folkses. Dey's got to live up to dere reputation, an' I done found out dat hit costs mo' to support a reputation dan hit does to take keer of a pair of twins.

Befo' we got Ike's glory all paid up for de celebration of de lovin'-cup what dey give 'im, Thomas Jefferson Abra'm Lincoln got unanimously appointed to be de captain of de Black an' Tan Baseball Club, an' I had to take de money dat I done saved up to buy me some flannel shirts to git up a chicken dinner wid fixin's for de club as a slight recognition of de compliment dat dey done paid him, an' dat busts us ag'in.

Den May Jane, she got elected to be de Queen of Sheba, an' we had to strain our credit at de grocery-sto' a-entertainin' de choir what name her for de place, to say nothin' about buyin' her a white frock wid spangles on hit to wear when she led de procession, an' dat had to be fine enough to make all de odder gals green wid envy, or else dere wouldn't be no good in bein' de queen. An' dat's de reason, hit's along wid havin' all of dis glory kinder thrust on de fam'ly all at once, dat I has to borrow an' is why dat I'd be much obleeged to you ef you could strain a p'int an' let me have de wash money in advance, please, 'um.

Yessum, glory sut'nly does come high. Hit looks lak to me dat fame is somethin' dat you spends yo' life a-wukin' for, an' den hit lands you in de po'house.

De Thanksgivin' Blessin'*

BY H. L. PINER.

Set down, Lindy! Whar's yo' manna's? Ain't yo' got
 no raisin', chile?
 Don't be re'chin' 'crost de table! 'Possum sets yo'
 chill'n wil'!
 Don't you know dis heah's Thanksgivin'? We's
 a-gwineter have a pra'r
 'Fo' we teches dem dar 'possums er dem taters. Git
 back dar!
 Now, ole 'oman, keep dese chill'n wid deyr haids all
 bowed down low
 Whilst I offahs up de blessin' fer de fambly. Han's
 down! So!

"Lawd, we don' know how to m'asure whut you does
 up dar'n de sky,
 But we knows in all Yo' givin' dat Yo' nevah pass us by;
 An' we's grateful fer de good things Yo' continues to
 dispense
 From de cawn-crib an' de smoke-house of Yo' lovin'
 providence.
 Thank de Lawd fer all His blessin's, 'speci'lly dem dat
 He ordains
 Fer de niggah's faithful stummick and de hunger hit
 contains;—
 Sech ez red-meat watermillions, storin' up de natal juice
 Uv de summer-time's bes' honey fer de hones' niggah's
 use.
 And we thanks You, Lawd, fer roas'n' yeahs an' fer de
 yaller yam,
 Fer de cawn-cake in de ashes an' de hambone in de ham;
 We remembahs Yo' mos' kindly fer de bacon an' the
 beans,
 An' fer good pot-licker extray wid de jowl an' turnip
 greens.

*(From "The Century Magazine.")

And dey hain't no mawtal music to us niggahs heah
 below
 Like the gobblin' uv de gobblah and de rooster's lawdly
 crow.
 Fer dese blessin's an' all othahs we is grateful, Lawd,
 always,
 But we lif's de chune up higher in de dear ole 'possum's
 praise;
 'Ca'se we shouts in halleluiahs fer de makin' uv dis beas'
 Ez de cov'nant wid de niggah in dis heah Thanksgivin'
 feas'!"

Link! whut make yo' mouf so greasy? M'randy! whut
 you munchin' on?
 Stop, you sackerleegious varmint! Whar's dat bigges'
 'tater gone?
 Drap it back dar, Lizy! Heah me! Dis heah ain't no
 eatin' race!
 Now, ole 'oman, min' dese chill'n whilst I finish sayin'
 grace!

"Lawd, dey tells me dat de 'possum am de oldes' critter
 yit,
 An' we knows dat You's perzerved him fer de niggah's
 benefit!
 And we thanks You, Lawd, fer deze two, 'ca'se dey wuz
 so fat an' hale
 From de whiskers on deyr nostrils to de col' an' naked
 tail!
 'Ca'se de 'possum's good all over, from dat tant'alizin'
 grin
 To de marrer-bones an' chittlin's an' de gravy in de
 skin!
 Den we thanks de Lawd fer givin' niggahs edjicated
 tas'e,
 So's 'at dey kin eat de 'possum 'd out a single drap uv
 was'e!
 Angels, look down on dis pictur'! Chill'n waitin' fer
 a piece,
 Ev'y little mouf a-drippin' wid thanksgivin' at de feas'!
 An' de parents bofe a-praisin' Him from whom all bless-
 in's flow—

The Speaker

Him dat keeps de blackes' niggah same ez dem dat's
 white ez snow!
 Lawd, we honors de traditions uv de niggah to de en';
 Bless us whilst we takin' de creases out'n our stummicks
 now. Amen!"

Lawdy massy! Whar's dem 'possums? An' dem taters
 —dey's gone, too!
 An' de gravy done sopped out'n bofe de platters clean
 ez new!
 Link! M'randy! Zeke! Ole 'oman! Ef de las' one
 ain't cut out!
 May dyspepsy ha'nt deyr stummicks an' deyr feet swell
 up wid gout!
 Me a-prayin' and a-praisin' to de Lawd dat nevah fail,
 Dey a-stealin' at de altar, leavin' nothin' but de tail!
 Leavin' misery in my in'ards, an' de in'ards moanin' on
 'Ca'se I didn't ax de blessin' 'fo' I blowed de dinnah
 ho'n!
 But I'll promise de ole 'oman an' dem chill'n powerful
 strong
 Dat de nex' Thanksgivin' pra'r won't be so everlastin'
 long!

**Upon the Valley's Lap**

Upon the valley's lap
 The dewy morning throws
 A thousand pearly drops
 To wake a single rose.

So, often in the course
 Of life's few fleeting years,
 A single pleasure costs
 The soul a thousand tears.

—F. W. Bourdillon.

Henry Hudson's Last Voyage*

BY HENRY VAN DYKE.

One sail in sight upon the lonely sea,
And only one, God knows! For never ship
But mine broke through the icy gates that guard
These waters greater grown than any since
We left the shore of England. We were first
And fies to these wide waves. This gulf is mine;
My men, to battle in between the bergs
And there, hull-down below that flying sail,
The ship that staggers home is mine, mine, mine!
My ship *Discoverie*!

The sullen dogs
Of mutineers, the bitches' whelps that snatched
Their food and bit the hand that nurtured them,
Have stolen her! You ingrate, Henry Green,
I picked you from the gutter of Houndsditch,
I paid your debts, and kept you in my house,
And brought you here to make a man of you.
You, Robert Juet, ancient, crafty man,
Toothless and tremulous, how many times
Have I employed you as a mate of mine
To give you bread! And you, Abacuck Prickett,
The sailor-clerk, you salted Puritan,
You knew the plot and silently agreed,
Salving your conscience with a pious lie.
Yes, all of you—hounds, rebels, thieves! Bring back
My ship!

Too late!—I rave—they cannot hear
My voice: and if they heard, a drunken laugh
Would be their answer. For their minds have caught
The fatal firmness of the fool's resolve,
That looks like courage, but is only fear.

* (Abridged from "The Outlook.")

The Speaker

They'll blunder on, and lose my ship, and drown—
Or blunder home to England and be hanged.
Their skeletons will rattle in the chains
Of some tall gibbet on the Channel cliffs,
While passing sailors point to them and say,
"Those are the rotten bones of Hudson's men,
Who left their captain in the frozen North!"

O God of justice, why hast Thou ordained,
Plans of the wise and actions of the brave
Dependent on the aid of fools and cowards?
I believe

Look—there she goes—her topsails in the sun
Gleam from the ragged ocean edge, and drop
Clean out of sight! So let the traitors go
Clean out of mind! We'll think of braver things!
Come closer in the boat, my friends. John King,
You take the tiller, keep her head nor'west.
You, Philip Staffe, the only one who chose
Freely to share with us the shallop's fate,
Rather than travel in the hell-hound ship—
Too good an English sailor to desert
These crippled comrades—try to make them rest
More easy on the thwarts. And John, my son,
My little shipmate, come and lean your head
Upon your father's knee. Do you recall
That April day in Ethelburga's church,
Five years ago, when, side by side, we kneeled
To take the sacrament with all our company,
Before the *Hopewell* left St. Catherine's docks
On our first voyage? Then it was I vowed
My sailor-soul and yours to search the sea
Until we found the water-path that leads
From Europe into Asia.

That God has poured the ocean round His world,
Not to divide, but to unite the lands;
And all the English seamen who have dared

In little ships to plow uncharted waves—
Davis and Drake, Hawkins and Frobisher,
Raleigh and Gilbert—all the other names—
Are written in the chivalry of God
As men who served His purpose. I would claim
A place among that knighthood of the sea:
And I have earned it, though my quest should fail!
For mark me well. The honor of our life
Derives from this: to have a certain aim
Before us always, which our will must seek
Amid the peril of uncertain ways.
Then, though we miss the goal, our search is crowned
With courage, and along the path we find
A rich reward of unexpected things.
Press toward the aim: take fortune as it fares!

Son, have you forgot
Those mellow autumn days, two years ago,
When first we sent our little ship *Half-moon*—
The flag of Holland floating at her peak—
Across a sandy bar, and sounded in
Among the channels to a goodly bay
Where all the navies of the world could ride?
A fertile island that the red men called
Manhattan crowned the bay; and all the land
Around was bountiful and friendly fair.
Ten days we voyaged through that placid land,
Until we came to shoals; and sent a boat
Upstream, to find—what I already knew—
We sailed upon a river, not a strait!

But what a river! God has never poured
A stream more royal through a land more rich.
Even now I see it flowing in my dream,
While coming ages people it with men
Of manhood equal to the river's pride.
I see the wigwams of the red men changed
To ample houses, and the tiny plots
Of maize and green tobacco broadened out
To prosperous farms, that spread o'er hill and dale

The Speaker

The many-colored mantle of their crops.
 All this I see, and when it comes to pass
 I prophesy a city on the isle
 They call Manhattan, equal in her state
 To all the older capitals of earth—
 The gateway city of a golden world—
 A city girt with masts, and crowned with spires,
 And swarming with a busy host of men,
 While to her open door, across the bay,
 The ships of all the nations flock like doves!
 My name will be remembered there, for men
 Will say, "This river and this bay were found
 By Henry Hudson, on his way to seek
 The Northwest Passage into farthest Inde."

Yes, yes, I sought it then, I seek it still,
 My great adventure, pole-star of my heart!
 For, look ye, friends, our voyage is not done:
 Somewhere beyond these floating fields of ice,
 Somewhere along this westward widening bay,
 Somewhere beneath this luminous northern night,
 The channel opens to the Orient—
 I know it—and some day a little ship
 Will enter there and battle safely through!
 And why not ours—to-morrow—who can tell?
 We hold by hope as long as life endures:
 These are the longest days of all the year,
 The world is round, and God is everywhere,
 And while our shallop floats we still can steer.
 So point her up, John King, nor'west by north!
 We'll keep the honor of a certain aim
 Amid the peril of uncertain ways.
 And sail ahead, and leave the rest to God.



Who then is free? The wise man
 Who can govern himself.

—*Horace.*

A Christmas Present for a Lady*

BY MYRA KELLY.



It was the week before Christmas, and the First Reader Class had, almost to a man, decided on the gifts to be lavished on "Teacher." She was quite unprepared for any such observance on the part of her small adherents, for her first study of the roll book had shown her that its numerous Jacobs, Isidores and Rachels belonged to a class to which Christmas Day was much as other days.

But Morris Mogilewsky, whose love for Teacher was far greater than the combined loves of all the other children, had as yet no present to bestow. The knowledge saddened all his hours, and was the more maddening because it could in no wise be shared by Teacher, who noticed his altered bearing and tried with all sorts of artful beguilements to make him happy and at ease. But her efforts served only to increase his unhappiness and his love. And he loved her! Oh, how he loved her! Since first his dreading eyes had clung for a breath's space to her "like man's shoes" and had then crept timidly upward to her "light face," she had been mistress of his heart of hearts. That was more than three months ago. How well he remembered the day!

His mother had washed him horribly, and had taken him into the big red schoolhouse, so familiar from the outside, but so full of unknown terrors within. After his dusty little shoes had stumbled over the threshold he had passed from ordeal to ordeal until, at last, he was torn in mute and white-faced despair from his mother's skirts.

He was then dragged through long halls and up tall stairs by a large boy, who spoke to him disdainfully as "greenie," so that his spirit was quite broken and his nerves were all unstrung when he was pushed into a room full of bright sunshine and of children who laughed at his frightened little face. The sunshine smote his

* From "McClure's Magazine" and reprinted in "Little Citizens." Copyright, 1904, McClure-Phillips Company. Used by special permission.

timid eyes, the laughter smote his timid heart, and he turned to flee. But the door was shut, the large boy gone, and despair took him for its own.

Down upon the floor he dropped, and wailed, and wept. It was then that he heard, for the first time, the voice which now he loved.

"Why, my dear little chap, you mustn't cry like that. What's the matter?"

The hand was gentle and the question kind, and these, combined with a faint perfume suggestive of drug stores and barbershops—but nicer than either—made him uncover his hot little face. Kneeling beside him was a lady, and he forced his eyes to that perilous ascent, from shoes to skirt, from skirt to jumper, from jumper to face they trailed in dread uncertainty, but at the face they stopped—they had found rest.

Thereafter he had been the first to arrive every morning, and the last to leave every afternoon; and under the care of Teacher, his liege lady, he had grown in wisdom and love and happiness, but the greatest of these was love. And now, when the other boys and girls were planning surprises and gifts of price for Teacher, his hands were as empty as his heart was full. Appeal to his mother met with denial prompt and energetic.

"For what you go and make, over Christmas, presents? You ain't no Krisht; you should better have no kind feelings over Krishts, neither; your papa could to have a mad."

"Teacher ain't no Krisht," said Morris stoutly; "all the other fellows buys her presents, und I'm loving mit her; it's polite I gives her presents the while I'm got such a kind feeling over her."

"Well, we ain't got no money for buy nothing," said Mrs. Mogilewsky sadly. "No money, und your papa, he has at all times a scare he shouldn't to get no more." So Morris was helpless, his mother poor, and Teacher all unknowing.

And now the great day, the Friday before Christmas, has come, and the school was for the first half hour quite mad. Doors opened suddenly and softly to admit small persons, clad in wondrous ways and bearing wondrous parcels. Room 18, generally so placid and so

peaceful, is a howling wilderness full of brightly-colored, quickly-changing groups of children, all whispering, all gurgling, and all hiding queer bundles.

Teacher watches in dumb amaze. What can be the matter with the children? They seem to have grown stout in a single night.

Isidore Belchatosky was the first to lay tribute before Teacher. He comes forward with a sweet smile and a tall candlestick—the candy has gone to its long home—and teacher for a moment could not be made to understand that all that length of bluish-white china was really hers “for keeps.”

“It’s to-morrow holiday,” Isidore said; “and we gives you presents, the while we have a kind feeling. Candlesticks could to cost twenty-five cents.”

“It’s a lie. Three for ten,” says a voice in the background; but teacher hastened to answer Isidore’s test of her credulity.

“Indeed they could. This candlestick could have cost fifty cents, and it’s just what I want. It is very good of you to bring me a present.”

“You’re welcome,” says Isidore, retiring; and then, the ice being broken, the First Reader Class in a body rises to cast its gifts on Teacher’s desk, and its arms round Teacher’s neck.

Nathan Horowitz presents a small cup and saucer; Isidore Applebaum bestows a large calendar for the year before last; Sadie Gonorowsky brings a basket containing a bottle of perfume, a thimble and a bright silk handkerchief; Sarah Schodsky offers a pen-wiper and a yellow celluloid collar-button, and Eva Kidansky gives an elaborate nasal douche, under the pleasing delusion that it is an atomizer.

Jacob Spitsky presses forward with a tortoise-shell comb of terrifying aspect and hungry teeth, and an air showing forth a determination to adjust it in its destined place. Teacher meekly bows her head; Jacob forces his offering into her long-suffering hair, and then retires with the information, “Costs fifteen cents, Teacher.”

Meanwhile the rush of presentation goes steadily on. Bottles of perfume vie with one another and with the all-pervading soap until the air is heavy and breathing grows laborious, while pride swells the hearts of the

assembled multitude. No teacher had so many helps to the toilet; none other was so well beloved. Teacher's aspect is quite changed, and the "blue long down like a lady dress" is almost hidden by the offerings she has received. Jacob's comb has two massive and bejeweled rivals in the "softy hair." The front of the dress, where aching or despondent heads are wont to rest, is glittering with campaign buttons of American celebrities, beginning with James G. Blaine and extending into modern history as far as Admiral Dewey and Theodore Roosevelt. Outside the blue belt is a white one, nearly clean, and bearing in "sure 'nough golden words" the curt, but stirring invitation, "Remember the Maine." Around the neck are three chaplets of beads, wrought by chubby fingers and embodying much love, while the waist-line is further adorned by tiny and beribboned aprons. Truly, it is a day of triumph.

When the Christmas tree has been disclosed and its treasures distributed, a timid hand is laid on Teacher's knee and a plaintive voice whispers, "Say, Teacher, I got something for you;" and Teacher turns quickly to see Morris, her dearest boy charge.

"Now, Morris, dear," says Teacher, "you shouldn't have troubled to get me a present; you know you and I are such good friends that——"

"Teacher, yis, ma'am," Morris interrupts, in a bewitching rising inflection of his soft and plaintive voice: "I know you got a kind feeling by me, and I couldn't to tell even now I'm got a kind feeling by you. Only it's about that kind feeling I should give you a present. I didn't"—with a glance at the crowded desk—"I didn't to have no soap nor no perfumery, and my mama, she couldn't to buy none by the store; but, Teacher, I'm got something awful nice for you by present."

"And what is it, deary?" asks the already rich and gifted young person. "What is my new present?"

"Teacher, it's like this: I don't know; I ain't so big like I could to know"—and, truly, God pity him! he is passing small—"It ain't for boys—it's for ladies. Over yesterday on the night comes my papa on my house, und he gives my mama the present. Sooner she looks she has a awful glad, in her eyes stands tears and she says like dis out of Jewish—'Thanks,' un' she kisses my

papa a kiss. Und my papa, *how* he is polite! he says—out of Jewish, too—‘You’re welcome, all right,’ un’ he kisses my mama a kiss. So my mama, she sets and looks on the present, und all the time she looks she has a glad over it. Und I didn’t to have no soap, so you could to have the present.”

“But did your mother say I might?”

“Teacher, no ma’am; she didn’t say like that, un’ she didn’t to say *not* like that. She didn’t to know. But it’s for ladies, un’ I didn’t to have no soap. You could to look on it. It ain’t for boys.”

And here Morris opens a hot little hand and discloses a tightly-folded pinkish paper. As teacher read it he watches her with eager, furtive eyes, dry and bright, until hers grow suddenly moist, when his promptly follow suit.

“It’s for ladies, und I didn’t to have no soap.”

“But, Morris, dear,” cries Teacher unsteadily, laughing a little, and yet not far from tears, “this is ever so much nicer than soap—a thousand times better than perfume; and you’re quite right, it is for ladies, and I never had one in all my life before. I am so very thankful.”

“You’re welcome, all right. That’s how my papa says; it’s polite. Und my mama, she kisses my papa a kiss.”

“Well,” says Morris, “you ain’t never kissed me a kiss, und I seen how you kissed Eva Gonorowsky. I’m loving mit you, too. Why don’t you never kiss me a kiss?”

“Perhaps,” suggests Teacher mischievously, “perhaps it ain’t for boys.”

“Teacher, yis, ma’am; it’s for boys,” he cries as he feels her arms about him, and sees that in her eyes, too, “stands tears.”

“It’s polite you kisses me a kiss over that for ladies’ present.”

Late that night Teacher sat in her pretty room and reviewed her treasures. She saw that they were very numerous, very touching, very whimsical, and very precious. But above all the rest she cherished a frayed pinkish paper, rather crumpled and a little soiled. For it held the love of a man and woman and a little child, and the magic of a home, for Morris Mogilewsky’s Christmas present for ladies was the receipt for a month’s rent for a room on the top floor of a Monroe Street tenement.

A Bachelor's Supper*

BY J. A. MITCHELL.



WHEN one man has served another for twenty years as valet, chambermaid and errand boy, he not only acquires an accurate knowledge of his master's life and habits, but he forms definite opinions as to his inner man and past career. Moreover, there are few secrets he has not guessed at.

Old Clem knew Mr. Valentine had led a comfortable and uneventful bachelor existence during the last dozen years. He also knew, or rather had heard, that as a younger man he had tasted freely of life's pleasures; that his youth had been jolly and his manhood genial. Although still an occasional diner-out, he seldom entertained in his own apartments, and Clem was naturally surprised, the night before Christmas, on being told to have the table set for eight at half-past eleven. It was then ten o'clock.

"But, sah, dey ain't suppah for no eight people!"

"Never mind that, Clem."

"Never mind de suppah! Den whar's de use in settin' places?"

"That's all right, Clem; you just set the table, and put on the very best china. Put on the best we have of everything. It is a sudden idea of mine—a little Christmas celebration—and I want it as perfect as possible."

Clem's dark face expressed a mild disapproval, and he asked with a touch of irony:

"Any wine?"

"Yes, put on one bottle of that old Madeira," and then added, as if to himself, "that is a ladies' wine."

"Ladies!" said Clem. "Is der to be nuthin' but ladies?"

But Mr. Valentine seemed to be drifting off into a

*From a book of short stories, "That First Affair." Copyright, 1903, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Used by special permission of the author. This story was the basis of a one-act play which Sol. Smith Russell presented.

revery, and made no answer. As he sat before the fire, his clean-cut features and handsome eyes made it easy to believe the stories of his early successes with the gentler sex. Although over seventy, he retained the bearing and manner of a youngish man. He rose from his chair, with a long sigh, and stepped into the dining-room. "'Tis a tribute to *them*, and who knows if I shall see another Christmas? Moreover, if I choose to make a fool of myself, it is my own affair."

Clem entered with a large pasteboard box.

"Dis yer's just come, sah. It's flowers, I reckon."

"Ah, yes, those are the flowers. There are seven bunches in there, Clem. Put a bunch at each plate, except mine."

Clem retired to the kitchen; and as he laid the box in a cool place, he remarked to the cook: "Hope dey'll like der smell o' dese yer flowers, for it looks mighty like dey wasn't goin' ter git anything else."

Mr. Valentine, in the meantime, returned to his library, and seated himself at an old-fashioned desk. From a little drawer he took a letter, and a daguerreotype, when Clem, returning, appeared in the doorway.

"Scnce dey's ter be some style at dis yer suppah, p'raps it'll be bettah ter have two to wait on de table. But as dey ain't no food, and only one bottle of wine, I s'pose I'll be enough."

"You'll be one too many, Clem. I want you to go to bed after the table is set, and not be around at all."

"Not be around at all!"

"No, Clem."

"Den who's ter let de guests in?"

"Nobody—that is, I can do it myself, if necessary."

As his servant departed, he muttered, "What an old fool he thinks I am! Clem, come back!"

"Yes, sah."

"This little party to-night is to be so terribly select, that not even the supper itself can be admitted. I may tell you about it some time. So go to bed, old fellow, and I wish you in advance a Merry Christmas."

"Same to you, sah; same to you, and a good many of 'em! Good-night, sah."

Alone in the room, Mr. Valentine filled the eight little glasses with the old Madeira. He then took seven cards

from his pocket. On every card was a lady's name, which he touched reverently with his lips before laying it beside its proper plate. Then, with a thoughtfulness and care that indicated a familiarity with the preferences of his guests, he transposed all the bunches of flowers. These memories gave him an exquisite pleasure, and for twenty years he had taken every care to keep them alive and fresh. They were the sanctities of a heart that could never grow old. And now, as he sat with the empty chairs about him, he was drifting back into the years of his victorious youth. He seemed again in the presence of those whose memories were more precious than life. There, on the right, with the quaint little curls each side of her face, is the one for whom he fought that laughable duel, and got a bullet in his ribs. But the kind eyes smiled pleasantly at him now.

And beside her is the dear, familiar maiden, she who wrote the letters in his secretary drawer. The blood flows quicker, as she, too, sends a loving greeting.

But that foreign, tempestuous beauty, with the pearls in her black hair, and the heavy eyelids—why is she here among these Americans? Has she also a corner in the old beau's heart? As her gaze meets his, he leans forward with an eager smile, and his eyes drop to a necklace, where he sees, with a thrill of pleasure, a jeweled locket upon her throat. He knows well what lies within!

And *la diva*! She, too, is here! What a different life her face recalls! A life of music, flowers, applause.

All the joy and tragedy of fifty years seem crowded in a single moment. He leans back in his chair, his handsome face radiant with unspeakable happiness. But the strain is almost too great, and he raises a trembling hand to his heart, as if to keep it in place.

He suddenly leans forward, however, with a bright welcome in his eyes as another place is occupied, this time by a little figure—a girl of ten or thereabouts—who lifts the flowers from beside her plate, and smiles timidly over them. His thoughts fly back into a far-away past, when he and this maid were all the world to one another. There is a tear upon his cheek as he thinks of the checkerberries he laid upon a young girl's grave, and the carnelian ring he wore, until it fell apart.

Another radiant creature fills an empty chair, and gayly returns his welcome. She tosses him a rose, and shakes her fan at him, the very fan that is locked up in his bureau drawer!

They are all here now except one—and, yes—even she is here! The original of the miniature. The same smile, the same eyes, and they tell him to-night, as they have done many times before, of a heart that knows no wavering. He draws a hand across his brow as if the pain and pleasure were too keen for nerves and tissues of seventy years.

Slowly rising to his feet, he lifts the little glass of Madeira from the table, then looks around with a loving glance that meets, from every face, a loving answer. He tries to speak, and his tremulous lips refuse to utter the toast—the message from an overcrowded heart.

But they all understand. They respond with a graceful gesture, each with her own little glass, as he puts the wine to his lips. At that moment the old timepiece in the corner, with its chimes and bells, begins to sound the hour of twelve; and, as he smiles upon the radiant forms about him, the wine, with a tumultuous beating, throbs hotly through his veins, and surges to his brain, keeping time with the ringing clock. Then the sound grows fainter and fainter, as if dying away, and seems, with a drowsy rhythm, to lift him gently with it.

When Clem entered the next morning, two narrow bars of sunshine had crept between the curtains, faintly lighting the silent room. The candles had burnt out in their sockets, and his master, his chin upon his breast, had sunk back into his last sleep.

The little wine glasses were partially emptied, and the bunches of flowers were gone.



I expect to pass through this world but once. 'Any good thing, therefore, that I can do or any kindness I can show to any fellow human being let me do it now. Let me not defer nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.—*Author unknown.*

A Doorstep Dialogue

BY WINFRED SOTHERN

He Shall I ring?*She* It wouldn't do any good, there's nobody within three stories of the bell to-night. Can't you break the chain?*He* It wouldn't be much of a chain if I could—I'll try it, though.*She* I'll help. Isn't it maddening to have the door open like this, and yet not be able to get in? That idiot Eliza!*He* What! That's solid. I suppose she forgot you were out.*She* She never remembers anything, except that there may be a burglar. There's no use looking at that window. You can't reach it, and even if you could, it's locked and the inside shutters are barred.*He* But we could break things.*She* And rouse the neighborhood at one o'clock Christmas morning? Thank you. No.*He* Who sleeps above us?*She* Father and mother, when they're not in Washington.*He* And above that?*She* I do—when I'm not spending the night on the doorstep.*He* Isn't there a back way?*She* Yes, with a padlocked iron gate leading to it. Oh, I might have known it! I never did an unchaperoned thing in my life that I didn't get into trouble. But it seemed stupid to make Cousin Mary come all these miles out of her way, just for form's sake, when we both knew we didn't need chaperoning.*He* (rattling the door impatiently) Oh! I'm absolutely safe, am I?*She* My dear boy, I'm not insulting you. I spoke merely with reference to taking stray girls home from theatre parties at midnight.*He* Thank you. I thought you were going to say I

seemed just like a brother or something equally unpleasant.

She Never. But what are we going to do? Father and mother will be back the first thing in the morning, and I don't care to have them find us tete-a-tete on the front steps.

He I'll make one more try at the bell. If that doesn't work, I suppose I'll have to marry you, that is what they do in stories.

She It would only be polite. You might do worse.

He I might, "though you say it as shouldn't." It's a good idea—I wonder why I never thought of it before.

She Well, there isn't time to think of it now.

He The idea doesn't interest you

She Oh, there's nothing new in it. I've often thought it over.

He (coming closer) You've thought of it? And what did you decide?

She That I might do better. Let's both pound.

He (after a few vicious bangs) Do you know you're rather brutal sometimes.

She Nearly always. I'd be a hateful person to have around all the time. I'll tell you—let's call out the fire department. We could borrow one of their ladders, and then tell them it was a mistake.

He It seems like giving the city a good deal of trouble.

She We could warm ourselves by the engine while they were waking Eliza for us. Oh, bother Eliza.

He Hang Eliza!

She Confound Eliza! I wish you didn't have to suffer too. Can't you get a bucket and hang me on the door-knob?

He I'm not suffering, except for you. How about trying the chimney? Santa Claus must have brushed some of the soot off by this time.

She Oh, I promised mother faithfully that I'd fill the children's stockings; why, they'll be getting up before long. What shall I do? Can't you think of something? I'm cold and I'm tired. I want to get in.

He You poor child—Isn't there some one you know whom we can rouse.

She Not near here, and I couldn't anyway. It would

be sort of dreadful. I should feel disreputable, besides, the children's stockings. Their hearts would be broken.

He But, my dear girl, this is getting past a joke. It's evident we can't rouse that woman, and I can't have you stay here any longer. Your poor hands—they're like ice.

She Oh, dear! and I'm keeping you out all this time. Don't wait any longer. I'll manage some way—do go!

He If I could only take you down to my den, I'd build up a big fire, put the lounge out in front of it and wrap you in a steamer rug and brew you a hot toddy, and—

She What a pity I'm not a man.

He Oh, I don't know.

She We could have lots of fun. If I were a man I should like you tremendously.

He Well, but as a girl, mightn't—

She Oh, a girl's liking doesn't count for much—unless she falls in love, and I'd never do that.

He But, couldn't you make an exception, just this once?

She I was born cold. I can't help it. I shall never care for a man that way. I should really like to, you know, but I can't.

He (After a pause) If you tell me that for my own good, I'm afraid it's too late.

She I'm sorry. I wish I were different. (Another pause.)

He (Squaring his shoulders) Well, now to get you in. I'm going to try for that window.

She But you can't. It's simply crazy. There isn't even an edge to stand on; and that pavement below.

He (Taking off his overcoat) It's that or pneumonia for you. If I hadn't these patent leathers on, I could manage it better.

She It's foolhardy. I can't allow it. Look at the stone steps you'd fall on.

He But do you realize that this has grown rather serious? And I honestly think I can make it.

She I ask you not to attempt it.

He (Stepping on the balustrade) My dear girl, there's no other way.

She (Catching his arm) I can't let you. I can't bear it. I'd rather lose every rag of reputation I've got. I'll go to the hotel—anywhere.

He Do you hear that clock It's too late to go anywhere else. I care more for your name than I do for— How cold you are. Put this coat around you and don't watch me if it makes you nervous.

She (Excitedly) Nervous! Nervous! when the man you—Oh! please don't try it.

He (Quickly) When the man you—

She Surely we can think of some other way.

He When the man you—? (Feels around for a foothold.) I'll climb better if you finish it.

She When the man you—Oh! come, come quickly! (Darts down the steps.)

He What is it?

She (Breaking into a run) The drug store!

He (Following bewildered.) But you can't spend the night there.

She (Over her shoulder.) Hurry (they dart into the drug store, setting the night bell to ringing furiously.)

She The telephone, please.

He By George, the telephone!

She Yes; 1423; ring again—Eliza, is that you? Go down and unchain the front door at once. Yes, you did. Good-bye. Well, our troubles are over. How stupid we were not to think of the telephone. You have been very kind. (They hurry back in silence.)

He (As they mount the steps.) Please, before I go, did you mean it? When the man—

She Oh, the children. I musn't stop. Come to-morrow—and see what the children get. Good-night.

He (As door closes.) Good bless Eliza.

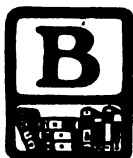


Thank God Every Morning

"Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance and self-control, diligence and strength of will, cheerfulness and content, and a hundred virtues which the idle never know."—*Charles Kingsley*.

Where Ignorance is Bliss

BY HOWARD FIELDING.



BOBBY DYRENFORTH had a cold, which threatened to settle on his chest. Mrs. Dyrenforth knew that he ought to have a mustard plaster, but the question was how to get it on him. Bobby did not like medicine (most boys don't.) Their youthful instincts tell them what their riper years confirm—that medicine, on the average, benefits not more than two persons out of the three—the doctor, and the apothecary are the two—and the patient is the third.

Bobby had never heard of a mustard plaster, but if he had been told it was good for him, and he certainly would die without it, he would have sung, "I want to be an angel" and run away to go in swimming.

Mrs. Dyrenforth was far too shrewd to make such a mistake. She went quietly down to the store and bought a box of English mustard. She had it wrapped in a sheet of white tissue paper and tied with a bit of ribbon and brought it home. With great deliberation, she unwrapped it in the presence of Bobby and his brother, Phil. They instantly stopped playing and ran to their mother's side.

"What is it, mother?"

"It is the real, genuine English mustard," she said, impressively, as she untied the ribbon, took off the paper and pointed to a lion and a unicorn on the cover of the box.

"What is it good for?" asked Bobby.

"It is a great luxury, my son. It makes the finest mustard plaster in the world."

"What's that?" asked both at once. "Say, mother, make us one now and show us."

Mrs. Dyrenforth slowly and carefully wrapped the box in the paper. The boys looked disappointed. They besought her to make a plaster, even if she used it all herself and didn't give them a bit.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, boys," said she, with a sudden burst of motherly feeling. "I'll make one to-night,

and whichever of you has been the best boy all day shall take it to bed with him."

Having made the offer, she turned and beheld two cherubims: goodness began to shine out through the skins of those boys. They grew better all the forenoon. When she mentioned an errand they fell over themselves in their efforts to do it. She sent Phil for a pail of water, and Bobby went out and took it away from him in order to have the credit of the task. They brought in wood enough for three winters. In short, if merit could win mustard plasters, they deserved to be covered from head to foot. The rivalry was interesting while it lasted. There was one stage in the proceeding when Bobby would have sold his chance at a very small figure. This was at supper time. The Rev. Mr. Kimberly was the guest. Something of that kind always happens when a boy is trying to be good. Bobby's virtue was wrecked on the old fatal shoal, the last piece of cake on the plate. It was an aggravated case. The cake sat on the plate and beckoned to Bobby. It seemed to him he could hear it talk, but he thought of the mustard plaster, and he would not yield. Presently Satan suggested a compromise. That is the way the old serpent catches us in great things or small. "Robert, pass the plate around," said the minister, "and if nobody else takes that piece of cake, you can have it."

Both boys had been assisting in waiting on the table. They were working hard for the mustard plaster. Bobby seized the plate, with the single piece of cake upon it, and made the circuit. Every adult member of the family politely refused. Only Phil remained. Bobby hesitated, but he couldn't resist the mustard plaster. "Brother Phil," he said, in an affectionate tone, but with a look which meant, "if you dare touch it I'll lick you to-morrow." "Brother Phil, will you have a piece of cake?"

"Don't care if I do," and Phil grabbed it. That is where the mustard plaster ceased to draw. Bobby raised the plate as high as his head, and waved it in the air. "Horrid old thing," he exclaimed, and beat the plate down with a crash on the table. Then he ran out of the room.

At nine o'clock the boys were sent to bed. Mrs.

Dyrenforth compounded the plaster. Phil watched her with an air of conscious rectitude. "Bobby," through a mist of tears, "Bobby," said the mother, "you have been a naughty boy. You might have broken a plate, and you have shown a wicked temper in the presence of the minister." Bobby groaned and Phil chuckled. "But, Phil," she continued, "has been even worse. He knew you wanted the piece of cake, and should have left it for you. He tempted you to do what you did, and he was really to blame. The mustard plaster goes to Bobby." Phil gasped and Bobby near fell out of bed.

"This will feel a little chilly at first," said the mother, as she put the plaster on Bobby's chest securely with the knots where he could not reach them, "but it will soon get over that." The vast and burning truth concealed in those last words were lost on Bobby, for he knew nothing about plasters.

He lay back on his pillow and sighed with the satisfaction which comes to us all when we get what we have worked for and still fondly imagine it is good.

Phil tried to pretend he was asleep in order to conceal his envy. But at last curiosity got the better of him. "Is it chilly now, Bob?"

"No, it's got over that; mother said it would."

Another considerable interval of silence.

"Mother," said Bob, "I should be willing that Phil should have a part of my plaster. I feel mean about keeping it all."

Phil looked up hopefully. But Mrs. Dyrenforth said: "No, you have won it fairly, Bobby, and you shall have it all."

"But, mother, I've had it a long while now. Suppose I let Phil take it for a couple of hours or so."

"No, that wouldn't be fair. Go to sleep, boys. Perhaps some other time I'll make one for Phil."

"Can't you make it for him now? There's plenty of mustard."

But the mother made no reply. Phil, meanwhile, in view of his brother's generosity, began to forgive him for being the better boy.

"Mother, I don't believe you know everything I've done to-day. Perhaps I haven't been as good a boy as you think I have."

"Never mind about it now, you can tell me to-morrow."

But Bobby would not be silenced. He confessed two or three minor sins, which produced no effect. Then he invented a horrible crime of which he was entirely innocent. But even that did not work.

"I say, Bob," whispered Phil, "what's come over you? Do you feel well?"

"My conscience is troubling me," said Bobby, shifting around in bed, trying to get the plaster in a cool place.

"You ain't going to die, are you?"

"I dunno," said Bobby—and he didn't.

"If you feel real bad about it, perhaps you could let me have the plaster without mother knowing it."

"I can't untie the strings."

"Just turn over and I'll untie them," urged the wicked Phil.

No sooner said than done. Then Bobby adjusted the plaster in the same manner which experience had taught him was the most grievous to be borne in mind and tied the strings so it would have been necessary to have had a surgical operation to get the burning mass off Phil's chest.

"Good-night, mother," called Bobby. "I think I can go to sleep now. The plaster was quite warm, but it don't burn me so much as it did."

There was another pause, then Bobby felt a vigorous kick.

"Bob, you pirate, take this thing off me or I'll commit murder."

"Nope; you asked for it and you can keep it."

Another pause, during which Phil experimented unsuccessfully with the strings which fastened it.

"I'll tell mother."

"You dassn't; she'd warm you worse than the plaster."

Half an hour later, when Mrs. Dyrenforth cautiously approached the bed, Bobby was fast asleep, but Phil lay on his back with the tears trickling down his cheeks.

"Poor little Phil," said the mother, kissing him, "don't feel so badly, dear. Some time, when you are real good, mother will make you a plaster."

"No, mother, you needn't," said Phil, heroically. "I can get along without it."

The Inmate of the Dungeon*

BY W. C. MORROW.

After the Board of State Prison Directors had heard and disposed of the complaints and petitions of a number of convicts, the warden announced that all who wished to appear had been heard. The chairman—nervous, energetic, abrupt, incisive man—glanced at a slip of paper in his hand, and said to the warden:

"Send a guard for convict No. 14,208."

The warden started and haltingly replied, "Why, he has expressed no desire to appear before you."

"You will send for him at once," responded the chairman.

The warden directed a guard to produce the convict. Then, turning to the chairman, he said:

"I am ignorant of your purpose in summoning this man, but, of course, I have no objection. I desire, however, to make a statement concerning him before he appears."

"When we have called for a statement from you," coldly responded the chairman, "you may make one."

The warden sank back into his seat. He was a tall, fine-looking man, well-bred and intelligent, and had a kindly face. Though ordinarily cool, courageous, and self-possessed, he was unable to conceal a strong emotion which looked much like fear.

Just then the guard appeared with the convict, who shambled in painfully and laboriously, as with a string he held up from the floor the heavy iron ball which was chained to his ankles. He was about forty-five years old. His sallowness was peculiar and ghastly. It was partly that of disease, and partly of something worse; and it was this something that accounted also for his shrunken muscles and manifest feebleness.

His swift eyes encountered the face of the warden. Instantly his form grew rigid, and his breathing stopped. This sinister and terrible attitude—all the more so because

*Copyright, 1894, by J. B. Lippincott & Co. Reprinted by permission.

he was wholly unconscious of it—was disturbed only when the chairman sharply commanded, "Take that seat."

The chairman turned sharply to the guard. "Why did you manacle this man," he commanded, "when he is evidently so weak, and when none of the others were manacled?"

"Why, sir," stammered the guard, "surely you know who this man is: he is the most dangerous and desperate—"

"We know all about that. Remove his manacles."

The chairman turned to the convict, and in a kindly manner said, "Do you wish to make a complaint?"

The convict answered firmly and clearly, "I've no complaint to make."

"There are fifteen hundred human beings in this prison," said the chairman, "and they are under the absolute control of one. If a serious wrong is practiced upon one, it may be upon others. I ask you as one man of another, to put us in the way of working justice in this prison. If you have the instincts of a man within you, you will comply with my request."

The convict was touched and stung. He looked up and firmly said, "There is nothing in this world that I fear." Then he hung his head, and presently he raised it and added, "I will tell you all about it."

"I was sent up for twenty years for killing a man. I hadn't been a criminal. I killed him without thinking, for he had robbed me and wronged me. I came here thirteen years ago. I had trouble at first—it galled me to be a convict; but I got over that, because the warden that was here then understood me and was kind to me, and he made me one of the best men in the prison."

"After the warden had made a good man out of me I worked faithfully, sir. My term was twenty years, but I did so well that my credits piled up, and after I had been here ten years I could begin to see my way out. There were only about three years left. And, sir, I worked faithfully to make those years good. I wanted to be a free man again, and I planned to go away somewhere and make the fight all over—to be a man in the world once more. You know they were doing some heavy work in the quarries and on the grades, and they

wanted the strongest men in the prison. There weren't very many: there never are very many strong men in a prison. And I was one of 'em that they put on the heavy work, and I did it faithfully. They used to pay the men for extra work—not pay 'em money, but the value of the money in candles, tobacco, extra clothes, and things like that. I loved to work, and I loved to work extra, and so did some of the other men. On Saturdays the men who had done extra work would fall in and go up to the captain of the guard, and he would give to each man what was coming to him. He had it all down in a book, and when a man would come up and call for what was due him the captain would give it to him, whatever he wanted that the rules allowed.

"One Saturday I fell in with the others. A good many were ahead of me in the line, and when they got what they wanted they fell into a new line, waiting to be marched to the cells. When my turn in the line came I went up to the captain and said I would take mine in tobacco. He looked at me pretty sharply, and said, 'How did you get back in that line?' I told him I belonged there—that I had come to get my extra. He looked at his book, and he said, 'You've had your extra: you got tobacco.' And he told me to fall into the new line. I told him I hadn't received any tobacco; I said I hadn't got my extra, and hadn't been up before. He said, 'Don't spoil your record by trying to steal a little tobacco. Fall in.' . . . It hurt me, sir. I hadn't been up; I hadn't got my extra; and I wasn't a thief, and I never had been a thief, and no living man had a right to call me a thief. I said to him, straight, 'I won't fall in till I get my extra, and I'm not a thief, and no man can call me one, and no man can rob me of my just dues.' He turned pale, and said, 'Fall in, there.' I said, 'I won't fall in till I get my dues.'

"With that he raised his hand as a signal, and the two guards behind him covered me with their rifles, and the guard on the west wall and one on the north wall and one on the portico in front of the arsenal, all covered me with rifles. The captain turned to a trusty and told him to call the warden. The warden came out, and the captain told him I was trying to run double on my extra, and said I was impu-

dent and insubordinate and refused to fall in. The warden said, 'Drop that and fall in.' I told him I wouldn't fall in. I said I hadn't run double, that I hadn't got my extra, and that I would stay there till I died before I would be robbed of it. He asked the captain if there wasn't some mistake, and the captain looked at his book and said there was no mistake; he said he remembered me when I came up and got the tobacco and he saw me fall into the new line, but he didn't see me get back in the old line. The warden didn't ask the other men if they saw me get my tobacco and slip back into the old line. He just ordered me to fall in. I told him I would die before I would do that. I said I wanted my just dues and no more, and I asked him to call on the other men in line to prove that I hadn't been up.

"He said, 'That's enough of this.' He sent all the other men to the cells, and left me standing there. Then he told two guards to take me to the cells. They came and took hold of me, and I threw them off as fast as if they were babies. Then more guards came up, and one of them hit me over the head with a club, and I fell. And then, sir"—here the convict's voice fell to a whisper—"and then he told them to take me to the dungeon."

The sharp, steady glitter of the convict's eyes failed, and he hung his head and looked despairingly at the floor.

"There are several little rooms in the dungeon. The one they put me in was about five feet by eight. It has steel walls and ceiling and a granite floor. The only light that comes in passes through a slit in the door. The slit is an inch wide and five inches long.

"Well, sir, there wasn't anything at all in the dungeon, but they gave me a blanket, and they put me on bread and water. That's all they ever give you in the dungeon. They bring the bread and water once a day, and that is at night, because if they come in the daytime it lets in the light.

"The next night after they put me in—it was Sunday night—the warden came with the guard and asked me if I was all right. I said I was. He said, 'Will you behave yourself and go to work to-morrow?' I said, 'No, sir; I won't go to work till I get what is due me.' He

shrugged his shoulders, and said, 'Very well; maybe you'll change your mind after you have been in here a week.'

"They kept me there a week. The next Sunday night the warden came and said, 'Are you ready to go to work to-morrow?' and I said, 'No; I will not go to work till I get what is due me.' He called me hard names. I said it was a man's duty to demand his rights, and that a man who would stand to be treated like a dog was no man at all."

"When I told him that, sir, he said he'd take me to the ladder and see if he couldn't make me change my mind.

It was a heavy wooden ladder, leaned against the wall, and the bottom was bolted to the floor and the top to the wall. A whip was on the floor. . . . The warden told me to strip, sir, and I stripped. . . . And still I didn't believe he would whip me. I thought he just wanted to scare me.

"Then he told me to face up to the ladder. I did so, and reached my arms up to the straps. They strapped my arms to the ladder, and stretched so hard that they pulled me up clear of the floor. Then they strapped my legs to the ladder. The warden then picked up the whip. He said to me, 'I'll give you one more chance: will you go to work to-morrow?' I said, 'No; I won't go to work till I get my dues.' 'Very well,' said he, 'you'll get your dues now.'

"And then the whip came down across my back. The something inside of me twisted hard and then broke wide open, and went pouring all through me like melted iron. It was a hard fight to keep my head clear, but I did it. And then I said to the warden this: 'You've struck me with a whip in cold blood. You've tied me up hand and foot, to whip me like a dog. Well, whip me, then, till you fill your belly with it. You are a coward. No hound would own you for a friend. Whip me hard and long, you coward. Whip me, I say. See how good a coward feels when he ties up a man and whips him like a dog. Whip me till the last breath quits my body: if you leave me alive I will kill you for this.

"His face got white. He asked me if I meant that, and I said, 'Yes; before God, I do.' Then he took the whip in both hands and came down with all his might."

"That was nearly two years ago," said the chairman. "You would not kill him now, would you?"

"Yes. I will kill him if I get a chance; and I feel in me that the chance will come."

"Well, proceed."

"He kept on whipping me. He whipped me with the strength of both hands. I could feel the broken skin curl up on my back, and when my head got too heavy to hold it straight it hung down, and I saw the blood on my legs and dripping off my toes into a pool of it on the floor. Something was straining and twisting inside of me again. My back didn't hurt much; it was the thing twisting inside of me that hurt. I counted the lashes, and when I counted to twenty-eight the twisting got so hard that it choked me and blinded me; . . . and when I woke up I was in the dungeon again, and the doctor had my back all plastered up, and he was kneeling beside me, feeling my pulse."

"And you have been in the dungeon ever since?"

"Yes, sir; but I don't mind that."

"How long?"

"Twenty-three months."

"On bread and water?"

"Yes; but that was all I wanted."

The prison surgeon, under the chairman's direction, put his ear to the convict's chest, and then went over and whispered to the chairman.

"I thought so," said that gentleman. "Now, take this man to the hospital. Put him in bed where the sun will shine on him, and give him the most nourishing food."

The convict, giving no heed to this, shambled out with a guard and the surgeon.

The warden sat alone in the prison office with No. 14,208. That he at last should have been brought face to face, and alone, with the man whom he had determined to kill, perplexed the convict. He was not manacled; the door was locked, and the key lay on the table between the two men. Three weeks in the hospital had proved beneficial, but a deathly pallor was still in his face.

"The action of the directors three weeks ago," said

the warden, "made my resignation necessary. I have awaited the appointment of my successor, who is now in charge. I leave the prison to-day. In the meantime, I have something to tell you that will interest you. A few days ago a man who was discharged from the prison last year read what the papers have published recently about your case, and he has written to me confessing that it was he who got your tobacco from the captain of the guard. His name is Salter, and he looks very much like you. He had got his own extra, and when he came up again and called for yours the captain, thinking it was you, gave it to him. There was no intention on the captain's part to rob you."

The convict gasped and leaned forward eagerly.

"Until the receipt of this letter," resumed the warden, "I had opposed the movement which had been started for your pardon; but when this letter came I recommended your pardon, and it has been granted. Besides, you have a serious heart trouble. So you are now discharged from the prison.

The convict stared, and leaned back speechless.

"The stage will leave for the station in four hours," continued the warden. "You have made certain threats against my life." The warden paused; then, in a voice that slightly wavered from emotion, he continued: "I shall not permit your intentions in that regard—for I care nothing about them—to prevent me from discharging a duty which, as from one man to another, I owe you. I have treated you with a cruelty the enormity of which I now comprehend. I thought I was right. My fatal mistake was in not understanding your nature. I misconstrued your conduct from the beginning, and in doing so I have laid upon my conscience a burden which will imbitter the remaining years of my life. I would do anything in my power, if it were not too late, to atone for the wrong I have done you. If, before I sent you to the dungeon, I could have understood the wrong and foreseen its consequences, I would cheerfully have taken my own life rather than raise a hand against you. The lives of us both have been wrecked; but your suffering is in the past—mine is present, and will cease only with my life. For my life is a curse, and I prefer not to keep it."

With that the warden, very pale, but with a clear purpose in his face, took a loaded revolver from a drawer and laid it before the convict.

"Now is your chance," he said, quietly; "no one can hinder you."

The convict gasped and shrank away from the weapon as from a viper.

"Not yet—not yet," he whispered, in agony.

The two men sat and regarded each other without the movement of a muscle.

"Are you afraid to do it?" asked the warden.

A momentary light flashed in the convict's eyes.

"No!" he gasped; "you know I am not. But I can't—not yet—not yet."

The convict, whose ghastly pallor, glassy eyes, and gleaming teeth sat like a mask of death upon his face, staggered to his feet.

"You have done it at last! you have broken my spirit. A human word has done what the dungeon and the whip could not do. . . . It twists inside of me now. . . . I could be your slave for that human word." Tears streamed from his eyes. "I can't help crying. I'm only a baby, after all—and I thought I was a man."

He reeled, and the warden caught him and seated him in the chair. He took the convict's hand in his and felt a firm, true pressure there. The convict's eyes rolled vacantly. A spasm of pain caused him to raise his free hand to his chest; his thin, gnarled fingers clutched at his shirt. A faint, hard smile wrinkled his wan face, displaying the gleaming teeth more freely.

"That human word," he whispered—"if you had spoken it long ago, if—but it's all—it's all right—now. I'll go—I'll go to work—to-morrow."

There was a slightly firmer pressure of the hand that held the warden's; then it relaxed. The fingers which clutched the shirt slipped away and the hand dropped to his side. The weary head sank back and rested on the chair; the strange, hard smile still sat upon the marble face, and a man's glassy eyes and gleaming teeth were upturned toward the ceiling.

The Lost Word

BY HENRY VAN DYKE.

Many of Dr. Van Dyke's stories lend themselves to public recitation; "The First Christmas Tree," many of the poems in "The Builder and other Poems," both of which are published by Charles Scribner's Sons. The entire story of "The Lost Word," published by Charles Scribner's Sons, makes an admirable religious service. Public readers have sometimes used it when invited to occupy a pulpit. In such cases it has been found most effective. The Lost Word, Copyright, 1898, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Published by special permission.



CHRISTMAS day was dawning over Antioch fifteen hundred years ago. The great city lay asleep but for multitudes of Christians, robed in white garments and bearing lighted torches in their hands, who were hurrying down the dusky streets to the basilica of Constantine, to keep the newly-appointed festival of the Church, the birthday of the Christ.

The younger converts, who had passed their years of probation, but had not yet been baptized, stood together, between the first two pillars of the house just within the threshold. The tallest and fairest of that serious youth-throng was Hermas, the only son of the rich pagan, Demetrius, Master of the House of the Golden Pillars. When Hermas proclaimed his faith in the unseen God, his father had disowned and disinherited him. The young man had taken up his cross of poverty and self-denial with enthusiasm, but a change had come over him. To-day there was no face so beautiful, so intelligent as his, and none so cold, so dissatisfied, so unresponsive to the expectant joy of the festival. He went out with his companions like a man departing from a banquet, where all but he had been fed.

He walked westward to the Grove of Daphne, sat down beside a gushing spring, and gave himself up to sadness.

"How beautiful the world would be, how joyful, how easy to live in, without religion. If I could live my life as I pleased and be happy!"

"Why not?" He turned and saw an old man, with a

long beard and a threadbare cloak, standing behind him and smiling curiously.

"Yes, I can give you all that you desire. But you do not need to believe in my promise. I am not in the habit of requiring faith of those whom I would serve. There is only one thing that I ask, and I will give it to you. This is the season that you Christians call the Christmas, and you have endowed it with the pagan custom of exchanging gifts. Well, if I give to you, you must give to me. It is a small thing, and really the thing you can best afford to part with: a single word—the name of Him you profess to worship. Let me take that word and all that belongs to it entirely out of your life, so that you shall never need to hear it or speak it again. You will be richer without it. I promise you everything, and this is all I ask in return. Do you consent?"

"Yes, I consent; if you can take your price, a word, you can keep your promise, a dream."

The stranger laid a long, cool, wet leaf softly across the young man's eyes. All the tangle of pain seemed to be lifted out of him. A cool languor of delight flowed back through every vein, and he sank into a profound sleep.

An incalculable time passed over him when his senses began to stir again. When he opened his eyes and saw the setting sun he rose and hurried back toward Antioch, treading upon air. He was a new man, yet curiously familiar to himself, as if he had done playing a tiresome part. He was free, without a care, a doubt, a fear.

As he drew near to his father's house he saw a confusion of servants in the porch, and the old steward ran down to meet him at the gate.

"Lord, we have been seeking you everywhere. The master is at the point of death, and has sent for you. I fear the time is short."

His father lay on an ivory couch in the inmost chamber, his lean fingers picking incessantly at the silken coverlet.

"My son!" he murmured; "Hermas, my son! It is good that you have come back to me. Take my hand, my son! Hermas, life is passing—long, rich, prosperous;

the last sands, I cannot stay them. My soul is empty—nothing beyond—very dark—I am afraid. But you know something better. You found something that made you willing to give up your life for it—it must have been almost like dying—yet you are happy. I have forgiven you. Now forgive me. Tell me what is it. Your secret, your faith—give it to me before I go.”

“Father, there is nothing to forgive. I am your son; I will gladly tell you all that I know. I will give you the secret of faith. Father, you must believe with all your heart, and soul, and strength in——” Where was the word? The word that he had been used to utter night and morning, the word that had meant to him more than he had ever known? What had become of it? He groped for it in the dark room of his mind. The word of hope had vanished. “Father, wait! I shall find it in a moment. There is hope—oh, wait!”

“Tell me, tell me quickly, for I must go.” The voice sank into a dull rattle; the fingers closed once more, and relaxed; the light behind the eyes went out. Hermas, the master of the House of the Golden Pillars, was keeping watch by the dead.

The break with the old life was as clean as if it had been cut with a knife. Some faint image of a hermit’s cell, a classroom full of earnest students, some dull echo of the voice of John of Antioch lingered in his memory; but it was like something that had happened to another person, something he had read long ago, but of which he had lost the meaning. His new life was full and smooth and rich; the rose garland of pleasure was woven for his head; his cup was filled with the spicy wine of power.

When Athenais entered the House of the Golden Pillars as a bride, all the music of life came with her. And when a child came to them, a strong, beautiful boy, happiness was heaped upon happiness. It was an abundance of felicity so great that the soul of Hermas could hardly contain it.

But under his joyous demeanor a secret fire of restlessness began to burn. He spoke of it to Athenais: “How deep is our happiness, my beloved! But there

is something that oppresses me like an invisible burden."

"I, too, have felt it. I think I know what it means. It is gratitude; there is no perfect joy without gratitude. Come, my dear lord, let us take the boy with us and give thanks."

Hermas lifted the child in his arms, and turned with Athenais into the depth of the garden. They stood there hand in hand. The tones of Hermas were clear and low as he began, half speaking and half chanting, in the rhythm of an ancient song: "Fair is the world, the sea, the sky, in the glow of the morning, in the shadow of the evening, and under the dripping light of stars. Fairer still is our life in our breasts with its wonder of seeing and hearing and feeling and knowing and being. Fairer and still more fair is love, that draws us together, mingles our lives in its flow and bears them along like a river! Come, thou final word. Come, thou crown of speech. Come, thou charm of peace. Open the gates of our hearts. Lift the weight of our joy and bear it upward. For all good gifts, for all perfect gifts, for love, for life, for the world, we praise, we bless, we thank——"

At the end of his flight of gratitude there was nothing—a blank, a hollow space. All the fullness of his being, that had risen upward like a living fountain, fell back from the empty sky, as cold as snow, frozen and dead.

"Let us return. We were mistaken. The gratitude of life is only a dream. There is no one to thank."

And in the garden it was already night.

No outward change came to the House of the Golden Pillars. Everything that Hermas touched prospered. When the boy was nine years old Hermas's black Numidian horses won the victory over a score of rivals. Hermas received the prize carelessly from the judges' hands. He lifted the eager boy into the chariot beside him to share his triumphs. Here, indeed, was the glory of his life, this matchless son. As the horses pranced around the ring, a great shout of applause startled the horses. They dashed violently forward, swerved to the right, tossing the boy to the earth, and when Her-

mas turned to look for him he was lying like a broken flower on the sand. They carried him in a litter to the House of the Golden Pillars, summoning the most skillful physician of Antioch to attend him. The stars waxed and waned; the sun rose and set; but in the heart of Hermas there was no light—only speechless anguish, and a certain fearful looking-for of desolation. He was like a man in a nightmare. At nightfall on the second of those eternal days, he shut himself in the library. Through the darkness some one drew near. A soft arm was laid over his shoulders. It was Athenais, kneeling beside him and speaking very low. "Hermas—it is almost over—the child! His voice grows weaker hour by hour. Unless a change comes he cannot last beyond sunrise. Is there no one to pity us and spare us? Let us pray for his life!"

He sank on his knees beside Athenais.

"Out of the depths—out of the depths we call for pity. The light of our eyes is fading—the child is dying. Oh, the child, the child; spare the child's life, thou merciful—"

"It is in vain," he said; "there is nothing for us to do. Long ago I knew something. I think it would have helped us. But I have forgotten it. It is all gone. But I would give all that I have if I could bring it back again, now, at this hour, in this time of our bitter trouble."

A slave entered while he was speaking. "Master, John of Antioch has come again and would take no denial."

"Let him come in."

"My son, I have come to comfort you, for I have heard that you are in trouble."

"It is true; we are in trouble; our child is dying. We are poor. In all this house, in all the world there is no one that can help us. I knew something long ago, when I was with you—a word, a name—in which we might have found hope. But I have lost it."

"My son, you have sinned deeper than you know. The word with which you parted so lightly is the key-word of all life. Without it the world has no meaning, and existence no contentment, and death no refuge. The name of Him, who, though we may forget Him, never

forgets us; the name of Him who pities us as you pity your suffering child; the name of Him, who, though we wander far from Him, seeks us in the wilderness and sends His Son, even as His Son has sent me this night, to breathe again that forgotten name in the heart that is perishing without it. Listen, my son, listen with all your soul to the blessed name of our Father, God."

The cold agony in Hermas's breast dissolved like a fragment of ice that melts in the warm summer sea. Hermas stood upright and lifted his hands high toward heaven.

"Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord. O, my God, be merciful to me, for my soul trusteth in Thee. My God, Thou hast given; take not Thy gift away from me. O, my God. Spare the life of this my child, O, Thou God, my Father, my Father!"

Was it an echo? It could not be, for it came again: the voice of a child, clear and low, waking from sleep, and calling:

"My father, my father!"



The Footpath to Peace

To be glad of life, because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and every day of Christ; and to spend as much time as you can, with body and with spirit, in God's out-of-doors—these are little guide-posts on the footpath to peace.—*Henry Van Dyke.*

The Egyptian and the Captain*

BY J. M. BARRIE.

The weavers of Thrums were rioting against their employers. The soldiers planned a night march from a nearby town in which they would surprise the weavers and capture the ringleaders. In this they were foiled by their coming being heralded. Who obtained the secret and gave the alarm was not known, but the Egyptian was suspected. She was finally captured and brought to Captain Halliwell, in command of the soldiers. The captain and the sheriff each sought to blame the other for the failure of the night plans.



WHATEVER else you do," said the sheriff, "see that you capture this woman. Halliwell, I am going out to look for her myself. Confound it, what are you laughing at?"

"At the way this vixen has slipped through your fingers."

"Not quite that, sir, not quite that. She is in Thrums still, and I swear I'll have her before day breaks. See to it, Halliwell, that if she is brought here in my absence she does not slip through your fingers."

"If she is brought here," said Halliwell, mocking him, "you must return and protect me. It would be cruelty to leave a poor soldier in the hands of a woman of Thrums."

"She is not a Thrums woman. You have been told so a dozen times."

"Then I am not afraid."

Left to himself, Halliwell flung off his cloak, and taking a chair rested his legs on the bare wooden table. He was still in this position when the door opened, and two policemen thrust the Egyptian into the room.

"This is the woman, captain," one of the policemen said, in triumph; "and, begging your pardon, will you keep a grip of her till the sheriff comes back?"

Halliwell did not turn his head.

"You can leave her here," he said, carelessly. "Three of us are not needed to guard a woman."

"But she's a slippery customer."

*From "The Little Minister," chapter seven.

"You can go," said Halliwell; and the policemen withdrew slowly, eyeing their prisoner doubtfully until the door closed. Then the officer wheeled around languidly, expecting to find the Egyptian gaunt and muscular.

"Now, then," he drawled, "why— By Jove!"

The gallant soldier was as much taken aback as if he had turned to find a pistol at his ear. He took his feet off the table. Yet he only saw the gypsy's girlish figure in its red and green, for she had covered her face with her hands. She was looking at him intently between her fingers, but he did not know this. All he did want to know just then was what was behind the hands.

Before he spoke again she had perhaps made up her mind about him, for she began to sob bitterly. At the same time she slipped a finger over her ring.

"Why don't you look at me?" asked Halliwell, selfishly.

"I daurna."

"Am I so fearsome?"

"You're a sojer, and you would shoot me like a crow."

Halliwell laughed, and, taking her wrists in his hands, uncovered her face.

"Oh, by Jove!" he said again, but this time to himself.

As for the Egyptian, she slid the ring into her pocket, and fell back before the officer's magnificence.

"Oh," she cried, "is all sojers like you?"

There was such admiration in her eyes that it would have been self-contempt to doubt her. Yet, having smiled complacently, Halliwell became uneasy.

"Who on earth are you?" he asked, finding it wise not to look her in the face. "Why do you not answer me more quickly?"

"Dinna be angry at that, captain," the Egyptian implored. "I promised my mither aye to count twenty afore I spoke, because she thocht I was ower glib. Captain, how is't that you're so fleid to look at me?"

Thus put on his mettle, Halliwell again faced her, and his question changed to "Where did you get those eyes?" Then was he indignant with himself.

"What I want to know," he explained, severely, "is how you were able to acquaint the Thrums people with our movements? That you must tell me at once, for the

sheriff blames my soldiers. Come, now, no counting twenty!"

He was pacing the room now, and she had her face to herself. It said several things, among them that the officer evidently did not like this charge against his men.

"Does the shirra blame the sojers?" exclaimed this quick-witted Egyptian. "Weel, that cows, for he has nane to blame but himsel'."

"What!" cried Halliwell, delighted. "It was the sheriff who told tales? Answer me. You are counting a hundred this time."

Perhaps the gypsy had two reasons for withholding her answer. If so, one of them was that, as the sheriff had told nothing, she had a story to make up. The other was that she wanted to strike a bargain with the officer.

"If I tell you," she said, "will you set me free?"

"I may ask the sheriff to do so."

"But he mauna see me," the Egyptian said, in distress. "There's reasons, captain."

"Why, surely, you have not been before him on other occasions," said Halliwell, surprised.

"No in the way you mean," muttered the gypsy, and for the moment her eyes twinkled. But the light in them went out when she remembered that the sheriff was near, and she looked desperately at the window as if ready to fling herself from it.

Great was his desire to turn the tables on the sheriff.

"Tell me the truth," he said, "and I promise to befriend you."

"Well, then," the gypsy said, hoping still to soften his heart, and making up her story as she told it, "yes-treen I met the shirra, and he telled me a' I hae telled the Thrums folk this nicht."

"You can scarcely expect me to believe that. Where did you meet him?"

"In Glen Quharity. He was riding on a horse."

"Well, I allow he was there yesterday. and on horse-back. He was on his way back to Tilliedrum from Lord Rintoul's place. But don't tell me that he took a gypsy girl into his confidence."

"Ay, he did, without kenning. He was gieing his horse a drink when I met him, and he let me tell him his

fortune. He said he would gaol me for an imposter if I didna tell him true, so I gaed about it cautiously, and after a minute or twa I telled him he was coming to Thrums the nicht to nab the rioters."

"You are trifling with me," interposed the indignant soldier. "You promised to tell me not what you said to the sheriff, but how he disclosed our movements to you."

"And that's just what I am telling you, only you hinna the rumelgumption to see it. How do you think fortunes is telled? First we get out o' the man, without his seeing what we're after, a' about himsel', and syne we repeat it to him. That's what I did wi' the shirra."

"You drew the whole thing out of him without his knowing?"

"Deed I did, and he rode awa' saying I was a witch."

The soldier heard with the delight of a schoolboy.

"Now, if the sheriff does not liberate you at my request," he said, "I will never let him hear the end of this story. He was right; you are a witch. You deceived the sheriff; yes, undoubtedly you are a witch."

He looked at her with fun in his face, but the fun disappeared, and a wondering admiration took its place.

"By Jove!" he said, "I don't wonder you bewitched the sheriff. I must take care or you will bewitch the captain, too."

At this notion he smiled, but he also ceased looking at her. Suddenly the Egyptian again began to cry.

"You're angry wi' me," she sobbed. "I wish I had never set een on you."

"Why do you wish that?" Halliwell asked.

"Fine you ken," she answered, and again covered her face with her hands.

"I am not angry with you," he said, gently. "You are an extraordinary girl."

Had he really made a conquest of this beautiful creature? Her words said so, but had he? The captain could not make up his mind. He gnawed his moustache in doubt.

There was silence, save for the Egyptian's sobs. Halliwell's heart was touched, and he drew nearer her.

"My poor girl—"

He stopped. Was she crying? Was she not laughing at him rather? He became red.

The gypsy peeped at him between her fingers, and saw that he was of two minds. She let her hands fall from her face, and undoubtedly there were tears on her cheeks.

"If you're no angry wi' me," she said, sadly, "how will you no look at me?"

"I am looking at you now."

He stood close, staring into her wonderful eyes.

"Captain, dear."

She put her hand in his. His chest rose. He knew she was seeking to beguile him, but he could not take his eyes off hers. He was in a worse plight than a woman listening to the first whisper of love.

Now she was further from him, but the spell held. She reached the door, without taking her eyes from his face. For several seconds he had been as a man mesmerised.

Just in time he came to. It was when she turned from him to find the handle of the door. She was turning it when his hand fell on hers so suddenly that she screamed. He twisted her round.

"Sit down there," he said, hoarsely, pointing to the chair upon which he had flung his coat. She dared not disobey. Then he leant against the door, his back to her, for just then he wanted no one to see his face. The gypsy sat very still and a little frightened.

Halliwell opened the door presently, and called to the soldier on duty below:

"Davidson, see if you can find the sheriff. I want him. And Davidson—"

The captain paused.

"Yes," he muttered, and the old soldier marvelled at his words, "it is better. Davidson, lock this door on the outside."

Davidson did as he was ordered, and again the Egyptian was left alone with Halliwell.

"Afraid of a woman!" she said, contemptuously, though her head sank when she heard the key turn in the lock.

"I admit it," he answered, calmly.

He walked up and down the room, and she sat silently watching him.

"That story of yours about the sheriff was not true," he said at last.

"I suspect it wasna," answered the Egyptian, coolly. "Hae you been thinking about it a' this time? Captain, I could tell you what you are thinking now. You're wishing it had been true, so that the ane o' you could not laugh at the other."

"Silence!" said the captain, and not another word would he speak until he heard the sheriff coming up the stair. The Egyptian trembled at his step, and rose in desperation.

"Why is the door locked?" cried the sheriff, shaking it.

"All right," answered Halliwell; "the key is on your side."

At that moment the Egyptian knocked the lamp off the table, and the room was at once in darkness. The officer sprang at her, and, catching her by the skirt, held on.

"Why are you in darkness?" asked the sheriff, as he entered.

"Shut the door," cried Halliwell. "Put your back to it."

"Don't tell me the woman has escaped?"

"I have her! I have her! She capsized the lamp, the little jade. Shut the door."

Still keeping firm hold of her, as he thought, the captain relit the lamp with his other hand. It showed an extraordinary scene. The door was shut, and the sheriff was guarding it. Halliwell was clutching the cloth of the bailie's seat. There was no Egyptian.

A moment passed before either man found his tongue.

"Open the door. After her!" cried Halliwell.

But the door would not open. The Egyptian had fled, and had locked it behind her.

What the two men said to each other, it would not be fitting to tell. When Davidson, who had been gossiping at the corner of the town-house, released his captain and the sheriff, the gypsy had been gone for some minutes.

Index of Authors.

All selections in "The Speaker," Volume V., including numbers 17, 18, 19, 20.

(See also Index by Titles.)

A complete index by titles and authors of all selections in "The Speaker," numbers 1 to 16, inclusive, will be found in "The Speaker," No. 16.

	No.	Page
AIDE, HAMILTON, George Lee	17	118
ANONYMOUS, Bill's in Trouble	20	422
The Call	18	169
Confessions of a Moderate Drinker	19	265
Courage	19	277
A Dilemma	18	216
Drink's Last Bluff	19	375
The Goblin Goose	20	428
Indecision	18	209
The Latest Easter Color	17	99
The Life Boat	17	47
Lines by an Old Foggy	18	171
Motor Goose Rhymes	17	109
My Young 'Un	18	198
Not His Business	19	361
Ode to a London Fog	18	197
ARNOLD, MATTHEW, Self-independence	18	229
BAKER, ETTA A., Miss Pettigrew's Reception	20	446
BALDWIN, MAUD J., A Temperance Song	19	356
BARBAULD, MRS. A. L., Life	17	8
BARLOW, GEORGE, Love on Deck	17	33
BARRIE, J. M., The Egyptian and the Captain	20	492
BARROWS, SAMUEL J., Sobriety	19	294
BEECHER, HENRY WARD, The Effects of In- temperance	19	298

	No.	Page
BEBBIE, HAROLD, Grounds of the Terrible	17	98
BELL, MRS. HUGH, Oh, No	18	217
BENSON, ARTHUR C., My Old Friend	18	210
BOK, EDWARD, The Keys to Success	19	304
BOKER, GEORGE H., Dirge for a Soldier	17	104
BOURDELLION, F. W., Upon the Valley's Lap	20	456
BROWN, MRS. EDWIN M., True Heroism	17	32
BROWNING, ELIZABETH, The Cry of the Children	17	101
A Man's Requirement	18	234
Mother and Poet	18	132
Out in the Fields	17	28
BROWNING, ROBERT, From Ghent to Aix	20	426
My Last Duchess	18	211
The Patriot	18	131
BRYAN, WILLIAM J., Personal Liberty	19	257
A Wasted Life	19	258
BURDETTE, ROBERT, What Men Fight For	19	261
BURGER, GOTTFRIED A., The Brave Man	17	43
BURNAND, F. C., The Faithful Lovers	18	208
BURNS, ROBERT, Highland Mary	17	100
CAMPBELL, GERALD, Christmas Presents	18	148
CARLETON, WILL, How Jamie Came Home	19	332
CARLYLE, THOMAS, The Fate of Burns	17	113
To-day	17	107
CARROLL, LEWIS, The Bat	18	212
CHAPMAN, E. L., The Liquor Traffic	19	354
CHILD, RICHARD WASHBURN, Shang	19	268
CIBBER, C., The Blind Boy	18	243
CLEMENS, SAM'L L., He Called It Off	17	20
The Minister's Blunder	17	21
COATES, FLORENCE E., Courage	17	2
COBURN, F. D., Victories	19	360
COLE, C. M., Says I	17	23
CONE, JOE, The Best of It	20	400
COOKE, EDMUND VANCE, The Hero of the Hill	17	6
CRAY, HOMER, High, Low, Jack and the Baby	18	222
CREELMAN, JAMES, McKinley's Dying Prayer	17	24
CURTIS, GEORGE W., The Poor Men's Club	19	298
DALY, T. A., The Lonely Honeymoon	18	138
The Moderate Drinker	19	308
DAY, HOLMAN, The Bottle of Hell-Fire	19	278
DEBATE, The Income Tax	19	376

	No.	Page
DE VERE, AUBREY, Mary Tudor	17	63
DICKIE, SAMUEL, The Militant Church	19	311
Women and the Saloon	19	364
DILLINGHAM, Mother's Nap	18	252
DOBSON, AUSTIN, The Paradox of Time	18	230
DODD, PHEBIE, The Liquor Seller's Psalm of Life	19	276
DONOVAN, LAWRENCE K., Paddy's Content ..	20	13
DOUGLAS, ALICE MAY, When I'm a Man	19	357
DOYLE, A. CONAN, Cremona	17	3
DUFFERIN, LADY, Lament of the Irish Emigrant.	18	174
DUNDAR, PAUL LAURENCE, A Family Feud..	18	161
DUNNE, FINLEY PETER, Christmas Gifts.....	17	25
Woman's Suffrage	20	423
DURIVAGE, FRANCIS A., All	17	97
EDITORIAL, Public Speaking in Colleges	20	385
What is a Monologue?	18	129
ELIOT, GEORGE, Two Lovers	17	105
ELIOT, HENRY R., A Recipe for Sanity	17	121
FERNWALD, JAMES C., The Supreme Issue	19	362
FIELD, EUGENE, The Snakes	19	296
FIELDING, HOWARD, Where Ignorance is Bliss.	20	474
FINCH, FRANCIS M., Nathan Hale	17	29
FISK, MAY ISABEL, At the Hairdresser's.....	18	248
First Call on the Butcher	18	172
Hunting an Apartment	18	186
FOLK, JOSEPH W., Citizens to Blame.....	19	347
FOSS, SAM WALTER, The Calf Path	19	327
GAYLEY, GEORGE JOHN, An Epitaph	18	221
GILBERT, W. S., An Appeal	18	242
GILDER, RICHARD W., The Divine Fire	17	48
GILMER, ELIZEBETH M., The Price of Fame..	20	451
GILSON, ROY ROLFE, Little Sister	20	389
GOETHE, JOHANN W., True Rest	20	393
GOUGH, JOHN B., The Cause of Temperance.....	19	281
A Man for a' That	19	329
The Power of Habit	19	289
Water	19	370
GRADY, HENRY W., Appeal for Temperance	19	295
GRAVES, JOHN TEMPLE, The Death of Grady ..	17	122
GREENE, RAY F., A Thankful Song	18	139
HALE, EDWARD E., Palm Sunday and Easter....	17	34

INDEX OF AUTHORS

501

	No.	Page
HANLY, FRANK J., Control Liquor Traffic.....	19	262
Truth About the Liquor Traffic	19	263
HARRIS, JOEL CHANDLER, Old Mr. Rabbit.....	18	231
HARTE, BRET, Chiquita	18	204
Jim	18	206
HATCHET HIRAM, Cold Water	19	357
HAWKS, A. W., Big 'Fraid and Little 'Fraid.....	17	41
His Cork Leg	17	120
The Nervous Man	17	117
No Wonder	17	41
HAY, JOHN, Jim Bludso of the "Prairie Bell"....	18	213
Little Breeches	18	215
HEINE, HEINRICH, The Difficulty	18	243
HENLEY, W. E., Invictus	20	403
HERFORD, OLIVER, Gold	17	28
HERMAN, VICTOR A., That Game of Quoits....	17	30
HIGGINSON, ELLA, When the Birds Come North..	17	35
HOLLAND, J. G., The Good Fellow.....	19	285
Mitigating Circumstances	19	283
The Temperance Question.....	19	286
HOOD, THOMAS, Her Moral.....	17	103
HORACE, Happy the Man	20	401
HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL, Pluck and Luck..	20	400
HOVEY, RICHARD, America.....	18	242
HUGO, VICTOR, On a Barricade.....	20	417
HUTCHINSON, A. H., A Boy's Pledge	19	336
IGLEHART, F. C., Defeat for the Saloon.....	17	302
IRWIN, WALLACE, The Solid Lady Vote.....	17	9
Woman	20	416
JACKSON, HENRY R., My Wife and Child....	18	227
JEWETT, SARAH ORNE, The Luck of the Bogans	19	291
JONES, SAM P., The Drunkard's Grand March....	19	325
JONSON, BEN, A Rosy Wreath.....	20	445
KELLY, MYRA, A Christmas Present for a Lady..	20	461
KING, BEN, Elopement.....	18	241
If I Should Die To-night	18	147
KINGSLEY, CHARLES, Every Morning.....	20	473
KIPLING, RUDYARD, Bimi.....	18	132
A Code of Morals.....	17	111
Fuzzy-Wuzzy	18	236
To the Unknown Goddess.....	17	110

	No.	Page
Troopin'	17	95
The Vampire.....	17	94
KISER, S. E., Knowledge.....	17	22
My Creed.....	17	114
KNOX, WILLIAM, Immortality	17	14
LEAR, EDWARD, The Lapidary.....	17	93
LINCOLN, A., The Temperance Revolution.....	19	353
LLOYD, ROBERT, Expression in Reading.....	17	1
LONG, NICK, Rosa.....	18	141
LONGFELLOW, HENRY W., Beware	18	240
LOOMIS, CHARLES B., The Gift of Tact.....	20	442
LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL, To the Dandelion..	17	96
LYLE, J., Cupid and Campaspe.....	18	235
LYON, RALPH A., Ragtime Philosophy.....	17	40
McGUIRE, WILL V., College Oil Cans	20	404
MACKAY, CHARLES, A Deed and a Word	17	106
MASON, WALT, Teaching Children Manners....	18	145
MARK TWAIN, See Clemens, Samuel L.		
MATTHEWS, BRANDER, By Telephone.....	18	136
MATSON, DARIUS E., The Way to Win	17	32
MAXWELL, WILLIAM, To Annie.....	18	189
MEREDITH, OWEN, The Portrait.....	18	176
MILTON, JOHN, Satan's Sovereign Sway	20	403
MR. DOOLEY, See Dunne, Finley Peter.		
MRS. PARTINGTON, Fancy Diseases	18	171
MITCHELL, J. A., The Bachelor's Supper.....	20	466
MORNAUX, JULES, The Deaf Man.....	17	73
MONTAGUE, JAMES J., Hypnotism and the Dog..	18	151
MOORE, JOHN T, Ben Butler's Last Race.....	17	49
The Downfall of Conway.....	19	272
MOORE, THOMAS, Lying	18	238
MORROW, W. C., The Inmate of the Dungeon ..	20	478
NESBIT, WILBUR D., After Forty Years.....	19	319
Heaven	20	402
The South is Going Dry	19	359
NYE, BILL, Shoeing a Bronco.....	17	115
OLD ENGLISH SONG.....	17	121
PENNELL, H. C., Waterloo Place.....	17	62
PHELPS, ELIZABETH STUART, The Day of Judgment	18	156
Mary Elizabeth.....	19	315
PIERPONT, JOHN, Warren's Address.....	20	401

INDEX OF AUTHORS

503

	No.	Page
PIFER, IDA LITTLE, On Co'tin'	18	143
PINER, H. L., De Thanksgivin' Blessin'.....	20	454
PLAYS, The Deaf Man.....	17	73
Mary Tudor	17	63
RAM'S HORN, THE, About the Saloon	19	284
The Cause of Woe.....	19	282
Don't You Believe It	19	280
Drink and Drunkards.....	19	287
The Nation's Woe.....	19	312
REALF, RICHARD, A Holy Nation	17	107
RIIS, JACOB, Kid McDuff's Girl	19	299
ROCHE, JAMES J., If.....	18	239
RUSSELL, IRWIN, Larry's on the Force.....	18	140
Nebuchadnezzar	18	146
RYAN, JOSEPH A., The Song of the Mystic.....	17	102
SCOTT, CLEMENT, The Story of a Stowaway....	18	190
SHAKESPEARE, WM., Anthony's Description of		
Brutus	18	239
The Cares of Kingship (Henry V.).....	20	420
King Richard's Despondency (Richard III.)....	20	418
Polonius to Laertes (Hamlet).....	18	228
The Potion Scene (Romeo and Juliet).....	20	415
Prayer Before Agincourt (Henry V.).....	18	254
The Uses of Adversity (As You Like It).....	20	418
SHELDON, CHARLES M., Joe's Baby	19	348
SHERIDAN, R. B., A Woman's Education.....	18	226
SILL, EDWARD R., A Fool's Prayer.....	17	108
SMITH, F. HOPKINSON, One of Bob's Tramps.....	20	410
SOTHERN, WINIFRED, A Doorstep Dialogue.....	20	470
SPRAGUE, The Intemperate Husband.....	19	310
STANTON, FRANK L., The Prize Spring Story ..	17	37
STETSON, CHARLOTTE PERKINS, I Resolve.....	20	399
STEWART, O. W., The Problem of Drunkenness....	19	344
STINSON, SAM. S., Ten Little Bachelors.....	17	72
STUART, RUTH McHENRY, Christmas at the		
Trimbles	18	244
STORIES, Congressman Allen's Election	17	37
Didn't Know.....	17	40
He Liked Music.....	17	12
He Put Him Off.....	17	35
His Second Wife.....	17	109
A Hostile Audience.....	17	38

	No.	Page
In the City Limits	17	39
Mark Twain and Depew	17	38
On a Slow Train	17	39
A Slow Train	17	36
Taking Down a Bachelor	17	103
Telling His Mind	17	101
The Wedding Journey	17	13
TALMAGE, T. DEWITT, After Midnight	19	259
The Curtain Lifter	19	306
Flask, Bottle and Demijohn	19	306
No Cure but Prohibition	19	331
The Rum Fiend's Portrait	19	309
Winter Nights	19	305
TAYLOR, BAYARD, The Quaker Widow	18	178
TENNYSON, ALFRED, Lines on Love	20	450
Rizpah	20	433
THACKERY, WM. M., The Rose and the Ring	17	16
THANET, OCTAVE, The Bewildered President ..	18	193
THAYER, JULIA M., The Bottle Imp	19	366
THAXTER, CELIA, Spring	17	27
THORPE, ROSE H., Drinking Annie's Tears	19	342
TOGO, HASHIMURA, See Irwin, Wallace.		
TUCKET, C. W., Do Saloons Help Business?	19	313
TWAIN, MARK, See Clemens, Sam'l L.		
VAN DYKE, HENRY, The Footpath of Peace ..	20	491
Henry Hudson's Last Voyage	20	457
The Lost Word	20	486
WAKEMAN, EMILY, As Told by Mrs. Williams.	20	439
WARD, ARTEMUS, The Prince of Wales	18	167
WASHINGTON, B. T., Lincoln's Greatness.....	20	409
WATERMAN, NIXON, Cupid's Corner	20	421
Stagestruck	18	155
To Know All is to Forgive All	17	25
WEATHERLY, FREDERIC E., Gone Home on		
New Year's Eve	18	182
WELLS, CAROLYN, An Overworked Elocutionist.	17	42
WHITTIER, JOHN G., The Moral Warfare	19	337
WILCOX, ELLA WHEELER, A Hero	19	323
Out of the Depths	19	320
The Two Glasses	19	321
Victims of a Demon	19	324
WILLARD, FRANCES E., A Legitimate Strike ..	19	341

	No.	Page
The Shoemaker's Little White Shoes	19	338
Write It Everywhere	19	358
WILLIAMS, JESSE L., The Hazing of Valliant.....	20	394
WINSTON, ANNIE S., The Waiting Room	20	430
YEATS, W. B., The Fiddler of Dooney.....	18	173

Index by Titles.

All titles in "The Speaker," Volume V, which includes numbers 17, 18, 19, 20.

(See also Index of Authors.)

A complete index by titles and authors of all selections in "The Speaker," numbers 1 to 16, inclusive, will be found in "The Speaker," No. 16.

	No.	Page
ABOUT THE SALOON, The Ram's Horn	19	284
AFTER FORTY YEARS, Nesbit	19	319
AFTER MIDNIGHT, Talmage	19	259
ALL, Durivage	17	97
AMERICA, Hovey	18	242
AN APPEAL, Gilbert	18	242
ANTHONY ON BRUTUS, Shakespeare.....	18	239
APPEAL FOR TEMPERANCE, Grady	19	295
AS TOLD BY MRS. WILLIAMS, Wakeman	20	439
AT THE HAIRDRESSER'S, Fisk	18	248
BACHELOR'S SUPPER, A, Mitchell	20	466
BAT, THE, Carroll	18	212
BEN BUTLER'S LAST RACE, Moore	17	49
BEST OF IT, THE, Cone	20	400
BEWARE, Longfellow	18	240
BEWILDERED PRESIDENT THE, Thanet	18	193
BIG 'FRAID AND LITTLE 'FRAID, Hawks	17	41
BILL'S IN TROUBLE, Anonymous	20	422
BIMI, Kipling	18	132
BLIND BOY, THE, Cibber	18	243
BOTTLE IMP, THE, Thayer	19	366
BOTTLE OF HELL-FIRE, THE, Day	19	278

	No.	Page
BOY'S PLEDGE, A, Hutchinson	19	336
BRAVE MAN, THE, Burger	17	43
BY TELEPHONE, Matthews	17	136
CALF PATH, THE, Foss	19	327
CALL, THE, Anonymous	18	169
CARES OF KINGSHIP, Shakespeare	20	420
CAUSE OF TEMPERANCE, THE, Gough.....	19	281
CAUSE OF WOE, THE, The Ram's Horn	19	282
CHARACTER OF THE SALOON, Fernwald ..	19	363
CHIQUITA, Harte	18	204
CHRISTMAS AT THE TRIMBLES, Stuart	18	244
CHRISTMAS GIFTS, Mr. Dooley	17	25
CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR A LADY, A, Kelly..	20	461
CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, Campbell	18	148
CITIZENS TO BLAME, Folk	19	347
CODE OF MORALS, A, Kipling	17	111
COLD WATER, Hatchet	19	357
COLLEGE OIL CANS, Maguire	20	404
CONFESSIONS OF A MODERATE DRINKER, Anonymous	19	265
CONGRESSMAN ALLEN'S ELECTION,	17	37
CONTROL OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC, Hanly..	19	262
COURAGE, Coates	17	2
COURAGE, Anonymous	19	277
CREMONA, Doyle	17	3
CRY OF THE CHILDREN, THE, Mrs. Browning.	17	101
CUPID AND CAMPASPE, Lylle	18	235
CUPID'S CORNER, Waterman	20	421
CURTAIN LIFTED, THE, Talmage	19	306
DAY OF JUDGMENT, THE, Phelps	18	156
DEAF MAN, THE, Moinaux	17	73
DEATH OF GRADY, THE, Graves.....	17	122
DECLAMATION PROGRAMS	17	123
DEED AND A WORD, A, McKay	17	106
DEFEAT FOR THE SALOON, Iglehart	19	302
DE THANKSGIVIN' BLESSIN', Piner	20	454
DIDN'T KNOW, A Story	17	40
DIFFICULTY, THE, Heine	18	243
DILEMMA, A, Anonymous	18	216
DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER, Boker	17	104
DIVINE FIRE, THE, Gilder	17	48
DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT, The Ram's Horn	19	280

INDEX BY TITLES

507

	No.	Page
DOORSTEP DIALOGUE, A, Sothern	20	470
DO SALOONS HELP BUSINESS? Tuckett	19	313
DOWNFALL OF CONWAY, THE, Moore	19	272
DRINK AND DRUNKARDS, The Ram's Horn ..	19	287
DRINKING ANNIE'S TEARS, Thorpe	19	342
DRINK'S LAST BLUFF, Anonymous	19	375
DRUNKARD'S GRAND MARCH, THE, Jones ..	19	325
EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE, THE, Beecher.	19	288
EGYPTIAN AND THE CAPTAIN, Barrie.....	20	492
EPITAPH, AN, Gayley	18	221
EVERY MORNING, Kingsley	20	473
EXPRESSION IN READING, Browning.....	17	1
FAITHFUL LOVERS, THE, Burnand	18	208
FAMILY FEUD, A, Dunbar	18	161
FANCY DISEASES, Mrs. Partington	18	171
FATE OF BURNS, THE, Carlyle	17	113
FIDDLER OF DOONEY, THE, Yeats	18	173
FIRST CALL ON THE BUTCHER, Fisk	18	172
FLASK, BOTTLE AND DEMIJOHN, Talmage ..	19	306
FOOL'S PRAYER, THE, Sill	17	108
FOOTPATH OF PEACE, THE, Van Dyke	20	491
FROM GHENT TO AIX, Browning	20	426
FUZZY-WUZZY, Kipling	18	236
GEORGE LEE, Aide	17	118
GIFT OF TACT, THE, Loomis	20	442
GOBLIN GOOSE, Anonymous	20	428
GOLD, Herford	17	28
GONE HOME ON NEW YEAR'S EVE, Weath- erly	18	182
GOOD FELLOW, THE, Holland	19	285
GROUNDS OF THE TERRIBLE, Bigbie	17	98
HAPPY THE MAN, Horace	20	401
HAZING OF VALLIANT, THE, Williams	20	394
HEAVEN, Nesbit	20	402
HE CALLED IT OFF, Mark Twain	17	20
HE LIKED MUSIC, A Story	17	12
HENRY HUDSON'S LAST VOYAGE, Van Dyke.	20	457
HE PUT HIM OFF, A Story	17	35
HER MORAL, Hood	17	103
HERO, A, Wilcox	19	323
HERO OF THE HILL, THE, Cooke	17	6
HIGH, LOW, JACK AND THE BABY, Cray ..	18	222

	No.	Page
HIGHLAND MARY, Burns	17	100
HIS CORK LEG, Hawks	17	120
HIS SECOND WIFE, A Story	17	109
HOLY NATION, A, Realf	17	107
HOSTILE AUDIENCE, A, A Story	17	38
HOW JAMIE CAME HOME, Carleton	19	332
HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS TO AIX, Browning	20	426
HUNTING AN APARTMENT, Fisk	18	186
HYPNOTISM AND THE DOG, Montague	18	151
IF, Roche	18	239
IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT, King	18	147
IMMORTALITY, Knox	17	14
INCOME TAX, THE, A Debate	19	376
INDECISION, Anonymous	18	209
INMATE OF THE DUNGEON, THE, Morrow.....	20	478
INTEMPERATE HUSBAND, THE, Sprague	19	310
IN THE CITY LIMITS, A Story	17	39
INVICTUS, Henley	20	403
I RESOLVE, Stetson	20	399
JIM, Harte	18	206
JIM BLUDSO, Hay	18	213
JOE'S BABY, Sheldon	19	348
KEYS TO SUCCESS, Bok	19	304
KID McDUFF'S GIRL, Riis	19	299
KING RICHARD'S DESPONDENCY, Shakes- peare	20	418
KNOWLEDGE, Kiser	17	22
LAMENT OF THE IRISH REGIMENT, Dufferin.	18	174
LAPIDARY, Lear	17	93
LARRY'S ON THE FORCE, Russell	18	140
LATEST EASTER COLOR, THE, Anonymous ..	17	99
LEGITIMATE STRIKE, A, Willard	19	341
LINES BY AN OLD FOGY, Anonymous	18	191
LINES ON LOVE, Tennyson	20	450
LIFE, Barbauld	17	8
LIFE BOAT, THE, Anonymous	17	47
LINCOLN'S GREATNESS, Washington	20	409
LITTLE BREECHES, Hay	18	215
LITTLE MINISTER, THE, Scene from.....	20	492
LITTLE SISTER, Gilson	20	389
LIQUOR SELLER'S PSALM OF LIFE, Dodd.....	19	276

INDEX BY TITLES

509

	No.	Page
LIQUOR TRAFFIC, THE, Chapman	19	354
LONELY HONEYMOON, THE, Daly	18	138
LOVE ON DECK, Barlow	17	33
LOST WORD, THE, Van Dyke.....	20	486
LUCK OF THE BOGANS, THE, Jewett.....	19	291
LYING, Moore	18	238
McKINLEY'S DYING PRAYER, Creelman	17	24
MAN FOR A' THAT, A, Gough	19	329
MAN'S REQUIREMENT, A, Mrs. Browning	18	234
MARK TWAIN AND DEPEW, A Story	17	38
MARY ELIZABETH, Phelps	19	315
MARY TUDOR, De Vere	17	63
MILITANT CHURCH, THE, Dickie	19	311
MINISTER'S BLUNDER, THE, Mark Twain....	17	21
MR. DOOLEY ON WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.....	20	423
MISS PETTIGREW'S RECEPTION, Baker ...	20	446
MITIGATING CIRCUMSTANCES, Holland....	19	283
MODERATE DRINKER, THE, Daly	19	308
MONOLOGUE, WHAT IS A	18	129
MORAL WARFARE, THE, Whittier	19	337
MOTHER AND POET, Mrs. Browning	18	152
MOTHER'S NAP, Dillingham	18	252
MOTOR GOOSE RHYME, Anonymous	17	109
MUSTARD PLASTER, THE, Fielding.....	20	474
MY CREED, Kiser	17	114
MY LAST DUCHESS, Browning	18	211
MY OLD FRIEND, Benson	18	210
MY WIFE AND CHILD, Jackson	18	227
MY YOUNG 'UN, Anonymous	18	198
NATHAN HALE, Finch	17	29
NATION'S FOE, THE, The Ram's Horn	19	312
NEBUCHADNEZZAR, Russell	18	146
NERVOUS MAN, THE, Hawks	17	117
NO CURE BUT PROHIBITION, Talmage	19	331
NOT HIS BUSINESS, Anonymous	19	361
NO WONDER, Hawks	17	41
ODE TO A LONDON FOG, Anonymous	18	197
OH, NO, Bell	18	217
OLD MR. RABBIT, Harris	18	231
ON A BARRICADE, Hugo	20	417
ON A SLOW TRAIN, A Story	17	39
ON CO'TIN', Pifer	18	143

	No.	Page
ONE OF BOB'S TRAMPS, Smith	20	410
OUT IN THE FIELDS, Mrs. Browning	17	28
OUT OF THE DEPTHS, Wilcox	19	320
OVERWORKED ELECUTIONIST, AN, Wells ..	17	42
PADDY'S CONTENT, Donovan	17	13
PALM SUNDAY AND EASTER, Hale	17	34
PARADOX OF TIME, THE, Dobson	18	230
PERSONAL LIBERTY, Bryan	19	257
PLUCK AND LUCK, Holmes	20	400
PATRIOT, THE, Browning	17	131
POLONIUS TO LAERTES	18	229
POOR MAN'S CLUB, THE, Curtis	19	298
PORTRAIT, THE, Meredith	18	176
POTION SCENE, Shakespeare	20	415
POWER OF HABIT, THE, Gough	19	289
PRAYER BEFORE AGINCOURT, Shakespeare..	18	254
PRICE OF FAME, Gilmer	20	451
PRINCE OF WALES, THE, Ward	18	167
PRIZE SPRING STORY, Stanton	17	37
PROBLEM OF DRUNKENNESS, THE, Stewart ..	19	344
PUBLIC SPEAKING IN COLLEGES, Editorial ..	20	385
QUAKER WIDOW, THE, Taylor	18	178
RAGTIME PHILOSOPHY, Lyon	17	40
RECIPE FOR SANITY, A, Eliot	17	121
RIZPAH, Tennyson	20	433
ROSA, Long,	18	141
ROSE AND THE RING, THE, Thackery	17	16
ROSY WREATH, A, Jonson	20	445
RUM FIEND'S PORTRAIT, Talmage	19	309
SATAN'S SOVEREIGN SWAY, Milton	20	403
SAYS I, Cole	17	23
SELF-INDEPENDENCE, Arnold	18	229
SHANG, Child	19	268
SHOEING A BRONCO, Bill Nye	17	115
SHOEMAKER'S LITTLE WHITE SHOES, THE, Willard	19	338
SLOW TRAIN, A Story	17	36
SNAKES, THE, Field	19	296
SOBRIETY, Barrows	19	294

